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THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

# ANNA KARENINA

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# ANNA KARENINA

## PART THIRD

### CHAPTER I

SERGYEĬ IVANOVITCH KOZNUISHEF wanted a rest after his intellectual labors; and, instead of going abroad as usual, he came, toward the end of May, to visit his brother in the country. In his opinion, country life was best of all, and he came now to his brother's to enjoy it. Konstantin Levin was very glad to welcome him, the more because this summer he did not expect his brother Nikolaï. But in spite of his love and respect for Sergyeï Ivanovitch, Konstantin was not at his ease with him in the country. He was not at his ease, he was even annoyed to see how his brother regarded the country. For Konstantin Levin the country was the place for life, — for pleasures, sorrows, labor. For Sergyeï Ivanovitch the country, on the one side, offered rest from labor, on the other, a profitable antidote against corruption, and he took it gladly, convinced of its utility. For Konstantin Levin the country was beautiful because it offered field for works of incontestable utility. For Sergyeï Ivanovitch the country was especially delightful because there was nothing he could do, or needed to do there, at all.

Moreover, Sergyeï Ivanovitch's behavior toward the people somewhat piqued Konstantin. Sergyeï Ivanovitch said that he loved and knew the people; and he often chatted with the muzhiks as he was fully able to do, without pretense and without affectation, and discovered, in his interviews with them, traits of character honorable to the people, so that he felt convinced that

he knew them thoroughly. Such relations with the people displeased Konstantin Levin. For him the peasantry was only the chief factor in associated labor; and though he respected the muzhik, and, as he himself said, drew in with the milk of the woman who nursed him a genuine love for them, still he, as a factor associated with them in the general labors, while sometimes admiring their strength, their good nature, their sense of justice, very often when in the general work of the estate other qualities were needed, flew into a passion with the peasantry for their carelessness, slovenliness, drunkenness, untruthfulness. If he had been asked whether he liked the people, he would really have not known what reply to make. He liked and he did not like the people as the majority of men did. Of course as a good man he liked men more than he disliked them; and so it was with the peasantry. But to like or not to like the peasantry, as something out of the common, was an impossibility to him, because he not only lived with the peasantry, because not only were his interests bound up with those of the peasantry, but also he looked on himself as a part of the people, saw no qualities or faults in the people that he did not himself possess, and could not take his stand contrary to the people. Moreover, although he had long lived in the closest relationship with his muzhiks as their landlord, their mediator, and, what was more, their adviser, — for the muzhiks had faith in him, and came to him from forty versts around to ask his advice, — he passed no definite judgment on them; and to the question, did he know the people, he would have found it as hard to find an answer as to the question, did he like the people.

But to say that he knew the peasantry would have meant in his opinion the same as to say that he knew men. He was constantly admiring and studying all kinds of men, and among them, men from among the peasantry whom he considered to be fine and interesting specimens of humanity, and he was all the time discovering in them new characteristics, and chang-

ing and revising his preconceived theories regarding them.

Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch was the opposite. Just exactly as he liked and enjoyed the country life for its contrariety to that which he did not like, so he liked the peasantry for their contrariety to that class of men which he did not like, and in exactly the same way he knew the people as beings opposed to men in general. His methodical mind clearly differentiated the definite forms of life among the peasantry, deducing it partly from the life of the peasantry itself, but principally from its contrarieties. He never changed his opinions in regard to the people and his sympathetic relationship to them.

In the discussions which arose between the brothers in consequence of their divergence of views, Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch always won the victory because he had definite opinions concerning the people, their character, peculiarities, and tastes; while Konstantin Levin, ceaselessly modifying his, was easily convicted of contradicting himself.

Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch looked on his brother as a splendid fellow, whose heart was *bien placé*, as he expressed it in French, but whose mind, though quick and active, was open to the impressions of the moment, and, therefore, full of contradictions. With the condescension of an elder brother, he sometimes explained to him the real meaning of things; but he could not take genuine pleasure in discussing with him, because his opponent was so easy to vanquish.

Konstantin Levin looked on his brother as a man of vast intelligence and learning, endowed with extraordinary faculties, most advantageous to the community at large; but as he advanced in life, and learned to know him better, he sometimes asked himself, in the secret chambers of his heart, if this devotion to the general interests, which he felt that he himself entirely lacked, was really a good quality, or rather a lack of something — not a lack of good-natured, upright, benevolent wishes and tastes, but the lack of the motive power of life,

which is called "heart," of that impulse which constrains a man to choose one out of all multitudes of paths which life offers to men, and to desire this alone. The better he knew his brother, the more he remarked that Sergyeï Ivanovitch and many other workers for the common good were not drawn by their affections to this work, but that they used their reason to justify themselves in the interest they took in it.

Levin was still further confirmed in this hypothesis by the observation that his brother did not really take much more to heart the questions concerning the common good and the immortality of the soul than those connected with a game of chess or the ingenious construction of a new machine.

Again Levin felt, also, constraint with his brother from the fact that while he was in the country, and especially in the summer-time, he was all the time busy with his work on the estate. The days seemed to him too short for him to accomplish all that he wanted to do, while his brother was taking his ease. But, though Sergyeï Ivanovitch was enjoying his vacation, in other words, was not working at his writing, he was so used to intellectual activity, that he enjoyed expressing in beautiful, concise form the thoughts that occurred to him, and he liked to have some one listen to him. His most habitual and most natural auditor was his brother, and therefore, notwithstanding the friendly simplicity of their relations, Konstantin felt awkward to be alone with him. Sergyeï Ivanovitch liked to lie on the grass, in the sun, stretched out at full length, and to talk lazily.

"You would n't believe," he would say to his brother, "how I enjoy this tufted idleness. I have not an idea in my head; it is empty as a shell."

But Konstantin Levin quickly wearied of sitting down and hearing him talk — especially because he knew that in his absence they were spreading the manure on the unplowed field, and would be up to God knows what mischief, unless he should be on hand to superintend this work; he knew that they would not screw up the cutters in his plows, but would be taking them off and then

say that plows were foolish devices, and that Andreyef's sokha[1] did the work, and the like.

"Don't you ever get weary going about so in this heat?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"No. Only I must run over to the office for a minute," said Levin; and he hurried across the field.

## CHAPTER II

Early in June, Agafya Mikhaïlovna, the old nurse and *ekonomka*, or housekeeper, in going down cellar with a pot of salted mushrooms, slipped and fell, and dislocated her wrist.

The district doctor, a loquacious young medical student who had just taken his degree, came, and, after examining the arm, declared that it was not out of joint. During dinner, proud of finding himself in the society of the distinguished Sergyeï Ivanovitch Koznuishef, he began to relate all the petty gossip of the district in order to display his enlightened views of things; and he expressed his regrets at the bad condition of provincial affairs.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch listened attentively, asking various questions; and animated by the presence of a new hearer, he made keen and shrewd observations, which were received by the young doctor with respectful appreciation, and his spirits rose high, which, as his brother knew, was liable to be the case with him after a lively and brilliant conversation.

After the doctor's departure he expressed his desire to go to the river and fish. He was fond of fishing, and seemed to take pride in showing that he could amuse himself with such a stupid occupation. Konstantin had to go to certain fields and meadows, and offered to take his brother in his cabriolet as far as the river.

[1] The picture by Repin represents Count Tolstoï plowing with the primitive sokha. Levin's peasantry call the plow (*plug*) *vuidumka pustaya*, "empty invention."

It was the time of the year, the very top of the summer, when the prospects of harvest may be estimated, when the labors of the next year's planting begin to be thought of, and the mowing-time has come; when the rye is already eared and sea-green in color, but still not fully formed; when the ears of corn swing lightly in the breeze; when the green oats, with scattered clumps of yellow grass, peep irregularly from the late-sown fields; when the early buckwheat already is up and hides the soil; when the fallow fields, beaten as hard as stone by the cattle and with paths deserted, on which the *sokha*, or primitive plow, has no effect, are half broken up; when the odor of the dry manure, heaped in little hillocks over the fields, mingles at twilight with the perfume of the "honey-grass,"[1] and on the bottom lands, waiting for the scythe, stand the protected meadows like a boundless sea with the darkening clumps of sorrel that has done blooming.

It was the time when there is a brief breathing-spell before the harvest, that great event which the muzhik with eagerness expects each year. The crops promised to be superb; and there was a succession of bright, clear summer days, followed by short, dewy nights.

The two brothers had to go through the woodland to reach the fields. Sergyeï Ivanovitch was all the time admiring the beauty of the forest with its dense canopy of leaves, and he pointed out to his brother, as they rode along, now an old linden almost in flower, dark on its shady side and variegated with yellow stipules; now at the emerald-shining young shoots of that same year; but Konstantin did not himself like to speak or to hear about the beauties of nature. Words, he thought, spoiled the beauty of the thing that he saw. He assented to what his brother said, but allowed his mind to concern itself with other things. After they left the wood, his whole attention was absorbed by a fallow field on a hillock, where in some places the grass was growing yellow, where in others whole squares of it had been cut, and in others raked up into haycocks, and where in

[1] *Holcus mollis*, soft-grass.

still other places the men were plowing. The carts were thronging up toward the field. Levin counted them, and was satisfied with the work which was going on.

His thoughts were diverted, by the sight of the meadows, to the question of haymaking. He always experienced something which went to his very heart at the hay-harvesting. When they reached the meadow Levin stopped his horse. The morning dew was still damp on the thick grass, and Sergyeï Ivanovitch begged his brother, in order that he might not wet his feet, to drive him in his cabriolet as far as a clump of laburnums near which perch were to be caught. Though Levin disliked to trample down his grass, he drove over through the field. The tall grass clung round the wheels and the horse's legs, and scattered its seed on the damp spokes and naves.

Sergyeï sat down under the laburnums, and cast his line, but Levin drove the horse aside, fastened him, and then went off through the vast green sea of the meadow unstirred by a breath of wind. The silky grass with its ripe seeds was almost waist-high in the places that had been overflowed.

As Konstantin Levin crossed the meadow diagonally, he met on the road an old man with one of his eyes swollen, and carrying a swarming-basket full of bees.

"Well? Have you caught them, Fomitch?" he asked.

"Caught them indeed, Konstantin Mitritch! If only I could keep my own! This is the second time this swarm has gone off, .... but, thanks to the boys! they galloped after 'em! .... They 're plowing your fields. They unhitched the horse and dashed off after 'em!" ....

"Well, what do you say, Fomitch, should we begin mowing or wait?"

"Just as you say! According to our notions we should wait till St. Peter's Day.[1] But you always mow earlier. Well, just as God will have it — the grass is in fine condition. There 'll be plenty of room for the cattle."

"And what do you think of the weather?"

[1] The feast of St. Peter and St. Paul is June 29 (O.S.), or July 11.

"Well, all is in the hand of God. Maybe the weather will hold."

Levin returned to his brother.

Though he had caught nothing, Sergyeï Ivanovitch was undisturbed, and seemed in the best of spirits. Levin saw that he was stimulated by his talk with the doctor, and that he was eager to go on talking. Levin, on the contrary, was anxious to get back to the house as soon as possible to give some orders about hiring mowers for the next day, and to decide the question about the haymaking which occupied all his thoughts. "Well," said he, "shall we go?"

"What is your hurry? Do let us sit down. But how drenched you are!.... No, I have had no luck, but I have enjoyed it all the same. All outdoor sports are beautiful because you have to do with nature. Now just notice how charming that steely water is!" he exclaimed.

"These meadow banks," he went on to say, "always remind me of an enigma, do you know?—'The grass says to the river, "We have strayed far enough, we have strayed far enough."'"

"I don't know that riddle," interrupted Konstantin, in a melancholy tone.

## CHAPTER III

"Do you know, I was thinking about you," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "It is not well at all, what is going on in your district, if that doctor tells the truth; he is not a stupid fellow. And I have told you all along, and I say to-day, you are wrong in not going to the assembly-meetings and in generally holding aloof from the affairs of the commune. If men of standing don't take an interest in affairs, God knows how things will turn out. The taxes we pay will be spent in salaries, and not for schools, or hospitals, or midwives, or pharmacies, or anything."

"But I have tried it," replied Levin, faintly and

unwillingly. "I can't do anything. What is to be done about it?"

"Now, why can't you do anything? I confess I don't understand it. I cannot admit that it is indifference or lack of intelligence; is n't it simply laziness?"

"It is not that, or the first or the second. I have tried it, and I see that I cannot do anything," said Levin.

He was not paying great heed to what his brother said, but was looking intently across the fields on the other side of the river. He saw something black, but he could not make out whether it was only a horse, or his overseer on horseback.

"Why can't you do anything? You have made an experiment, and it does not turn out to your satisfaction, and you give up. Why not have a little pride about you?"

"Pride?" said Levin, touched to the quick by his brother's reproach. "I don't see what that has to do with it. If at the university they had told me that others understood the integral calculus, but I did not, that would have touched my pride; but here one must be convinced in advance that one needs special aptitude for these things, and first of all that these things are very important."

"What! do you mean to say that they are not important?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch, in his turn touched to the quick because his brother seemed to attach so little importance to what so deeply interested him, and more than all because he apparently gave him such poor attention.

"What you wish does not seem to me important, and I cannot feel interested in it," replied Levin, who now saw that the black speck was the overseer, and that the overseer was probably taking some muzhiks from their work. They had canted over their plows. "Can they have finished plowing?" he asked himself.

"Now, listen! nevertheless," said his brother, his handsome intellectual face growing a shade darker. "There are limits to everything. It is very fine to be an

original and outspoken man, and to hate falsehood, — all that I know; but the fact is, what you say has no sense at all, or has a very bad sense. How can you think it unimportant that this people, which you love, as you assert.... "

"I never asserted any such thing," said Konstantin Levin to himself.

"That this people should perish without aid? Coarse peasant women act as midwives, and the people remain in ignorance, and are at the mercy of every letter-writer. But the means is given into your hands to remedy all this; and you don't assist them, because, in your eyes, it is not important."

And Sergyeï Ivanovitch offered him the following dilemma: —

"Either you are not developed sufficiently to see all that you might do, or you do not care to give up your own comfort, or your vanity, I don't know which, in order to do this."

Konstantin Levin felt that he must make a defense, or be convicted of indifference for the public weal, and this was vexatious and offensive to him.

"Ah! but there is still another thing," he said resolutely. "I do not see how it is possible.... "

"What! impossible to give medical aid if the funds were watched more closely?"

"Impossible it seems to me. .... In the four thousand square versts of our district, with our floods, snow-storms, and busy seasons, I don't see the possibility of giving public medical aid. Besides, I don't much believe in medicine, anyway." ....

"Well now, what nonsense! you are unjust. .... I could name you a thousand cases .... well, but how about schools?"

"Why schools?"

"What do you say? Can you doubt the advantages of education? If it is good for you, then it is good for every one!"

Konstantin Levin felt that he was morally pushed to the wall; and so he grew irritated, and involuntarily

revealed the chief reason for his indifference to the communal affairs.

"Maybe all this is a good thing," said he; "but why should I put myself out to have medical dispensaries located which I shall never make use of, or schools where I shall never send my children, and where the peasants won't want to send their children, and where I am not sure that it is wise to send them, anyway?"

Sergyeï Ivanovitch for a moment was disconcerted by this unexpected way of looking at the matter; but he immediately developed a new plan of attack. He was silent, pulled in one of his lines and wound it up; then with a smile he turned to his brother: —

"Now, excuse me..... In the first place, the dispensary has proved necessary. Here, we ourselves have just sent for the communal doctor for Agafya Mikhaïlovna."

"Well, I still think her wrist was out of joint."

"That remains to be proved..... In the next place, the muzhik who can read is a better workman, and more useful to you."

"Oh, no!" replied Konstantin Levin, resolutely. "Ask any one you please, they will tell you that the educated muzhik is far worse as a laborer. He will not repair the roads; and, when they build bridges, he will only steal the planks."

"Now, that is not the point," said Sergyeï, frowning because he did not like contradictions, and especially those that leaped from one subject to another, and kept bringing up new arguments without any apparent connection, so that it was impossible to know what to say in reply. "That is not the point. Excuse me. Do you admit that education is a benefit to the peasantry?"

"I do," said Levin, at haphazard, and instantly he saw that he had not said what he thought. He realized that, by making this admission, it would be easy to convict him of speaking nonsense. How it would be brought up against him he did not know; but he knew that he would surely be shown his logical inconsequence, and he awaited the demonstration. It came much sooner than he expected.

"If you admit its value," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, "then, as an honest man, you cannot refuse to delight in this work and sympathize with it, and give it your coöperation."

"But I still do not admit that this activity is good," said Konstantin Levin, his face flushing.

"What? But you just said...."

"That is, I don't say that it is bad, but that it is not possible."

"But you can't know this, since you have not made any effort to try it."

"Well, let us admit that the education of the people is advantageous," said Levin, although he did not in the least admit it. "Let us admit that it is so; still I don't see why I should bother myself with it."

"Why not?"

"Well, if we are going to discuss the question, then explain it to me from your philosophical point of view."

"I don't see what philosophy has to do here," retorted Sergyeï Ivanovitch, in a tone which seemed to cast some doubt on his brother's right to discuss philosophy; and this nettled Levin.

"This is why," said he, warmly. "I think that the motive power in all our actions is forever personal happiness. Now, I see nothing in our provincial institutions that contributes to my well-being as a nobleman. The roads are not better, and cannot be made so. My horses carry me, even on bad roads. The doctor and the dispensary are no use to me. The justice of the peace does me no good; I never went to him, and never shall go to him. The schools seem to me not only useless, but, as I have said, are even harmful; and these communal institutions oblige me to pay eighteen kopeks a desyatin, to go to town, to sleep with bugs, and to hear all sorts of vulgar and obscene talk, but my personal interests are not helped."

"Excuse me," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, with a smile. "Our personal interests did not compel us to work for the emancipation of the serfs, and yet we worked for it."

"No," replied Konstantin, with still more animation;

"the emancipation of the serfs was quite another affair. It was for personal interest. We wanted to shake off this yoke that hung on the necks of all of us decent people. But to be a member of the council; to discuss how much the night workman should be paid, and how to lay sewer-pipes in streets where one does not live; to be a juryman, and sit in judgment on a muzhik who has stolen a ham; to listen for six hours to all sorts of rubbish which the defendant and the prosecutor may utter, and, as presiding officer, to ask my old friend, the half-idiotic Aloshka, 'Do you plead guilty, *Mr.* Accused, of having stolen this ham?'"....

And Konstantin, carried away by his subject, enacted the scene between the president and the half-idiotic Aloshka. It seemed to him that this was in the line of the argument.

But Sergyei Ivanovitch shrugged his shoulders.

"*Nu!* what do you mean by this?"

"I only mean that I will always defend with all my powers those rights which touch me, — my interests; that when the policemen came to search us students, and read our letters, I was ready to defend these rights with all my might, to defend my rights to instruction, to liberty. I am interested in the military obligation which concerns the fate of my children, of my brothers, and of myself. I am willing to discuss this because it touches me; but to deliberate on the employment of forty thousand rubles of communal money, or to judge the crack-brained Aloshka, I won't do it, and I can't."

Konstantin Levin discoursed as if the fountains of his speech were unloosed. Sergyeï Ivanovitch smiled.

"Supposing to-morrow you were arrested; would you prefer to be tried by the old 'criminal court'?"[1]

"But I am not going to be arrested. I am not going to cut any one's throat, and this is no use to me. Now, see here!" he continued, again jumping to a matter entirely foreign to their subject, "our provincial institutions, and all that, remind me of the little twigs which on Trinity day we stick into the ground, to imitate a

[1] *Ugolovnaya Palata.*

forest. The forest has grown of itself in Europe; but I cannot on my soul have any faith in our birch sprouts, or water them."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch only shrugged his shoulders again, as a sign of astonishment that birch twigs should be mingled in their discussion, although he understood perfectly what his brother meant.

"Excuse me," said he. "That is no way to reason."

But Konstantin Levin was eager to explain his self-confessed lack of interest in matters of public concern, and he went on to say: —

"I think that there can be no durable activity if it is not founded in individual interest: this is a general, a philosophical truth," said he, laying special emphasis on the word "philosophical," as if he wished to show that he also had the right, as well as any one else, to speak of philosophy.

Again Sergyeï Ivanovitch smiled. "He also," thought he, "has his own special philosophy for the benefit of his inclinations."

"Well, have done with philosophy," he said. "Its chief problem has been in all times to grasp the indispensable bond which exists between the individual interest and the public interest. This is not to the point, however. But I can make your comparison fit the case. The little birch twigs have not been merely stuck in, but have been sowed, planted, and it is necessary to watch them carefully. The only nations which can have a future, the only nations which deserve the name of historic, are those which feel the importance and the value of their institutions, and prize them."

And Sergyeï Ivanovitch transferred the question over into the domain of the historico-philosophical, which Konstantin was by no means able to appreciate, and showed him all the erroneousness of his views.

"As to your distaste for affairs, excuse me if I refer it to our Russian indolence and gentility;[1] and I trust that this temporary error of yours will pass away."

Konstantin was silent. He felt himself routed on

[1] *Barstvo*, Russian rank. The stem appears in the word *barin*, master.

every side, but he felt also that his brother had not understood what he wished to say. He did not know exactly whether it was because he did not know how to express himself clearly, or because his brother did not wish to understand him, or whether he could not understand him. He did not try to fathom this question; but, without replying to his brother, he became absorbed in entirely different thoughts, connected with his own work.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch reeled in his last line, he unhitched the horse, and they drove away.

## CHAPTER IV

The thought that was absorbing Levin at the time of his discussion with his brother was this: the year before, having come one day to the hay-field, Levin had fallen into a passion with his overseer. He had employed his favorite means of calming himself — had taken the scythe from a muzhik and begun to mow.

He enjoyed the work so much that he had tried it again and again. He had mowed the whole of the lawn in front of his house, and this year early in the spring he had formulated a plan of spending whole days mowing with the muzhiks.

Since his brother's arrival he had been in doubt: Should he mow or not? He had scruples about leaving his brother alone for whole days at a time, and he was afraid that his brother would make sport of him on account of this. But as they crossed the meadow, and he recalled the impression that the mowing had made on him, he had almost made up his mind that he would mow. Now after his vexatious discussion with his brother, he again remembered his project.

"I must have some physical exercise, or my character will absolutely spoil," he thought, and made up his mind to mow, no matter what his brother or his servants should say.

That very evening Konstantin Levin went to the office, gave some directions about the work to be done, and

sent to the village to hire some mowers for the morrow, so as to attack his field at Kalinovo, which was the largest and best.

"And here, please send my scythe over to Sef, and have him put it in order and bring it back to-morrow; perhaps I will come and mow too," said he, trying to hide his confusion.

The overseer smiled, and said: —

"I will obey you — *slushayu-s*."

Later, at the tea-table, Levin said to his brother: —

"It seems like settled weather. To-morrow I am going to begin mowing."

"I like this work very much," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"I like it extremely," said Levin. "Last year I myself mowed with the muzhiks, and to-morrow I am going to spend all day at it."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch raised his head, and gazed with astonishment at his brother.

"What did you say? Like the muzhiks, all day long?"

"Certainly; it is very enjoyable," said Levin.

"It is excellent as physical exercise, but can you stand such work?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch, without meaning to say anything ironical.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard work, but afterwards you get used to it. I think I shall not leave off." ....

"Really! but tell me, how do the muzhiks look at it? Naturally they make sport because the barin is queer, don't they?"

"No, I don't think so; but this is such pleasant and at the same time hard work, that they don't think about it."

"But how do you and they do about dinner? You could hardly have a bottle of Lafitte and a roast turkey sent you out there."

"No; I come home while the workmen have their nooning."

The next morning Konstantin Levin got up earlier than usual; but his duties about the house detained

him, and when he came to the mowing-field he found the men had already mowed the first time across.

From the top of the slope the part of the meadow still in the shade, and already mowed, spread out before him, with its long windrows and the little black heaps of kaftans thrown down by the men when they went by the first time.

As he drew nearer he saw also the band of muzhiks, some in their kaftans, some in their shirt-sleeves, moving in a long line, and swinging their scythes in unison. He counted forty-two men of them. They were advancing slowly over the uneven bottom-land of the meadow, where there was an old dike. Many of them Levin knew. There was the old round-shouldered Yermil, in a very clean white shirt, wielding the scythe; there was the young small Vaska, who used to be Levin's coachman; there was Sef, also, a little, thin old peasant,[1] who had taught him how to mow. He was cutting a wide swath without stooping, and handling his scythe as if he were playing with it.

Levin dismounted from his horse, tied her near the road, and went across to Sef, who immediately got a second scythe from a clump of bushes and handed it to him.

"All ready, barin; 't is like a razor, — cuts of itself," said Sef, with a smile, taking off his cap and handing him the scythe.

Levin took it and began to try it. The mowers, having finished their line, were returning one after the other on their track, covered with sweat, but gay and lively. They laughed timidly, and saluted the barin. All of them looked at him, but no one ventured to speak until at last a tall old man, with a wrinkled, beardless face, and dressed in a sheepskin jacket, thus addressed him: —

"Look here, barin, if you put your hand to the rope, you must not let go," said he; and Levin heard the sound of stifled laughter among the mowers.

[1] *Muzhichok*, diminutive of muzhik, as muzhik is diminutive of *muzh*, a man.

"I will try not to be left behind," he said, as he took his place behind Sef, and waited for the signal to begin.

"'Tention!" cried the old man.

Sef opened the way, and Levin followed in his track. The grass was short and tough; and Levin, who had not mowed in a long time, and was confused by the watchful eyes of the men, at first made very bad work of it, though he swung the scythe energetically. Voices were heard behind him:—

"He does not hold his scythe right: the sned is too high. See how he stoops like," said one.

"Bears his hand on too much," said another.

"No matter, it goes pretty well," said the head man.

"Look, he goes at a great rate! Cuts a wide swath! .... He'll get played out. The master is trying it for himself as hard as he can, but look at his row! For such work my brother was beaten once."

The grass became less tough; and Levin, listening and making no reply, trying to mow as well as he could, followed Sef. Thus they went a hundred steps. Sef kept on without any intermission, and without showing the least fatigue; but Levin began by this time to feel terribly and feared that he could not keep it up, he was so tired.

He was just thinking that he was using his last strength and had determined to ask Sef to rest; but at this time the muzhik of his own accord halted, bent over, and, taking a handful of grass, began to wipe his scythe, and to whet it. Levin straightened himself up, and with a sigh of relief looked about him. Just behind was a peasant, and he also was evidently tired, because instantly without catching up to Levin he also stopped and began to whet his scythe. Sef whetted his own scythe and Levin's, and they started again.

At the second attempt it was just the same. Sef advanced a step at every swing of the scythe, without stopping and without sign of weariness. Levin followed him, striving not to fall behind; but each moment it

came harder and harder. But, as before, just as he believed himself at the end of his forces, Sef stopped and whetted his scythe.

Thus they went over the first swath. And this long stretch seemed especially hard for Levin. When the swath was finished and Sef, throwing the scythe over his shoulder, slowly walked back in the tracks made by his heels as he had mowed, and Levin also retraced his steps in the same way, although the sweat stood on his face and dropped from his nose, and all his back was as wet as if he had been plunged in water; still he felt very comfortable. He was especially glad that he knew now that he could keep up with the rest.

His pleasure was marred only by the fact that his swath was not good.

"I will work less with my arms and more with my whole body," he said to himself, carefully comparing Sef's smooth straight swath with his own rough and irregular line.

The first time, as Levin observed, Sef went very rapidly, apparently wishing to test his barin's endurance, and the swath seemed endless. But the succeeding swaths grew easier and easier. Still Levin had to exert all his energies not to fall behind the muzhiks. He had no other thought, no other desire, than to reach the other end of the meadow as soon as the others did, and to do his work as perfectly as possible. He heard nothing but the swish of the scythes, saw nothing but Sef's straight back, plodding on in front of him, and the semicircle described in the grass which fell over, slowly carrying with it the delicate heads of flowers, and then far in front of him the end of the row, where he would be able to get breath.

Not at first realizing what it was or whence it came, suddenly in the midst of his labors he felt a pleasant sensation of coolness on his shoulders. He looked up at the sky while Sef was plying the whetstone, and he saw an inky black cloud. A heavy shower had come up and the raindrops were falling fast. Some of the muzhiks were putting on their kaftans; others, like

Levin himself, were glad to feel the rain on their hot, sweaty shoulders.

The work went on and on. Some of the swaths were long, others were shorter; here the grass was good, there it was poor. Levin absolutely lost all idea of time and knew not whether it was early or late. In his work a change now began to be visible, and this afforded him vast satisfaction. While he was engaged in this labor there were moments during which he forgot what he was doing and it seemed easy to him, and during these moments his swath came out almost as even and perfect as that done by Sef. But as soon as he became conscious of what he was doing and strove to do better, he immediately began to feel all the difficulty of the work and his swath became poor.

After they had gone over the field one more time, he started to turn back again; but Sef halted, and, going to the old man, whispered something to him. Then the two studied the sun.

"What are they talking about? and why don't they keep on?" thought Levin, without considering that the muzhiks had been mowing for more than four hours, and it was time for them to have their morning meal.

"Breakfast, barin," said the old man.

"Time, is it? Well, breakfast, then."

Levin gave his scythe to Sef, and together with the muzhiks, who were going to their kaftans for their bread, he crossed the wide stretch of field, where the mown grass lay lightly moistened by the shower, and went to his horse. Then only he perceived that he had made a false prediction about the weather, and that the rain had wet his hay.

"The hay will be spoiled," he said.

"No harm done, barin; mow in the rain, rake in the sun," said the old man.

Levin unhitched his horse and went home to take coffee.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch had just got up; before he was dressed and down in the dining-room, Konstantin was back to the field again.

## CHAPTER V

After breakfast, Levin took his place in the line not where he had been before, but between the quizzical old man, who asked him to be his neighbor, and a young muzhik who had been married only since autumn and was now mowing for the first time.

The old man, standing very erect, mowed straight on, with long, regular strides; and the swinging of the scythe seemed no more like labor than the swinging of his arms when walking. His well-whetted scythe cut, as it were, of its own energy through the succulent grass.

Behind Levin came the young Mishka. His pleasant, youthful face, under a wreath of green grass which bound his hair, worked with the energy that employed the rest of his body. But when any one looked at him, he would smile. He would rather die than confess that he found the labor hard.

Levin went between the two.

The labor seemed lighter to him during the heat of the day. The sweat in which he was bathed refreshed him; and the sun, burning his back, his head, and his arms bared to the elbow, gave him force and tenacity for his work. More and more frequently the moments of oblivion, of unconsciousness of what he was doing, came back to him; the scythe went of itself. Those were happy moments. Then, still more gladsome were the moments when, coming to the river where the windrows ended, the old man, wiping his scythe with the moist, thick grass, rinsed the steel in the river, then, dipping up a ladleful of the cool water, gave it to Levin.

"This is my kvas! It's good, is n't it?" he exclaimed, winking.

And, indeed, it seemed to Levin that he had never tasted any liquor more refreshing than this lukewarm water, in which grass floated, and tasting of the rusty tin cup. Then came the glorious slow promenade,

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when, with scythe on the arm, there was time to wipe the heated brow, fill the lungs full, and glance round at the long line of haymakers, and the busy work that had been accomplished in field and forest.

The longer Levin mowed, the more frequently he felt the moments of oblivion, when his hands did not wield the scythe, but the scythe seemed to have a self-conscious body, full of life, and carrying on, as it were by enchantment, a regular and systematic work. These were indeed joyful moments.

It was hard only when he was obliged to interrupt this unconscious activity to think about something, when he had to remove a clod or a clump of wild sorrel. The old man did this easily. When he came to a clod, he changed his motion and now with his heel, now with the end of the scythe, pushed it aside with repeated taps. And while doing this he noticed everything and examined everything that was to be seen. Now he picked a strawberry, and ate it himself or gave it to Levin; now snipped off a twig with the end of the scythe; now he discovered a nest of quail from which the mother was scurrying away, or impaled a snake as if with a spear, and, having shown it to Levin, flung it out of the way.

But for Levin and the young fellow behind him these changes of motion were difficult. When once they got into the swing of work, they could not easily change their movements and at the same time observe what was before them.

Levin did not realize how the time was flying. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered, "Half an hour;" and here it was almost dinner-time.

After they finished one row, the old man drew his attention to some little girls and boys, half concealed by the tall grass, who were coming from all sides, through the tall grass and down the roads, bringing to the haymakers their parcels of bread and rag-stoppered jugs of kvas, which seemed too heavy for their little arms.

"See! here come the midgets,"[1] said he, pointing to them; and, shading his eyes, he looked at the sun.

Twice more they went across the field, and then the old man stopped.

"Well, barin, dinner," said he, in a decided tone.

Then the mowers, walking along the riverside, went back through the windrows to their kaftans, where the children were waiting with the dinners. The muzhiks gathered together; some clustered around the carts, others sat in the shade of a laburnum bush, where the mown grass was heaped up.

Levin sat down near them; he had no wish to leave them.

All constraint in the presence of the barin had disappeared. The muzhiks prepared to take their dinner. Some washed themselves, the children went in swimming in the river, others found places to nap in, or undid their bags of bread and uncorked their jugs of kvas.

The old man crumbed his bread into his cup, mashed it with the shank of his spoon, poured water on from his tin basin, and, cutting off still more bread, he salted the whole plentifully; and, turning to the east, he said his prayer.

"Here now, barin, try my bread-crumbs!"[2] said he, kneeling down before his cup.

Levin found the soaked bread so palatable that he decided not to go home to dinner. He dined with the old man, and talked with him about his domestic affairs, in which he took a lively interest, and in his turn told the old man about such of his plans and projects as would interest him.

He felt far nearer to him than to his brother, and he could not help smiling at the affection which he felt for this simple-hearted man.

When the old man got up from his dinner, offered

[1] *Kozyavki*, ladybugs.

[2] *Tiurka*, diminutive of *tiura*, a bread-crumb soaked in *kvas*, or beer. The starik used water instead of kvas. Kvas is a drink made of fermented rye meal or bread with malt.

another prayer, and arranged a pillow of fresh-mown grass, and composed himself for a nap, Levin did the same; and, in spite of the stubborn, sticky flies and insects tickling his heated face and body, he immediately went off to sleep, and did not wake until the sun came out on the other side of the laburnum bush and began to shine in his face. The starik had been long awake, and was sitting up cutting the children's hair.

Levin looked around him, and did not know where he was. Everything seemed so changed. The vast level of the mown meadow with its windrows of already fragrant hay was lighted and glorified in a new fashion by the oblique rays of the afternoon sun. The trimmed bushes down by the river, and the river itself, before invisible but now shining like steel with its windings; and the busy peasantry; and the high wall of grass, where the meadow was not yet mowed; and the young vultures flying high above the bare field, — all this was absolutely new to him.

Levin calculated how much had been mowed, and how much could still be done that day. The work accomplished by the forty-two men was considerable. The whole great meadow, which in the time of serfdom used to take thirty scythes two days, was now almost mowed; only a few corners with short rows were left. But Levin wanted to do as much as possible that day, and he was vexed at the sun which was sinking too early. He felt no fatigue; he only wanted to do more rapid work, and get as much done as was possible.

"Do you think we shall get Mashkin Verkh[1] mowed to-day?" he asked of the old man.

"If God allows; the sun is getting low. Will there be little sips of vodka for *the boys?*"

At the time of the mid-afternoon luncheon, when the men rested again, and the smokers were lighting their pipes, the elder announced to the "boys": —

"Mow Mashkin Verkh — extra vodka!"

"All right! Come on, Sef! Let's tackle it lively.

[1] Mashka's Hillside.

We'll eat after dark. Come on!" cried several voices; and, even while still munching their bread, they got to work again.

"Well, boys, keep up good hearts!" said Sef, setting off almost on the run.

"Come, come!" cried the old man, hastening after him and easily outstripping him. "I am first. Look out!"

Old and young mowed as if they were racing; and yet, with all their haste, they did not spoil their work, but the windrows lay in neat and regular swaths.

The triangle was finished in five minutes. The last mowers had just finished their line, when the first, throwing their kaftans over their shoulders, started down the road to the Mashkin Verkh.

The sun was just hovering over the tree-tops, when, with rattling cans, they came to the little wooded ravine of Mashkin Verkh.

The grass here was as high as a man's waist, tender, succulent, thick, and variegated with the flower called *Ivan-da-Marya.*

After a short parley, to decide whether to take it across, or lengthwise, an experienced mower, Prokhor Yermilin, a huge, black-bearded muzhik, went over it first. He took it lengthwise, and came back in his track; and then all followed him, going along the hill above the hollow, and skirting the wood. The sun was setting. The light was going behind the forest. The dew was already falling. Only the mowers on the ridge were in the sun; but down in the hollow, where the mist was beginning to rise, and behind the slope, they went in fresh, dewy shade.

The work went on. The grass, cut off with a juicy sound, and falling evenly, lay in high windrows. The mowers came close together from all sides as the rows converged, rattling their drinking-cups, sometimes hitting their scythes together, working with joyful shouts, rallying one another.

Levin still kept his place between the short young man and the elder. The elder, with his sheepskin

jacket loosened, was as gay, jocose, free in his movements as ever.

They kept finding birch-mushrooms in the woods, lurking in the juicy grass and cut off by the scythes. But the elder bent down whenever he saw one, and, picking it, put it in his breast.

"Still another little present for my old woman," he would say.

Easy as it was to mow the tender and soft grass, it was hard to climb and descend the steep sides of the ravine. But the elder did not let this appear. Always lightly swinging his scythe, he climbed with short, firm steps, and his feet shod in huge *lapti*, or bast shoes, though he trembled with his whole body, and his drawers were slipping down below his shirt, he let nothing escape him, not an herb or a mushroom; and he never ceased to joke with Levin and the muzhiks.

Levin went behind him, and more than once felt that he would surely drop, trying to climb, scythe in hand, this steep hillside, where even unencumbered it would be hard to go. But he persevered all the same, and did what was required. He felt as if some interior force sustained him.

## CHAPTER VI

The men had mowed the Mashkin Verkh, they had finished the last rows, and had taken their kaftans, and were gayly going home. Levin mounted his horse and regretfully took leave of his companions. On the hill-top he turned round to take a last look; but the evening's mist, rising from the bottoms, hid them from sight; but he could hear their loud, happy voices and laughter and the sound of their clinging scythes.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch had long finished dinner, and, sitting in his room, was taking iced lemonade, and reading the papers and reviews which had just come from the post, when Levin, with his disordered hair matted down on his brow with perspiration, and with his back

and chest black and wet, came into the room and joined him, full of lively talk.

"Well! we mowed the whole meadow. Akh! How good, how delightful! And how has the day passed with you?" he asked, completely forgetting the unpleasant conversation of the evening before.

"Ye saints! How you look!" exclaimed Sergyeï Ivanovitch, staring at first not over-pleasantly at his brother. "There, shut the door, shut the door!" he cried. "You 've certainly let in more than a dozen!"

Sergyeï Ivanovitch could not endure flies; and he never opened his bedroom windows except at night, and he made it a point to keep his doors always shut.

"Indeed, not a one! If I have, I 'll catch him!.... If you knew what fun I 've had! And how has it gone with you?"

"First-rate. But you don't mean to say that you have been mowing all day? You must be hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has your dinner all ready for you."

"No; I am not hungry. I ate yonder. But I 'm going to polish myself up."

"All right, I 'll join you later," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, shaking his head and gazing at his brother. "Be quick about it," he added, with a smile, arranging his papers and getting ready to follow; he also suddenly felt enlivened, and was unwilling to be away from his brother. "Well, but where were you during the shower?"

"What shower? Only a drop or two fell. I 'll soon be back. And did the day go pleasantly with you? Well, that 's capital!"

And Levin went to dress.

About five minutes afterwards the brothers met in the dining-room. Although Levin imagined that he was not hungry, and he sat down only so as not to hurt Kuzma's feelings, yet when he once began eating, he found it excellent. Sergyeï Ivanovitch looked at him with a smile.

"Oh, yes, there 's a letter for you," he said. "Kuzma, go and get it. Be careful and see that you shut the door."

The letter was from Oblonsky. Levin read it aloud. It was dated from Petersburg: —

I have just heard from Dolly; she is at Yergushovo; everything is going wrong with her. Please go and see her, and give her your advice, — you who know everything. She will be so glad to see you! She is all alone, wretched. The mother-in-law is still abroad with the family.

"This is admirable! Certainly I will go to see her," said Levin. "Let us go together. She is a glorious woman; don't you think so?"

"And they live near you?"

"About thirty versts, possibly forty. But there 's a good road. We can cover it quickly."

"I shall be delighted," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, smiling. The sight of his brother immediately filled him with happiness. "Well there! what an appetite you have!" he added, looking at his tanned, sunburned, glowing face and neck, as he bent over his plate.

"Excellent! You can't imagine how useful this *régime* is against whims! I am going to enrich medicine with a new term, *arbeitskur* — labor-cure."

"Well, you don't seem to need it much, it seems to me."

"Yes; it is a sovereign specific against nervous troubles."

"It must be looked into. I was coming to see you mow, but the heat was so insupportable that I did not go farther than the wood. I rested awhile, and then I went to the village. I met your nurse there, and sounded her as to what the muzhiks thought about you. As I understand it, they don't approve of you. She said, 'Not gentlemen's work.' I think that, as a general thing, the peasantry form very definite ideas about what is becoming for the gentry to do, and they don't like to have them go outside of certain fixed limits."

"Maybe; but you see I have never enjoyed anything more in all my life, and I do not do anybody any harm, do I?" asked Levin. "And suppose it does n't please them, what is to be done? Whose business is it?"

"Well, I see you are well satisfied with your day," replied Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"Very well satisfied. We mowed the whole meadow, and I made such friends with an old man — the elder. You can't imagine how he pleased me."

"Well, you are satisfied with your day! So am I with mine. In the first place, I solved two chess problems, and one was a beauty — it opened with a pawn. I 'll show it to you. And then — I thought of our last evening's discussion."

"What? Our last evening's discussion?" said Levin, half closing his eyes, and drawing a long breath with a sensation of comfort after his dinner, and really unable to recollect the subject of their discussion.

"I come to the conclusion that you are partly in the right. The discrepancy in our views lies in the fact that you assume personal interest as the motive power of our actions, while I claim that every man who has reached a certain stage of intellectual development must have for his motive the public interest. But you are probably right in saying that materially interested activity would be more to be desired. Your nature is, as the French say, *primesautière*.[1] You want strong, energetic activity, or nothing."

Levin listened to his brother, but he did not understand him at all, and did not try to understand. His only fear was that his brother would ask him some question, by which it would become evident that he was not listening.

"How is this, my dear boy?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch, touching him on the shoulder.

"Yes, of course. But, then, I don't set much store on my own opinions," replied Levin, smiling like a guilty child. His thought was, "What was our discussion about? Of course; I am right, and he is right, and all is charming. But I must go the office and give my orders." He arose, stretching himself and smiling.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch also smiled.

"If you want to go out, let 's go together," he said,

[1] Off-hand.

not wanting to be away from his brother, from whom emanated such a spirit of freshness and good cheer. "If you must go the office, I 'll go with you."

"O ye saints!" exclaimed Levin, so loud that Sergeyï Ivanovitch was startled.

"What 's the matter?"

"Agafya Mikhaïlovna's hand," said Levin, striking his forehead. "I had forgotten all about her."

"She is much better."

"Well, I must go to her, all the same. I 'll be back before you get on your hat."

And he started down-stairs on the run, his heels clattering on the steps.

## CHAPTER VII

At the time Stepan Arkadyevitch was off to Petersburg to fulfil the most natural of obligations, without which the service could not exist, unquestioned by all functionaries, however unimportant for non-functionaries — that of reporting to the ministry, and while fulfilling this obligation, being well supplied with money, was enjoying himself at the races and his friends' datchas, Dolly, with the children, was on her way to the country, in order to reduce the expenses as much as possible. She was going to their country-place at Yergushovo, an estate which had been a part of her dowry. It was where the wood had been sold in the spring, and was situated about fifty versts from Levin's Pokrovsky.

The large old mansion at Yergushovo had long been demolished, and the prince had contented himself with enlarging and repairing one of the wings. Twenty years before, when Dolly was a little girl, this wing was spacious and comfortable, though, in the manner of all wings, it stood sidewise as regarded the avenue and the south. But now this wing was old and out of repair. When Stepan Arkadyevitch went down in the spring to sell the wood, Dolly asked him to look over

the house and have done to it whatever was necessary. Stepan Arkadyevitch, like all guilty husbands, being deeply concerned for his wife's comfort, inspected the house and made arrangements to have everything done that, in his opinion, was necessary. In his opinion it was necessary to have the furniture covered with cretonne, to hang curtains, to clear up the garden, to plant flowers, and to build a bridge across the pond; but he had overlooked many more essential matters, the lack of which afterwards caused Darya Aleksandrovna great annoyance.

Although Stepan strove to be a solicitous husband and father, he never could realize that he had a wife and children. His tastes remained those of a bachelor, and to them he conformed. When he got back to Moscow he proudly assured his wife that everything was in prime order, that the house would be perfection, and he advised her strongly to go there immediately. To Stepan Arkadyevitch his wife's departure to the country was delightful in many ways: it would be healthy for the children, expenses would be lessened, and he would be freer.

Darya Aleksandrovna, on her part, felt that a summer in the country was indispensable for the children, and especially for the youngest little girl, who gained very slowly after the scarlatina. Moreover, she would be freed from petty humiliations, from little duns of the butcher, the fish-dealer, and the baker, which troubled her.

And above all the departure was very pleasant to her for the especial reason that the happy thought had occurred to her to invite her sister Kitty, who was coming home from abroad about the middle of the summer and had been advised to take some cold baths. Kitty wrote her from the Spa that nothing would delight her so much as to spend the rest of the summer with her at Yergushovo, that place that was so full of happy childhood memories for both of them.

The first part of the time country life was very hard for Dolly. She had lived there when she was a child,

and it had left the impression that it was a refuge from all the trials of the city, and if it was not very elegant, — and Dolly was willing to put up with that, — at least, it would be comfortable and inexpensive, and the children would be happy. But now, when she came there as mistress of the house, she found that things were not at all as she had expected.

On the morning after their arrival, it began to rain in torrents, and by night the water was leaking in the corridor and the nursery, so that the little beds had to be brought down into the parlor. It was impossible to find a cook. Among the nine cows in the barn, according to the dairywoman's report, some were going to calve, some had their first calf, still others were too old, and the rest had trouble with their udders, consequently they could not have butter, or even milk for the children. Not an egg was to be had. It was impossible to find a hen. They had for roasting or broiling only tough old purple *roosters*. No women were to be found to do the washing — all were at work on the potatoes.

They could not go driving, because one of the horses was restive and pulled at the pole. There was no chance for bathing, because the bank of the river had been trodden into a quagmire by the cattle, and was visible from the road. They could not even go out walking, because the cattle had got into the garden, through the tumble-down fences, and there was a terrible bull which bellowed, and therefore, of course, tossed people with his horns. In the house, there was no clothes-press. The closet doors either would not shut, or flew open when any one passed. In the kitchen, there were no pots or kettles. In the laundry, there were no tubs, or even any scrubbing-boards for the domestics.

At first, therefore, finding herself plunged into what seemed to her such terrible straits, instead of the rest and peace which she expected, Darya Aleksandrovna was in despair. Though she exerted all her energies, she felt the helplessness of her situation, and could not keep back her tears.

The steward, who had been formerly a *vakhmistr*, or quartermaster in the army, and on account of his good looks and fine presence had been promoted by Stepan Arkadyevitch from his place as Swiss, showed no sympathy with Darya Aleksandrovna's tribulations, but simply said in his respectful way: —

"Nothing can be done, such a beastly peasantry!" and would not raise his hand to help.

The situation seemed hopeless; but in the Oblonsky household, as in all well-regulated homes, there was one humble but still important and useful member, Matriona Filimonovna. She calmed the baruinya, telling her that "all would come out right," — that was her phrase, and Matveï had borrowed it from her, — and she went to work without fuss and without bother.

She had made the acquaintance of the overseer's wife, and on the very day of their arrival went to take tea with her and the overseer under the acacias, and discussed with them the state of affairs. A club was quickly organized by Matriona Filimonovna under the acacia; and then through this club, which was composed of the overseer's wife, the *starosta*, or village elder, and the bookkeeper, the difficulties, one by one, disappeared, and within a week everything, as Matriona said, "came out all right." The roof was patched up; a cook was found in a friend of the starosta's; chickens were bought; the cows began to give milk; the garden-fence was repaired; the carpenter made a mangle, and drove in hooks, and put latches on the closets, so that they would not keep flying open; the ironing-board, covered with a piece of soldiers' cloth, was stretched from the dresser across the back of a chair, and the smell of the ironing came up from below.

"There now," exclaimed Matriona Filimonovna, pointing to the ironing-board, "there is no need of worrying."

They even built a board bath-house. Lili began to bathe, and Darya Aleksandrovna's hope of a comfortable, if not a peaceful, country life became almost realized. Peaceful life was impossible to Darya Aleksandrovna with six children. If one had an ill turn, another was

sure to follow suit, and something would happen to a third, and the fourth would show signs of a bad disposition, and so it went on. Rarely, rarely came even short periods of rest. But these very anxieties and troubles were the only chances of happiness that Darya Aleksandrovna had. If it had not been for this, she would have been alone with her thoughts about a husband who no longer loved her. But however cruel were the anxieties caused by the fear of illness, by the illnesses themselves, and by the grief a mother feels at the sight of evil tendencies in her children, these same children repaid her for her sorrows by their pleasures and enjoyments. Her joys were so small that they were almost invisible, like gold in sand; and in trying hours she saw only the sorrows, only the sand; but there were also happy moments, when she saw only the joys, only the gold.

Now, in the quiet of the country, she became more and more conscious of her joys. Often, as she looked on them, she made unheard-of efforts to persuade herself that she was mistaken, that she had a mother's partiality; but she could not help saying to herself that she had beautiful children, all six, all of them charming in their own ways, — such children as are rare to find. And she rejoiced in them, and was proud of them.

## CHAPTER VIII

Toward the beginning of June, when everything was more or less satisfactorily arranged, she received her husband's reply to her complaints about her domestic tribulations. He wrote, asking pardon because he had not remembered everything, and promised to come just as soon as he could. This had not yet come to pass; and at the end of June Darya Aleksandrovna was still living alone in the country.

It was midsummer, Sunday, the feast of St. Peter, and Darya Aleksandrovna took all her children to the holy communion. In her intimate philosophical discussions

with her sister, her mother, or her friends, she often surprised them by the breadth of her views on religious subjects. A strange religious metempsychosis had taken place in her, and she had come out into a faith which had very little in common with ecclesiastical dogmas. But in her family, — not merely for the sake of example, but in answer to the requirements of her own soul, — she conformed strictly to all the obligations of the church, and now she was blaming herself because her children had not been to communion since the beginning of the year; and, with the full approbation and sympathy of Matriona Filimonovna, she resolved to accomplish this duty.

For several days beforehand she had been occupied in arranging what the children should wear: and now their dresses were arranged, all clean and in order; flutings and flounces were added, new buttons were put on, and ribbons were gathered in knots. Only Tania's frock, which had been intrusted to the English governess to alter, caused Dolly great vexation. The English governess, in making the changes, put the seams in the wrong place, cut the sleeves too short, and spoiled the whole garment. It fitted so badly about the shoulders that it was painful to look at her. But it occurred to Matriona Filimonovna to piece out the waist and to make a cape. The damage was repaired, but they almost had a quarrel with the English governess.

By morning all was in readiness; and about ten o'clock — the hour they had asked the father to give them for the communion — the children, in their best clothes and radiant with joy, were gathered on the steps before the calash waiting for their mother.

Thanks to Matriona Filimonovna's watchful care, the overseer's Buroï had been harnessed to the calash in place of the restive Voron, and Darya Aleksandrovna, who had taken considerable pains with her toilet, appeared in a white muslin gown, and took her seat in the vehicle.

Darya Aleksandrovna had arranged her hair and dressed herself with care and with emotion. In former

times she had liked to dress well so as to render herself handsome and attractive; but as she became older, she lost her taste for adornment; she saw how her beauty had faded. But now she once more found satisfaction and a certain emotion in being attractively arrayed. She did not now dress for her own sake, or to enhance her beauty, but so that, as mother of these lovely children, she might not spoil the general impression. And as she cast a final glance at the mirror, she was satisfied with herself. She was beautiful, — not beautiful in the same way as at one time she liked to be at a ball, but beautiful for the purpose which she had now in mind.

There was no one at church except the muzhiks and the household servants; but Darya Aleksandrovna noticed, or thought she noticed, the attention that she and her children attracted as they went along. The children were handsome in their nicely trimmed dresses, and still more charming in their behavior. Alosha, to be sure, was not absolutely satisfactory; he kept turning round, and trying to look at the tails of his little coat, but nevertheless he was wonderfully pretty. Tania behaved like a grown-up lady, and looked after the younger ones. But Lili, the smallest, was fascinating in her naïve wonder at everything that she saw; and it was hard not to smile when, after she had received the communion, she cried out in English, "*Please, some more!*"

After they got home, the children felt the consciousness that something solemn had taken place, and were very quiet.

All went well in the house, till at lunch Grisha began to whistle, and, what was worse than all, refused to obey the English governess; and he was sent away without any tart. Darya Aleksandrovna would not have allowed any punishment on such a day if she had been there; but she was obliged to uphold the governess, and confirm her in depriving Grisha of the tart. This was a cloud on the general happiness.

Grisha began to cry, saying that Nikolinka also had whistled but they did not punish him, and that he was

not crying about the tart, — that was no account, — but because they had not been fair to him. This was very disagreeable; and Darya Aleksandrovna, after a consultation with the English governess, decided to pardon Grisha, and went to get him. But then, as she went through the hall, she saw a scene which brought such joy to her heart, that the tears came to her eyes, and she herself forgave the culprit.

The little fellow was sitting in the drawing-room by the bay-window; near him stood Tania with a plate. Under the pretext of wanting some dessert for her dolls, she had asked the English governess to let her take her portion of the pie to the nursery; but, instead of this, she had taken it to her brother. Grisha, still sobbing over the unfairness of his punishment, was eating the pie, and saying to his sister in the midst of his tears, "Take some too .... we will eat to .... together."

Tania was full of sympathy for her brother, and had the sentiment of having performed a generous action, and the tears stood in her eyes, but she accepted the portion and was eating it.

When they saw their mother, they were scared, but they felt assured, by the expression of her face, that they were doing right; they both laughed, and, with their mouths still full of pie, they began to wipe their laughing lips with their hands, and their shining faces were stained with tears and jam.

"Ye saints! my new white gown! Tania! Grisha!" exclaimed the mother, endeavoring to save her gown, but at the same time smiling at them with a happy, beatific smile.

Afterwards the new frocks were taken off, and the girls put on their old blouses and the boys their old jackets; and the *lineïka*, or two-seated drozhky, was brought out, and again, to the overseer's annoyance, Buroï was at the pole, so that they might go out after mushrooms, and to have a bath. It is needless to say that enthusiastic shouts and squeals arose in the nursery, and did not cease until they actually got started for their excursion.

They soon filled a basket with mushrooms; even Lili found some of the birch agarics. Always before Miss Hull had found them and pointed them out to her; but now she herself found a huge birch shliupik, and there was a universal cry of enthusiasm: —

"Lili has found a mushroom!"

Afterwards they came to the river, left the horses under the birch trees, and went to the bath-house. The coachman, Terenti, leaving the animals to switch away the flies with their tails, stretched himself out on the grass in the shade of the birches, and smoked his pipe, and listened to the shouts and laughter of the children in the bath-house.

Though it was rather embarrassing to look after all these children, and to keep them from mischief; though it was hard to remember, and not mix up all these stockings, shoes, and trousers for so many different legs, and to untie, unbutton, and then fasten again, so many tapes and buttons, — still Darya Aleksandrovna always took a lively interest in the bathing, looking on it as advantageous for the children, and never feeling happier than when engaged in this occupation. To fit the stockings on those plump little legs; to take the younger ones by the hand, and dip their naked little bodies into the water; to hear their cries, now joyful, now terrified; to see these breathless faces of those splashing cherubimchiks of hers, with their scared or sparkling eyes wide open with excitement, — all this was a perfect delight to her.

When half of the children were dressed, some peasant women, in Sunday attire, on their way to get herbs, came along, and stopped timidly at the bath-house. Matriona Filimonovna called to one of them, in order to give her a sheet and a shirt to dry that had fallen into the water; and Darya Aleksandrovna talked with the women. At first they laughed behind their hands, not understanding her questions; but little by little their courage returned and they began to chatter, and they quite won Darya Aleksandrovna's heart by their sincere admiration of the children.

"*Ish tui!* ain't she lovely, now? White as sugar!" said one, pointing to Tania, and nodding her head. "But thin...."

"Yes; because she has been ill."

"*Vish tui*," said still another, pointing to the youngest child.

"It seems you don't take him into the water, do you?"

"No," said Darya Aleksandrovna, proudly. "He is only three months old."

"You don't say so!"[1]

"And have you any children?"

"I've had four; two are alive, a boy and a girl. I weaned the youngest before Lent."

"How old is she?"

"Well, she is going into her second year."

"Why do you nurse her so long?"

"It's our way: three springs."....

And then the woman asked Darya Aleksandrovna about the birth of her baby: did she have a hard time? where was her husband? would he come often?

Darya Aleksandrovna was reluctant to part with the peasant women, so delightful did she find the conversation with them, so perfectly identical were their interests and hers. And it was more pleasant to her than anything else to see how evidently all these women were filled with admiration because she had so many and such lovely children. The women made Darya Aleksandrovna laugh, and offended Miss Hull for the very reason that she was the cause of their unaccountable laughter. One of the young women gazed with all her eyes at the English governess, who was dressing last; and, when she put on the third petticoat, she could not restrain herself any longer, but burst out laughing:—

"*Ish tui!* she put on one, and then she put on another, and she has n't got them all on yet!" and they all broke into loud laughter.

[1] "*Ish tui!*"

## CHAPTER IX

Darya Aleksandrovna, with a kerchief on her head, and surrounded by all her flock of bathers with wet hair, was just drawing near the house when the coachman called out, "Here comes some barin, — Pokrovsky, it looks like."

Darya Aleksandrovna looked out, and, to her great joy, saw that it was indeed Levin's well-known form in gray hat and gray overcoat. She was always glad to see him, but now she was particularly delighted, because he saw her in all her glory. No one could appreciate her splendor better than Levin.

When he caught sight of her, it seemed to him that he saw one of his visions of family life.

"You are like a brooding hen, Darya Aleksandrovna."

"Oh, how glad I am!" said she, offering him her hand.

"Glad! But you did not let me know. My brother is staying with me; I had a little note from Stiva, telling me you were here."

"From Stiva?" repeated Dolly, astonished.

"Yes. He wrote me that you had come into the country, and thought that you would allow me to be of some use to you," said Levin; and, even while speaking, he became confused, and breaking off suddenly, walked in silence by the lineĭka, pulling off and biting linden twigs as he went. It had occurred to him that Darya Aleksandrovna would doubtless find it painful to have a neighbor offer her the assistance which her husband should have given. In fact, Darya Aleksandrovna was displeased at the way in which Stepan Arkadyevitch had thrust his domestic difficulties upon a stranger. She immediately perceived that Levin felt this, and she felt grateful to him for his tact and delicacy.

"Of course, I understood," said Levin, "that this only meant that you would be glad to see me; and I was glad. Of course, I imagine that you, a city housekeeper, find it uncivilized here; and, if I can be of the least use to you, I am wholly at your service."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly. "At first it was rather hard,

but now everything has been beautifully arranged. I owe it all to my old nurse," she added, indicating Matriona Filimonovna, who, perceiving that they were speaking of her, gave Levin a pleasant, friendly smile. She knew him, and knew that he would make a splendid husband for the young lady, and she wished that it might be so.

"Will you get in? We will squeeze up a little," said she.

"No, I will walk. — Children, which of you will run with me to get ahead of the horses?"

The children were very slightly acquainted with Levin, and did not remember where they had seen him; but they had none of that strange feeling of timidity and aversion which children are so often blamed for showing toward grown-up persons who are not sincere. Pretense in any person may deceive the shrewdest and most experienced of men, but a child of very limited intelligence detects it and is repelled by it, though it be most carefully hidden.

Whatever faults Levin had, he could not be accused of lack of sincerity; and consequently the children showed him the same good-will that they had seen on their mother's face. The two eldest instantly accepted his invitation, and ran with him as they would have gone with their nurse, or Miss Hull, or their mother. Lili also wanted to go with him, and her mother intrusted her to him; so he set her on his shoulder and began to run with her.

"Don't be frightened, don't be frightened, Darya Aleksandrovna," he said, laughing gayly. "I won't hurt her or let her fall."

And when she saw his strong, agile, and, at the same time, prudent and careful movements, the mother felt reassured, and smiled as she watched him, with pleasure and approval.

There in the country, with the children and with Darya Aleksandrovna, whom he liked, Levin entered into that boylike, happy frame of mind which was not unusual with him, and which Darya Aleksandrovna

especially admired in him. He played with the children, and taught them gymnastic exercises; he jested with Miss Hull in his broken English; and he told Darya Aleksandrovna of his undertakings in the country.

After dinner, Darya Aleksandrovna, sitting alone with him on the balcony, began to speak of Kitty.

"Did you know? Kitty is coming here to spend the summer with me!"

"Indeed!" replied Levin, confused; and instantly, in order to change the subject, he added: —

"Then I shall send you two cows, shall I? And if you insist on paying, and have no scruples, then you may give me five rubles a month."

"No, thank you. We shall get along."

"Well, then I am going to look at your cows; and, with your permission, I will give directions about feeding them. Everything depends on that."

And Levin, in order to turn the conversation, explained to Darya Aleksandrovna the whole theory of the proper management of cows, which was based on the idea that a cow is only a machine for the conversion of fodder into milk, and so on.

He talked on this subject, and yet he was passionately anxious to hear the news about Kitty, but he was also afraid to hear it. It was terrible to him to think that his peace of mind, so painfully won, might be destroyed.

"Yes; but, in order to do all this, there must be some one to superintend it; and who is there?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna, not quite convinced.

Now that she carried on her domestic affairs so satisfactorily, through Matriona Filimonovna, she had no desire to make any changes; moreover, she had no faith in Levin's knowledge about rustic management. His reasonings about a cow being merely a machine to produce milk were suspicious. It seemed to her that such theories would throw housekeeping into discord; it even seemed to her that it was all far simpler, that it was sufficient, to do as Matriona Filimonovna did, — to give Pestrukha and Byelopakha[1] more fodder and drink,

[1] Dapple and White-foot.

and to prevent the cook from carrying dish-water from the kitchen to the cow, — that was clear. But the theories about meal and grass for fodder were not clear, but dubious; but the principal point was, that she wanted to talk about Kitty.

## CHAPTER X

"Kitty writes me that she is longing for solitude and repose," began Dolly, after a moment's silence.

"Is her health better?" asked Levin, with emotion.

"Thank the Lord, she is entirely well! I never believed that she had any lung trouble."

"Oh! I am very glad," said Levin; and Dolly thought that, as he said it, and then looked at her in silence, his face had a pathetic, helpless expression.

"Tell me, Konstantin Dmitritch," said Darya Aleksandrovna with a friendly, and at the same time a rather mischievous, smile, "why are you angry with Kitty?"

"I? I am not angry with her," said Levin.

"Yes, you are. Why did n't you come to see any of us the last time you were in Moscow?"

"Darya Aleksandrovna," he exclaimed, blushing to the roots of his hair, "I am astonished that, with your kindness of heart, you can think of such a thing! How can you not pity me when you know ...."

"What do I know?"

"You know that I offered myself, and was rejected." And as he said this, all the tenderness that he had felt for Kitty a moment before changed in his heart into a sense of anger at the memory of this injury.

"How could you suppose that I knew?"

"Because everybody knows it."

"That is where you are mistaken. I suspected it, but I knew nothing positive."

"Ah, well, and so you know now!"

"All that I know is that there was something which keenly tortured her, and that she has besought me never to mention it. If she has not told me, then she

has not told any one. Now, what have you against her? Tell me!"

"I have told you all that there was."

"When was it?"

"When I was at your house the last time."

"But do you know? I will tell you," said Darya Aleksandrovna. "I am sorry for Kitty, awfully sorry. You suffer only in your pride...."

"Perhaps so," said Levin, "but...."

She interrupted him.

"But she, poor little girl, I am awfully sorry for her. Now I understand all!"

"Well, Darya Aleksandrovna, excuse me," said he, rising. "*Prashchaïte* — good-by, Darya Aleksandrovna, da svidanya!"

"No! wait!" she cried, holding him by the sleeve; "wait! sit down!"

"I beg of you, I beg of you, let us not speak of this any more," said Levin, sitting down again, while a ray of that hope which he believed forever vanished flashed into his heart.

"If I did not like you," said Dolly, and the tears came into her eyes, "if I did not know you as I do...."

The hope which he thought was dead awoke more and more, filled Levin's heart, and took masterful possession of it.

"Yes, I understand all now," said Dolly: "you cannot understand this, you men, who are free in your choice; it is perfectly clear whom you love; but a young girl, with that feminine, maidenly reserve which is imposed on her, and seeing you men only at a distance, is constrained to wait, and she is, and must be, so agitated that she will not know what answer to give."

"Yes, if her heart does not speak...."

"No; her heart speaks, but think for a moment: you men decide on some girl, you visit her home, you watch, observe, and you make up your minds whether you are in love or not, and then, when you have come to the conclusion that you love her, you offer yourselves...."

"Well, now! we don't always do that."

"All the same, you don't propose until your love is fully ripe, or when you have made up your mind between two possible choices. But the young girl cannot make a choice. They pretend that she can choose, but she cannot; she can only answer 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Well! the choice was between me and Vronsky," thought Levin; and the resuscitated dead love in his soul seemed to die a second time, giving his heart an additional pang.

"Darya Aleksandrovna," said he, "thus one chooses a gown or any trifling merchandise, but not love. Besides, the choice has been made, and so much the better .... and it cannot be done again."

"Oh! pride, pride!" said Dolly, as if she would express her scorn for the degradation of his sentiments compared with those which only women are able to comprehend. "When you offered yourself to Kitty, she was in just that situation where she could not give an answer. She was in doubt; the choice was you or Vronsky. She saw him every day; you she had not seen for a long time. If she had been older, it would have been different; if I, for example, had been in her place, I should not have hesitated. He was always distasteful to me, and so that is the end of it."

Levin remembered Kitty's reply: "*No, this cannot be ....*"

"Darya Aleksandrovna," said he, dryly, "I am touched by your confidence in me, but I think you are mistaken. But whether I am right or wrong, this pride which you so despise makes it impossible for me ever to think about Katerina Aleksandrovna; you understand? utterly impossible."

"I will say only one thing more. You must know that I am speaking to you of my sister, whom I love as my own children. I don't say that she loves you, but I only wish to say that her reply at that moment amounted to nothing at all."

"I don't know," said Levin, leaping suddenly to his

feet. "If you only realized the pain that you cause me! It is just the same as if you had lost a child, and they came to you and said, 'He would have been like this, like this, and he might have lived, and you would have had so much joy in him. .... But he is dead, dead, dead.'" ....

"How absurd you are!" said Darya Aleksandrovna, with a melancholy smile at the sight of Levin's emotion. "Well! I understand it all better and better," she continued pensively. "Then you won't come to see us when Kitty is here?"

"No, I will not. Of course I will not avoid Katerina Aleksandrovna; but, when it is possible, I shall endeavor to spare her the affliction of my presence."

"You are very, very absurd," said Darya Aleksandrovna, looking at him affectionately. "Well, then, let it be as if we had not said a word about it. — What do you want, Tania?" said she in French to her little girl, who came running in.

"Where is my little shovel, mamma?"

"I speak French to you, and you must answer in French."

The child tried to speak, but could not recall the French word for *lopatka*, shovel. Her mother whispered it to her, and then told her, still in French, where she should go to find it. This made Levin feel unpleasant.

Everything now seemed changed in Darya Aleksandrovna's household; even the children were not nearly so attractive as before.

"And why does she speak French with the children?" he thought. "How false and unnatural! Even the children feel it. Teach them French, and spoil their sincerity," he said to himself, not knowing that Darya Aleksandrovna had twenty times asked the same question, and yet, in spite of the harm that it did their simplicity, had come to the conclusion that this was the right way to teach them.

"But why are you in a hurry? Sit a little while longer."

Levin stayed to tea; but all his gayety was gone, and he felt uncomfortable.

After tea he went out into the anteroom to give orders about harnessing the horses; and when he came in he found Darya Aleksandrovna in great disturbance, with flushed face, and tears in her eyes. During his short absence an occurrence had ruthlessly destroyed all the pleasure and pride that she took in her children. Grisha and Tania had quarreled about a ball. Darya Aleksandrovna, hearing their cries, ran to them, and found them in a frightful state. Tania was pulling her brother's hair; and he, with face distorted with rage, was pounding his sister with all his might. When Darya Aleksandrovna saw it, something seemed to snap in her heart. A black cloud, as it were, came down on her life. She saw that these children of hers, of whom she was so proud, were not only ordinary and ill-trained, but were even bad, and inclined to the most evil and tempestuous passions.

This thought troubled her so that she could not speak or think, or even explain her sorrow to Levin.

Levin saw that she was unhappy, and he did his best to comfort her, saying that this was not so very terrible, after all, and that all children quarreled; but in his heart he said, "No, I will not bother myself to speak French with my children. I shall not have such children. There is no need of spoiling them, and making them unnatural; and they will be charming. No! my children shall not be like these."

He took his leave, and rode away; and she did not try to keep him longer.

## CHAPTER XI

Toward the end of July, Levin received a visit from the starosta of his sister's estate, situated about twenty versts from Pokrovskoye. He brought the report about the progress of affairs, and about the haymaking.

The chief income from his sister's estate came from the meadows inundated in the spring. In former years the muzhiks rented these hayfields at the rate of twenty rubles a desyatin.[1] But when Levin undertook the management of this estate, and examined the hay-crops, he came to the conclusion that the rent was too low, and he raised it to the rate of twenty-five rubles a desyatin. The muzhiks refused to pay this, and, as Levin suspected, drove away other lessees. Then Levin himself went there, and arranged to have the meadows mowed partly by day laborers, partly on shares. His muzhiks were greatly discontented with this new plan, and did their best to thwart it; but it was attended with success, and even the very first year the yield from the meadows was nearly doubled. The opposition of the peasantry continued through the second and third summers, and the haymaking was conducted on the same conditions.

But this year they had mowed the meadows on thirds, and now the starosta had come to announce that the work was done, and that he, fearing it was going to rain, had summoned the bookkeeper and made the division in his presence, and turned over the eighteen hay-ricks which were the proprietor's share.

By the unsatisfactory answer to his question, how much hay had been secured from the largest meadow, by the starosta's haste in making the division without orders, by the man's whole manner, Levin was induced to think there was something crooked in the division of the hay, and he concluded that it would be wise to go and look into it.

Levin reached the estate just at dinner-time; and, leaving his horse at the house of his old friend, the husband of his brother's former nurse, he went to find the old man at the apiary, hoping to obtain from him some light on the question of the hay-crop.

The loquacious, beautiful-looking old man, whose name was Parmenuitch, was delighted to see Levin, showed him all about his husbandry, and told him all

[1] About six dollars an acre.

the particulars about his bees, and how they swarmed this year; but when Levin asked him about the hay, he gave vague and unsatisfactory answers. This still more confirmed Levin in his suspicions.

He went to the meadows, and, on examination of the hayricks, found that they could not contain fifty loads each, as the muzhiks said. So in order to give the peasants a lesson he had one of the carts which they had used as a measure to be brought, and ordered all the hay from one of the ricks to be carried into the shed.

The hayrick was found to contain only thirty-two loads. Notwithstanding the starosta's protestations that the hay was measured right, and that it must have got pressed down in the cart; notwithstanding the fact that he called God to witness that it was all done in the most godly manner, — Levin insisted on it that, as the division had been made without his orders, he would not accept the hayricks as equivalent to fifty loads each.

After long parleys, it was decided that the muzhiks should take eleven of these hayricks for their share, but that the master's should be measured over again. The colloquy and the division of the hayricks lasted until the mid-afternoon luncheon hour. When the last of the hay had been divided, Levin, confiding the care of the work to the bookkeeper, sat down on one of the hayricks which was marked by a laburnum stake, and enjoyed the spectacle of the meadows alive with the busy peasantry.

Before him, at the bend of the river beyond the marsh, he saw the peasant women in a variegated line, and heard their ringing voices as they gossiped together, while raking into long brown ramparts the hay scattered over the bright green aftermath. Behind the women came the men with pitchforks turning the windrows into wide, high-swelling hayricks.

Toward the left across the meadow, already cleared of the hay, came the creaking *telyegas*, or peasant carts, and one by one, as the hayricks were lifted on the point of monstrous forks, disappeared, and their places were

taken by the horse-wagons filled to overflowing with the fragrant hay which almost hid the rumps of the horses.

"Splendid hay-weather! It'll soon be all in," said Parmenuitch, as he sat down near Levin. "Tea, not hay! It scatters like seed for the ducks when they pitch it up." Then, pointing to a hayrick which the men were demolishing, the old man went on: "Since dinner, pitched up a good half of it. — Is that the last?" he shouted to a young fellow who, standing on the pole of a cart, and shaking the ends of his hempen reins, was driving by.

"The last, batyushka," shouted back the young fellow, pulling in his horse. Then he looked down with a smile on a happy-looking, rosy-faced woman who was sitting on the hay in the telyega, and whipped up his steed again.

"Who is that? your son?" asked Levin.

"My youngest," said the elder, with an expression of pride.

"What a fine fellow!"

"Not bad."

"Married yet?"

"Yes, three years come next Filippovok."[1]

"So? And are there children?"

"How? children? For a whole year I have n't heard anything about it! and it 's a shame," said the old man. "Well, this is hay! Just tea!" he repeated, wishing to change the subject.

Levin looked with interest at Vanka Parmenof and his wife. They were loading on a hayrick near by. Ivan Parmenof was standing on the wagon, arranging, storing, and pressing down the fragrant hay which the handsome goodwife handed up to him in great loads, first in armfuls, then with the fork. The young woman worked gayly, industriously, and skilfully. First she arranged it with her fork; then, with elastic and agile motions, she exerted all her strength upon it; and, stooping over, she lifted up the great armful, and standing

[1] St. Philip's Day, November 14.

straight, with full bosom under the white chemise gathered with a red girdle, she piled it high upon the load.

Ivan, working as rapidly as he could, so as to relieve her of every moment of extra work, stretched out his arms wide, and caught up the load which she extended, and trampled it down into the wagon. Then, raking up what was left, the woman shook off the hay that had got into her neck, and, tying a red handkerchief around her broad white brow, she crept under the cart to fasten down the load. Vanka showed her how the ropes should be tied, and at some remark that she made burst into a roar of laughter. In the expression on the faces of both of them could be seen strong young love recently awakened.

## CHAPTER XII

The load was complete, and Ivan, jumping down, took his gentle fat horse by the bridle, and joined the file of telyegas going to the village. The young woman threw her rake on top of the load, and, swinging her arms, joined the other women, who had collected in a group to sing. These women, with rakes on their shoulders and dressed in bright colors, suddenly burst forth into song with loud happy voices as they followed the carts. One wild untrained voice would sing a verse of the *Pyesna*, or folk-song, and when she had reached the refrain, fifty other young, fresh, and powerful voices would take it up simultaneously and repeat it to the end.

The peasant women, singing their folk-song, came toward Levin; and it seemed to him that a cloud, freighted with the thunder of gayety, was moving down upon him. The thunder-cloud drew nearer, it took possession of him, — and the haycock on which he was reclining and the other haycocks and the carts and the whole meadow and the far-off field moved and swayed to the rhythm of this wild song, with its accompaniment of whistles and shrill cries and clapping

of hands. This wholesome gayety filled him with envy; he would have liked to take part in this expression of joyous life; but nothing of the sort could he do, and he was obliged to lie still and look and listen. When the throng with their song had passed out of sight and hearing, an oppressive feeling of melancholy came over him at the thought of his loneliness, of his physical indolence, of the hostility which existed between him and this alien world.

Some of these very muzhiks, even those who had quarreled with him about the hay, or those whom he had injured, or those who had intended to cheat him, saluted him gayly as they passed, and evidently did not and could not bear him any malice, or feel any remorse, or even remembrance that they had tried to defraud him. All was swallowed up and forgotten in this sea of joyous, universal labor. God gave the day, God gave the strength; and the day and the strength consecrated the labor, and yielded their own reward. For whom was the work? What would be the fruits of the work? These were secondary, unimportant considerations.

Levin had often looked with interest at this life, had often experienced a feeling of envy of the people that lived this life; but to-day, for the first time, especially under the impression of what he had seen in the bearing of Ivan Parmenof toward his young wife, he had clearly realized that it depended on himself whether he would exchange the burdensome, idle, artificial, selfish existence which he led, for the laborious, simple, pure, and delightful life of the peasantry.

The elder who had been sitting with him had already gone home; the people were scattered; the neighboring villagers had already reached their houses, but those who lived at a distance were preparing to spend the night in the meadow, and were getting ready for supper.

Levin, without being noticed by the people, still reclined on the haycock, looking, listening, and thinking. The peasantry gathered in the meadow scarcely slept throughout the short summer night. At first gay gos-

sip and laughter were heard while they were eating; then followed songs and jests again.

No trace of all the long, laborious day was left upon them, except of its happiness. Just before the dawn there was silence everywhere. Nothing could be heard but the nocturnal sounds of the frogs ceaselessly croaking in the marsh, and the horses whinnying as they waited in the mist that rose before the dawn. Coming to himself, Levin got up from the haycock, and, looking at the stars, saw that the night had gone.

"Well! what am I going to do? How am I going to do this?" he asked himself, trying to give a shape to the thoughts and feelings that had occupied him during this short night. All that he had thought and felt had taken three separate directions. First, it seemed to him that he must renounce his former mode of life, which was useful neither to himself nor to any one else. This renunciation seemed to him very attractive and was easy and simple.

The second direction that his thoughts and feelings took referred especially to the new life which he longed to lead. He clearly realized the simplicity, purity, and regularity of this new life, and he was convinced that he should find in it that satisfaction, that calmness and mental freedom, which he now felt the lack of so painfully. The third line of thought brought him to the question how he should effect the transition from the old life to the new, and in this regard nothing clear presented itself to his mind.

"I must have a wife. I must engage in work, and have the absolute necessity of work. Shall I abandon Pokrovskoye? buy land? join the commune? marry a peasant woman? How can I do all this?" he again asked himself, and no answer came. "However," he went on, in his self-communings, "I have not slept all night, and my ideas are not very clear. I shall reduce them to order by and by. One thing is certain; this night has settled my fate. All my former dreams of family existence were rubbish, but this — all this is vastly simpler and better." ....

"How lovely!" he thought, as he gazed at the delicate white curly clouds, colored like mother-of-pearl, which floated in the sky above him. "How charming every. thing has been this lovely night! And when did that shell have time to form? I have been looking this long time at the sky, and nothing was to be seen — only two white streaks. Yes! thus, without my knowing it, my views about life have been changed."

He left the meadow, and walked along the highway that led to the village. A cool breeze began to blow, and it became gray and melancholy. The somber moment was at hand which generally precedes the dawn, the perfect triumph of light over the darkness.

Shivering with the chill, Levin walked fast, looking at the ground.

"What is that? Who is coming?" he asked himself, hearing the sound of bells. He raised his head. About forty paces from him he saw, coming toward him on the highway, on the grassy edge where he himself was walking, a traveling carriage, drawn by four horses. The pole-horses, to avoid the ruts, pressed close against the pole; but the skilful postilion, seated on one side of the box, kept the pole directly over the rut, so that the wheels kept only on the smooth surface of the road.

Levin was so interested in this that, without thinking who might be coming, he only glanced heedlessly at the carriage.

In one corner of the carriage an elderly lady was asleep; and by the window sat a young girl, evidently only just awake, holding with both hands the ribbons of her white bonnet. Serene and thoughtful, filled with a lofty, complex life which Levin could not understand, she was gazing beyond him at the glow of the morning sky.

At the very instant that this vision flashed by him he caught a glimpse of her frank eyes. She recognized him, and a gleam of joy, mingled with wonder, lighted up her face.

He could not be mistaken. Only she in all the world had such eyes. In all the world there was but one

being who could concentrate for him all the light and meaning of life. It was she; it was Kitty. He judged that she was on her way from the railway station to Yergushovo.

And all the thoughts that had occupied Levin through his sleepless night, all the resolutions that he had made, vanished in a twinkling. Horror seized him as he remembered his dream of marrying a *krestyanka* — a peasant wife! In that carriage which flashed by him on the other side of the road, and disappeared, was the only possible answer to his life's enigma which had tormented and puzzled him so long.

She was now out of sight; the rumble of the wheels had ceased, and scarcely could he hear the bells. The barking of the dogs told him that the carriage was passing through the village. And now there remained only the empty fields, the distant village, and himself, an alien and a stranger to everything, walking solitary on the deserted highway.

He looked at the sky, hoping to find there still the sea-shell cloud which he had admired, and which personified for him the movement of his thoughts and feelings during the night. But in the sky there was nothing that resembled the shell. There, at immeasurable heights, that mysterious change had already taken place. There was no trace of the shell, but in its place there extended over a good half of the heavens a carpet of cirrus clouds sweeping on and sweeping on. The sky was growing blue and luminous, and with the same tenderness and also with the same unsatisfactoriness it answered his questioning look.

"No," he said to himself, "however good this simple and laborious life may be, I cannot bring myself to it. I love *her*."

## CHAPTER XIII

No one except Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's most intimate friends suspected that this apparently cold and sober-minded man had one weakness absolutely contradictory to the general consistency of his character. He could not look with indifference at a child or a woman who was weeping. The sight of tears caused him to lose his self-control, and destroyed for him his reasoning faculties. The manager of his chancelry and his secretary understood this, and warned women who came to present petitions not to allow their feelings to overcome them unless they wanted to injure their prospects.

"He will fly into a passion, and will not listen to you," they said. And it was a fact that the trouble which the sight of weeping caused Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was expressed by hasty irritation. "I cannot, I cannot do anything for you. Please leave me," he would exclaim, as a general thing, in such cases.

When, on their way back from the races, Anna confessed her relations with Vronsky, and, immediately afterwards covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, in spite of his anger against his wife, was conscious at the same time of that deep, soul-felt emotion welling up which the sight of tears always caused him. Knowing this, and knowing that any expression of it would be incompatible with the situation, he endeavored to restrain any sign of agitation, and therefore he neither moved nor looked at her; hence arose that strange appearance of death-like rigidity in his face which so impressed Anna.

When they reached home, he helped her from the carriage; and, having made a great effort, he left her with ordinary politeness, saying only those words which would not oblige him to follow any course. He simply said that on the morrow he would let her know his decision.

His wife's words, confirming his worst suspicions, caused a keen pain in his heart; and this pain was

made still keener by the strange sensation of physical pity for her, caused by the sight of her tears. Yet, as he sat alone in his carriage, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, to his surprise and pleasure, was conscious of an absolute freedom, not only from that sense of pity, but also from the doubts and the pangs of jealousy which had of late been tormenting him.

He experienced the feelings of a man who has been suffering for a long time from the toothache. After one terrible moment of agony, and the sensation of something enormous — greater than the head itself — which is wrenched out of the jaw, the patient, hardly able to believe in his good fortune, suddenly discovers that the pain that has been poisoning his life so long has ceased, and that he can live and think and interest himself in something besides his aching tooth.

This feeling Alekseï Aleksandrovitch now experienced. The pain had been strange and terrible. But now it was over. He felt that he could live again, and think of something besides his wife.

"Without honor, without heart, without religion, an abandoned woman! I have always known this and I have always seen it, though out of pity for her I tried to shut my eyes to it," he said to himself.

And it really seemed to him that he had always seen this. He recalled many details of their past lives; and things which had once seemed innocent in his eyes, now clearly came up as proofs that she had always been corrupt.

"I made a mistake when I joined my life to hers; but my mistake was not my fault, and therefore I ought not to be unhappy. I am not the guilty one," said he, "but she is. But I have nothing more to do with her. She does not exist for me."....

All that would befall her as well as his son, toward whom also his feelings underwent a similar change, now ceased to occupy him. The only thing that did occupy him now was the question how to make his escape from this wretched crisis in a manner at once wise, correct, and honorable for himself, and having cleared himself

from the mud with which she had spattered him by her fall, how he would henceforth pursue his own path of honorable, active, and useful life.

"Must I make myself wretched because a wretched woman has committed a crime? All I want is to find the best way out from this situation to which she has brought me. And I will find it," he added, getting more and more indignant. "I am not the first, nor the last."

And not speaking of the historical examples, beginning with La Belle Hélène of Menelaus, which had recently been brought to all their memories by Offenbach's opera, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went over in his mind a whole series of contemporary episodes, where husbands of the highest position had been obliged to mourn the faithlessness of their wives.

"Daryalof, Poltavsky, Prince Karibanof, Count Paskudin, Dramm, .... yes, even Dramm, honorable, industrious man as he is, .... Semenof, Chagin, Sigonin. Admit that they cast unjust *ridicule* on these men; as for me, I never saw anything except their misfortune, and I always pitied them," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch to himself, although this was not so, and he had never sympathized with misfortune of this sort, and had only plumed himself the more as he had heard of wives deceiving their husbands.

"This is a misfortune which is likely to strike any one, and now it has struck me. The only thing is to know how to find the best way of settling the difficulty."

And he began to recall the different ways in which these men, finding themselves in such a position as he was, had behaved.

"Daryalof fought a duel .... "

Dueling had often been a subject of consideration to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch when he was a young man, and for the reason that physically he was a timid man and he knew it. He could not think without a shudder of having a pistol leveled at him, and never in his life had he practised with firearms. This instinctive horror had in early life caused him often to think about duel-

ing and to imagine himself obliged to expose his life to this danger.

Afterward, when he had attained success and a high social position, he had got out of the way of such thoughts; but his habit of mind now reasserted itself, and his timidity, owing to his cowardice, was so great that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch long deliberated about the matter, turning it over on all sides, and questioning the expediency of a duel, although he knew perfectly well that in any case he would never fight.

"Undoubtedly the state of our society is still so savage," he said, — "though it is not so in England, — that very many...."

And in these *many*, to whom such a solution was satisfactory, there were some for whose opinions Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had the very highest regard. "Looking at the duel from its good side, to what result does it lead? Let us suppose that I send a challenge!"

And Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went on to draw a vivid picture of the night that he would spend after the challenge; and he imagined the pistol aimed at him, and shuddered, and realized that he could never do such a thing.

"Let us suppose that I challenge him to a duel; let us suppose that I learn how to shoot," he forced himself to think, "that I am standing, that I pull the trigger," he said to himself, shutting his eyes, "and it happens that I kill him;" and he shook his head, to drive away these absurd notions.

"What sense would there be in causing a man's death, in order to settle my relations to a sinful woman and her son? Even then I should have to decide what I ought to do with her. But suppose — and this is vastly more likely to happen — that I am the one killed or wounded. I, an innocent man, the victim, killed or wounded? Still more absurd! But, moreover, would not the challenge to a duel on my part be a dishonorable action, certain as I am beforehand that my friends would never allow me to fight a duel? would never permit the life of a government official, who is so indispensable to Russia, to

be exposed to danger? What would happen? This would happen, that I, knowing in advance that the matter would never result in any danger, should seem to people to be anxious to win notoriety by a challenge. It would be dishonorable, it would be false, it would be an act of deception to others and to myself. A duel is not to be thought of, and no one expects it of me. My sole aim should be to preserve my reputation, and not to suffer any unnecessary interruption of my activity."

The service of the State, always important in the eyes of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, now appeared to him of extraordinary importance.

Having decided against the duel, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began to discuss the question of divorce — a second expedient which had been employed by several of the men whom he had in mind. Calling to mind all the well-known examples of divorce — and there had been many in the very highest circles of society, as he well knew — he could not name a single case where the aim of the divorce had been such as he proposed. The husband in each case had sold or given up the faithless wife; and the guilty party, who had no right to a second marriage, had entered into relations, imagined to be sanctioned, with a new husband.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch saw that, in his case at least, legal divorce, whereby the faithless wife would be repudiated, was impossible. He saw that the complicated conditions of his life precluded the possibility of those coarse proofs which the law demanded for the establishment of a wife's guilt; he saw that the distinguished refinement of his life precluded the public use of such proofs, even if they existed, and that the public use of these proofs would cause him to fall lower in public opinion than the guilty wife.

Divorce could only end in a scandalous lawsuit, which would be a godsend to his enemies and to lovers of gossip, and would degrade him from his high position in society. His principal object, the determination of his position with the least possible confusion, would not be attained by a divorce.

Divorce, moreover, broke off all intercourse between wife and husband, and united her to her paramour. Now in Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's heart, in spite of the scornful indifference which he affected to feel toward his wife, there still remained one very keen sentiment, and that was his unwillingness for her, unhindered, to unite her lot with Vronsky, so that her fault would turn out to her advantage.

This possible contingency was so painful to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch that, merely at the thought of it, he bellowed with mental pain; and he got up from his seat, changed his place in the carriage, and for a long time, darkly scowling, wrapped his woolly plaid around his thin and chilly legs.

"Besides formal divorce," he said to himself, as, growing a little calmer, he continued his deliberations, "it would be possible to act as Karibanof, Paskudin, and that gentle Dramm have done; that is to say, I could separate from my wife." But this measure had almost the same disadvantages as the other: it was practically to throw his wife into Vronsky's arms.

"No; it is impossible — impossible," he said aloud, again trying to wrap himself up in his plaid. "I cannot be unhappy, but neither she nor he ought to be happy."

The feeling of jealousy which had tormented him while he was still ignorant had passed away when by his wife's words the aching tooth had been pulled; but this feeling was replaced by a different one, — the desire not only that she should not triumph, but that she should receive the reward for her sin. He did not express it, but in the depths of his soul he desired that she should be punished for the way in which she had destroyed his peace and honor.

After once more passing in review the conditions of the duel, the divorce, and the separation, and once more rejecting them, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch came to the conclusion that there was only one way to escape from his trouble, and that was to keep his wife under his protection, shielding his misfortune from the eyes of the world, employing all possible means to break off the

illicit relationship, and, above all — though he did not avow it to himself — punishing his wife's fault.

"I must let her know that, in the cruel situation into which she has brought our family, I have come to the conclusion that the *status quo* is the only way that seems advisable for both sides, and that I will agree to preserve it under the strenuous condition that she on her part fulfil my will, and break off all relations with her paramour."

For the bolstering of this resolution when once he had finally adopted it, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch brought up one convincing argument: "Only by acting in this manner do I conform absolutely with the law of religion," said he to himself; "only by this reasoning do I refuse to send away the adulterous woman; and I give her the chance of amending her ways, and likewise, — painful as it will be to me, — I consecrate a part of my powers to her regeneration and salvation."

Though Alekseï Aleksandrovitch knew that he could have no moral influence over his wife, and that the attempts which he should make to reform his wife would have no other outcome than falsehood; although during the trying moments that he had been living, he had not for an instant thought of finding his guidance in religion, — yet now, when he felt that his determination was in accordance with religion, this religious sanction of his resolution gave him full comfort and a certain share of satisfaction. He was consoled with the thought that in such a trying period of his life no one would have the right to say that he had not acted in conformity to the religion whose banner he bore aloft in the midst of coolness and indifference.

As he went over in his mind the remotest contingencies, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch even saw no reason why his relations with his wife should not remain pretty much as they had always been. Of course, it would be impossible for him to feel great confidence in her; but he saw no reason why he should ruin his whole life, and suffer personally, because she was a bad and faithless wife.

"Yes, time will pass," he said to himself, "time which solves all problems; and our relations will be brought into the old order, so that I shall not feel the disorder that has broken up the current of my life. She must be unhappy, but I am not to blame, and so I do not see why I must be unhappy too."

## CHAPTER XIV

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch during his drive back to Petersburg not only fully decided on the line of conduct which he should adopt, but even composed in his head a letter to be sent to his wife. When he reached his Switzer's room, he glanced at the official papers and letters which had been brought from the ministry, and ordered them to be brought into the library.

"Shut the door, and let no one in," said he in reply to a question of the Swiss, emphasizing the last words — *nye prinimat'* — let no one in — with some satisfaction, which was an evident sign that he was in a better state of mind.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch walked up and down the library once or twice, and then, coming to his huge writing-table, on which his lackey, before going out, had placed six lighted candles, he cracked his fingers and sat down, and began to examine his writing-materials. Then, leaning his elbow on the table, he bent his head to one side, and after a moment of reflection he began to write without the slightest hesitancy. He wrote in French without addressing her by name, employing the pronoun *vous*, which has less coldness than the corresponding Russian word, *vui*, has. He wrote: —

At our recent interview, I expressed the intention of communicating to you my resolution concerning the subject of our conversation. Having carefully taken everything into consideration, I am writing now with the view of fulfilling my promise. This is my decision: whatever your conduct may have been, I do not acknowledge that I have the right to break the bonds which a Power Supreme has consecrated. The family cannot

be broken up through a caprice, an arbitrary act, even through the crime of one of the parties; and our lives must remain unchanged. This must be so for my sake, for your sake, for the sake of our son. I am fully persuaded that you have been repentant, that you still feel repentant for the deed that obliges me to write you; that you will coöperate with me in destroying root and branch the cause of our estrangement and in forgetting the past.

In case this be not so, you yourself must understand what awaits you and your son. In regard to all this I hope to have a more specific conversation at a personal interview. As the summer season is nearly over, I beg of you to come back to Petersburg as soon as possible — certainly not later than Tuesday. All the necessary measures for your return hither will be taken. I beg you to take notice that I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my request.

A. Karenin.

P.S. I inclose in this letter money, which you may need at this particular time.

He reread his letter, and was satisfied with it — especially with the fact that he had thought of sending the money. There was not an angry word, not a reproach, neither was there any condescension in it. The essential thing was the golden bridge for their reconciliation. He folded his letter, smoothed it with a huge paper-cutter of massive ivory, inclosed it in an envelop together with the money, and rang the bell, feeling that sense of satisfaction which the use of his well-ordered, perfect epistolary arrangements always gave him.

"Give this letter to the courier for delivery to Anna Arkadyevna at the datcha to-morrow," said he, and arose.

"I will obey your excellency.[1] Will you have tea here in the library?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch ordered tea brought to him in the library; and then, still playing with the paper-cutter, he went toward his arm-chair, near which were a shaded lamp and a French work on cuneiform inscriptions which he had begun.

[1] *Vashe prevaskhodityelstvo.*

Above the chair, in an oval gilt frame, hung a portrait of Anna, the excellent work of a distinguished painter. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch looked at it. The eyes, as inscrutable as they had been on the evening of their attempted explanation, looked down at him ironically and insolently. Everything about this remarkable portrait seemed to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch insupportably insolent and provoking, from the black lace on her head and her dark hair, to the white, beautiful hand and the ring-finger covered with jeweled rings.

After gazing at this portrait for a moment, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch shuddered, his lips trembled, and with a "*brr*" he turned away. Hastily sitting down in his arm-chair, he opened his book. He tried to read, but he could not regain the keen interest which he had felt before in the cuneiform inscriptions. His eyes looked at the book, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was thinking, not of his wife, but of a complication which had recently arisen in important matters connected with his official activity, and which at present formed the chief interest of his service. He felt that he was more deeply than ever plunged into this complicated affair, and that he could without self-conceit claim that the idea which had originated in his brain was bound to disentangle the whole difficulty, to confirm him in his official career, put down his enemies, and thus enable him to do a signal service to the State. As soon as his servant had brought his tea, and left the room, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch got up and went to his writing-table. Pushing to the center of it a portfolio which contained papers relating to this affair, he seized a pencil from the stand, and, with a faintly sarcastic smile of self-satisfaction, buried himself in the perusal of the documents relative to the complicated business under consideration.

The complication was as follows: The distinguishing trait of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch as a government official, — the one characteristic trait peculiar to him alone, though it must mark every progressive chinovnik, — the trait which had contributed to his success

no less than his eager ambition, his moderation, his uprightness, and his self-confidence, was his detestation of "red tape," and his sincere desire to avoid, as far as he could, unnecessary writing, and to go straight on in accomplishing needful business with all expedition and economy. It happened that, in the famous Commission of the 14th of June, a project was mooted for the irrigation of the fields in the government of Zaraï, which formed a part of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's jurisdiction; and this project offered a striking example of the few results obtained by official correspondence and expenditure.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch knew that it was a worthy object. The matter of the irrigation of the fields in the government of Zaraï had come to him by inheritance from his predecessor in the ministry, and, in fact, had already cost much money and brought no results. When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch entered the ministry, he had perceived this, and had wanted immediately to put his hand to this work; but at first he did not feel himself strong enough and perceived that it touched too many interests and was imprudent, and afterward, having become involved in other matters, he entirely forgot about it.

The fertilization of the Zaraï fields, like all things, went in its own way by force of inertia. Many people got their living through it, and one family in particular, a very agreeable and musical family — all of the daughters of which played on stringed instruments. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch knew this family, and had been nuptial godfather[1] when one of the elder daughters was married.

The opposition to this affair, raised by his enemies in another branch of the ministry, was unjust, in the opinion of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, because in every ministry there are similar cases which by a well-known rule of official etiquette no one ever bothers himself about. But now, since they had thrown down the gauntlet, he

[1] *Posazhonnui otyets*, — a man who takes the father's place in the Russian wedding ceremony.

had boldly accepted the challenge and asked for the appointment of a special commission for examining and verifying the labors of the commissioners on the fertilization of the Zaraï fields; and this did not prevent him from also keeping these gentlemen busy in other ways. He had also demanded a special commission for investigating the status and organization of the foreign populations.

This last question had likewise been raised by the Commission of June 14, and was energetically supported by Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, on the ground that no delay should be allowed in relieving the deplorable situation of these alien tribes.

In committee this matter gave rise to the most lively discussions among the ministries. The ministry hostile to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch proved that the position of the foreign populations was perfectly flourishing; that to meddle with them would be to injure their well-being; and that, if any fault could be found in regard to the matter, it was due to the neglect of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and his ministry, in not carrying out the measures prescribed by law.

Now Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had made up his mind to demand: first, the appointment of a new committee, whose duty should be to study on the spot the condition of the foreign populations; secondly, in case their condition should be found such as the official data in the hands of the committee represented, that a new scientific commission should be sent to study into the causes of this sad state of things, with the aim of settling it from the (*a*) political, (*b*) administrative, (*c*) economical, (*d*) ethnographical, (*e*) physical, and (*f*) religious point of view; thirdly, that the hostile ministry should be required to furnish the particulars in regard to the measures taken during the last ten years to relieve the wretched situation in which these tribes were placed; and fourthly and finally, that this ministry should explain the fact that they had acted in absolute contradiction to the fundamental and organic law, Volume T, page 18, with reference to Article 36,

as was proved by an act of the committee under numbers 17,015 and 18,308 of the 17th of December, 1863, and the 19th of June, 1864.

A flush of animation covered Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's face as he rapidly wrote down for his own use a digest of these thoughts. After he had covered a sheet of paper, he rang a bell, and sent a messenger to the director of the chancelry, asking for a few data which were missing. Then he got up, and began to walk up and down the room, looking again at the portrait with a frown and a scornful smile. Then he resumed his book about the cuneiform inscriptions, and found that his interest of the evening before had come back to him. He went to bed about eleven o'clock; and as he lay, still awake, he passed in review the affair with his wife, and it no longer appeared to him in the same gloomy aspect.

## CHAPTER XV

Though Anna had obstinately and angrily contradicted Vronsky when he told her that her position was impossible, yet in the bottom of her heart she felt that it was false and dishonorable, and she longed with all her soul to escape from it. When, in a moment of agitation, she avowed all to her husband as they were returning from the races, notwithstanding the pain which it cost her, she felt glad. After Alekseï Aleksandrovitch left her, she kept repeating to herself that she was glad, that now all was explained, and that henceforth there would be at least no more need of falsehood and deception. It seemed to her indubitable that now her position would be henceforth determined. It might be bad, but it would be definite, and there would be an end to lying and equivocation. The pain which her words had cost her husband and herself would have its compensation, she thought, in the fact that now all would be definite.

That very evening Vronsky came to see her, but she

did not tell him what had taken place between her husband and herself, although it was needful to tell him, in order that the affair might be definitely settled.

The next morning, when she awoke, her first memory was of the words that she had spoken to her husband; and they seemed to her so odious, that she could not imagine now how she could have brought herself to say such strange brutal words, and she could not conceive what the result of them would be. But the words were irrevocable, and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had departed without replying.

"I have seen Vronsky since, and I did not tell him. Even at the moment he went away, I wanted to hold him back and to tell him; but I postponed it because I felt how strange it was that I did not tell him at the first moment. Why did I have the desire, and yet not speak?"

And, in reply to this question, the hot flush of shame kindled in her face. She realized that it was shame that kept her from speaking. Her position, which the evening before had seemed to her so clear, suddenly presented itself as very far from clear, as inextricable. She began to fear the dishonor about which she had not thought before. When she considered what her husband might do to her, the most terrible ideas came to her mind. It occurred to her that at any instant the steward[1] might appear to drive her out of house and home, and that her shame might be proclaimed to all the world. She asked herself where she could go if they drove her from home, and she found no answer.

When she thought of Vronsky, she imagined that he did not love her, and that he was already beginning to tire of her, and that she could not impose herself on him, and she felt angry with him. It seemed to her that the words which she spoke to her husband, and which she incessantly repeated to herself, were spoken so that everybody could hear them, and had heard them. She could not bring herself to look in the faces of those with whom she lived. She could not bring herself to

[1] *Upravlyayushchy.*

ring for her maid, and still less to go down and meet her son and his governess.

The maid came, and stood long at the door, listening; finally she decided to go to her without a summons. Anna looked at her questioningly, and in her terror she blushed. The maid apologized for coming, saying that she thought she heard the bell. She brought a gown and a note. The note was from Betsy. Betsy reminded her that Liza Merkalova and the Baroness Stolz with their adorers, Kaluzhsky and the old man Stremof, were coming to her house that morning for a game of croquet. "Come and look on, please, as a study of manners. I shall expect you," was the conclusion of the note.

Anna read the letter, and sighed profoundly.

"Nothing, nothing, I need nothing," said she to Annushka, who was arranging the brushes and toilet articles on her dressing-table. "Go away. I will dress myself immediately, and come down. I need nothing."

Annushka went out; yet Anna did not begin to dress, but sat in the same attitude, with bent head and folded hands; and occasionally she would shiver, and begin to make some gesture, to say something, and then fall back into listlessness again. She kept saying, "*Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!*"[1] but the words had no meaning in her mind. The thought of seeking a refuge from her situation in religion, although she never doubted the faith in which she had been trained, seemed to her as strange as to go and ask help of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch himself. She knew beforehand that the refuge offered by religion was possible only by the absolute renunciation of all that constituted for her the meaning of life. She suffered, and was frightened besides, by a sensation that was new to her experience hitherto, and which seemed to her to take possession of her inmost soul. She seemed to feel double, just as sometimes eyes, when weary, see double. She knew not what she feared, what she desired. She knew not whether she feared and desired what had passed or what was to come, and what she desired she did not know.

[1] Literally, "My God."

"Oh! what am I doing?" she cried, suddenly feeling a pain in both temples; and she discovered that she had taken her hair in her two hands, and was pulling it. She got up, and began to walk the floor.

"The coffee is served, and *Mamzel* and Serozha are waiting," said Annushka, coming in again, and finding her mistress in the same condition as before.

"Serozha? what is Serozha doing," suddenly asked Anna, remembering, for the first time that morning, the existence of her son.

"He has been naughty, I think," said Annushka, with a smile.

"How naughty?"

"You had some peaches in the corner cupboard; he took one, and ate it on the sly, it seems."

The thought of her son suddenly called Anna from the impassive state in which she had been sunk. She remembered the partly sincere, though somewhat exaggerated, *rôle* of devoted mother, which she had taken on herself for a number of years, and she felt with joy that in this relationship she had a standpoint independent of her relation to her husband and Vronsky. This standpoint was — her son. In whatever situation she might be placed, she could not give him up. Her husband might drive her from him, and put her to shame; Vronsky might turn his back on her, and resume his former independent life, — and here again she thought of him with a feeling of anger and reproach, — but she could not leave her son. She had an aim in life; and she must act, act so as to safeguard this relation toward her son, so that they could not take him from her. She must act as speedily as possible before they took him from her. She must take her son and go off. That was the one thing which she now had to do. She must calm herself, and get away from this tormenting situation. The very thought of an action having reference to her son, and of going away with him anywhere, anywhere, already gave her consolation.

She dressed in haste, went down-stairs, and with firm

steps entered the drawing-room, where, as usual, she found lunch ready, and Serozha and the governess waiting for her. Serozha, all in white, was standing near a table under the mirror, with the expression of concentrated attention which she knew so well, and in which he resembled his father. Bending over, he was busy with some flowers which he had brought in.

The governess had a very stern expression. Serozha, as soon as he saw his mother, uttered a sharp cry, which was a frequent custom of his, — "Ah, mamma!" Then he stopped, undecided whether to throw down the flowers and run to his mother, and let the flowers go, or to finish his bouquet and take it to her.

The governess bowed, and began a long and circumstantial account of the naughtiness that Serozha had committed; but Anna did not hear her. She was thinking whether she should take her with them.

"No, I will not," she decided; "I will go alone with my son."

"Yes, that was very naughty," said Anna; and, taking the boy by the shoulder, she looked with a gentle, not angry, face at the confused but happy boy, and kissed him. "Leave him with me," said she to the wondering governess; and, not letting go his arm, she sat down at the table where the coffee was waiting.

"Mamma .... I .... I .... did n't ...." stammered Serozha, trying to judge by his mother's expression what fate was in store for him for having pilfered the peach.

"Serozha," she said, as soon as the governess had left the room, "that was naughty. You will not do it again, will you?.... Do you love me?"

She felt that the tears were standing in her eyes. "Why can I not love him?" she asked herself, studying the boy's frightened and yet happy face. "And can he join with his father to punish me? Will he not have pity on me?"

The tears began to course down her face; and, in order to hide them, she rose up quickly, and hastened, almost ran, to the terrace.

Clear, cool weather had succeeded the stormy rains

of the last few days. In spite of the warm sun which shone on the thick foliage of the trees, it was cool in the shade.

She shivered both from the coolness and from the sentiment of fear which in the cool air seized her with new force.

"Go, go and find Mariette," said she to Serozha, who had followed her; and then she began to walk up and down on the straw carpet which covered the terrace. "Will they not forgive me?" she asked herself. "Will they not understand that all this could not possibly have been otherwise?"

As she stopped and looked at the top of the aspens waving in the wind, with their freshly washed leaves glittering brightly in the cool sunbeams, it seemed to her that they would not forgive her, that all, that everything, would be as pitiless toward her as that sky and that foliage. And again she felt that mysterious sense in her inmost soul that she was in a dual state.

"I must not, must not think," she said to herself. "I must have courage. Where shall I go? When? Whom shall I take? Yes! to Moscow by the evening train, with Annushka and Serozha and only the most necessary things. But first I must write to them both."

She hurried back into the house to her boudoir, sat down at the table, and wrote her husband: —

After what has passed, I cannot longer remain in your house. I am going away, and I shall take my son. I do not know the laws, and so I do not know with which of his parents the child should remain; but I take him with me, because I cannot live without him. Be magnanimous; let me have him.

Up to this point she wrote rapidly and naturally; but this appeal to a magnanimity which she had never seen in him, and the need of ending her letter with something affecting, brought her to a halt.

"I cannot speak of my fault and my repentance, because...." Again she stopped, unable to find the right words to express her thoughts. "No," she said, "nothing more is necessary;" and, tearing up this

letter, she began another, from which she left out any appeal to his generosity, and sealed it.

She had to write a second letter, to Vronsky.

"I have confessed to my husband," she began; and she sat long wrapped in thought, without being able to write more. That was so coarse, so unfeminine! "And then, what can I write to him?" she asked herself. Again the crimson of shame mantled her face as she remembered how calm he was, and she felt so vexed with him that she tore the sheet of paper with its one phrase into little bits. "I cannot write," she said to herself; and, closing her desk, she went up-stairs, told the governess and the domestics that she was going to Moscow that evening, and instantly began to make her preparations.

## CHAPTER XVI

In all the rooms of the villa, the men-servants, the gardeners, the lackeys, were hurrying about laden with various things. Cupboards and commodes were cleared of their contents. Twice they had gone to the shop for packing-cord; on the floor lay piles of newspapers. Two trunks, traveling-bags, and a bundle of plaids had been carried into the anteroom. A carriage and two cabs were waiting at the front door. Anna, who in the haste of packing had somewhat forgotten her inward anguish, was standing by her table in her boudoir and packing her bag, when Annushka called her attention to the rumble of a carriage approaching the house.

Anna looked out of the window, and saw on the steps Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's messenger-boy ringing the front-door bell.

"Go and see what it is," said she, and then sat down in her chair and, folding her hands on her knees, waited with calm resignation. A lackey brought her a fat packet directed in Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's handwriting.

"The messenger was ordered to wait an answer," said he.

"Very well," she replied; and as soon as he left the room she opened the packet with trembling fingers. A roll of fresh, new bank-notes, in a wrapper, fell out first. She unfolded the letter and began to read it at the end. "All the necessary measures for your return hither will be taken..... I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my request," she read.

She ran it through hastily backwards, a second time, read it all through, and then she read it again from beginning to end. When she had finished it, she felt chilled, and had the consciousness that some terrible and unexpected misfortune was crushing her.

That very morning she had regretted her confession to her husband, and desired nothing so much as that she had not spoken those words. And this letter treated her words as if they had not been spoken, gave her what she desired. And yet it seemed to her more cruel than anything that she could have imagined.

"Right, he is right!" she murmured. "Of course he is always right; he is a Christian, he is magnanimous! Yes, the low, vile man! No one understands, no one knows him but me; and I cannot explain it. People say, 'He is a religious, moral, honorable, intellectual man.' But they have not seen what I have seen; they do not know how for eight years he has crushed my life, crushed everything that was vital in me; how he has never once thought of me as a living woman who needed love. They don't know how at every step he has insulted me, and yet remained self-satisfied. Have I not striven, striven with all my powers, to find a justification of my life? Have I not done my best to love him, to love his son when I could not love my husband? But the time came when I found I could no longer deceive myself, that I am a living being, that I am not to blame, that God has made me so, that I must love and live. And now what? He might kill me, he might kill *him*, and I could endure it, I could forgive it. But no, he....

"Why should I not have foreseen what he would do? He does exactly in accordance with his despicable char-

acter; he stands on his rights. But I, poor unfortunate, am sunk lower and more irreclaimably than ever toward ruin. '*You may surmise what awaits you and your son,*'" she repeated to herself, remembering a sentence in his letter. "It is a threat that he means to rob me of my son, and doubtless their wretched laws allow it. But, do I not see why he said that? He has no belief in my love for my son; or else he is deriding,—as he always does, in his sarcastic manner,—is deriding this feeling of mine, for he knows that I will not abandon my son—I cannot abandon him; that without my son, life would be unsupportable, even with him whom I love; and that to abandon my son, and leave him, I should fall like the worst of women. This he knows, and knows that I should never have the power to do so.

"'*Our lives must remain unchanged*,'" she continued, remembering another sentence in the letter. "This life was a torture before; but of late it has grown worse than ever. What will it be now? And he knows all this,—knows that I cannot repent because I breathe, because I love; he knows that nothing except falsehood and deceit can result from this: but he must needs prolong my torture. I know him, and I know that he swims in perjury like a fish in water. But no; I will not give him this pleasure. I will break this network of lies in which he wants to enwrap me. Come what may, anything is better than lies and deception.

"But how? Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï! Was there ever woman so unhappy as I?....

"No, I will break it! I will break it!" she cried, springing to her feet and striving to keep back the tears. And she went to her writing-table to begin another letter to him. But in the lowest depths of her soul she felt that she had not the power to break the network of circumstances,—that she had not the power to escape from the situation in which she was placed, false and dishonorable though it was.

She sat down at the table: but, instead of writing, she folded her arms on the table, and bowed her head on them, and began to weep like a child, with heaving

breast and convulsive sobs. She wept because her visions about an explanation, about a settlement of her position, had vanished forever. She knew that now all things would go on as before, and even worse than before. She felt that her position in society, which she had slighted, and even that morning counted as dross, was dear to her; that she should never have the strength to abandon it for the shameful position of a woman who has deserted her husband and son and joined her lover; she felt that in spite of all her efforts she should never be stronger than herself. She never would know what freedom to love meant, but would be always a guilty woman, constantly under the threat of detection, deceiving her husband for the disgraceful society of an independent stranger, with whose life she could never join hers. She knew that this would be so, and yet at the same time it was so terrible that she could not acknowledge, even to herself, how it would end. And she wept, unrestrainedly as a child who has been punished sobs.

The steps of a lackey approaching brought her to herself; and, hiding from him her face, she pretended to be writing.

"The courier would like his answer," said the lackey.

"His answer? Oh, yes!" said Anna. "Let him wait. I will ring."

"What can I write?" she asked herself. "How decide by myself alone? What do I know? What do I want? Whom do I love?"

Again it seemed to her that in her soul she felt the dual nature. She was alarmed at this feeling, and seized on the first pretext for activity that presented itself so that she might be freed from thoughts about herself.

"I must see Alekseï" (thus in thought she called Vronsky); "he alone can tell me what I must do. I will go to Betsy's. Perhaps I shall find him there."

She completely forgot that on the evening before, when she told him that she was not going to the Prin-

cess Tverskaya's, he said that in that case he should not go there either.

She went to the table again, and wrote her husband:—

I have received your letter.

A.

She rang, and gave it to the lackey.

"We are not going," said she to Annushka, who was just coming in.

"Not going at all?"

"No; but don't unpack before to-morrow, and have the carriage wait. I am going to the princess's."

"What gown shall you wear?"

## CHAPTER XVII

The croquet party to which the Princess Tverskaya invited Anna was to consist of two ladies and their adorers. These two ladies were the leading representatives of a new and exclusive Petersburg clique, called, in imitation of an imitation, *les sept merveilles du monde*, the seven wonders of the world. Both of them belonged to the highest society, but to a circle absolutely hostile to that in which Anna moved. Moreover, old Stremof, one of the influential men of the city, and Liza Merkalof's lover, was in the service of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's enemies. From all these considerations Anna did not care to go to Betsy's, and her refusal called forth the hints in the Princess Tverskaya's note; but now she decided to go, hoping to find Vronsky there.

She reached the Princess Tverskaya's before the other guests.

Just as she arrived Vronsky's lackey, with his well-combed side-whiskers, like a *kammer-junker*, was at the door. Raising his cap, he stepped aside to let her pass. Anna recognized him and only then remembered that Vronsky had told her that he was not coming. Undoubtedly he had sent him with his excuses.

As she was taking off her wraps in the anteroom she heard the lackey, who rolled his R's like a *kammerjunker*, say, "From the count to the princess," at the same time he delivered his note.

She wanted to ask him where his barin was. She wanted to go back and write him a note, asking him to come to her, or to go and find him herself. But she could not follow out any of these plans, for the bell had already announced her presence, and one of the princess's lackeys was waiting at the door to usher her into the rooms beyond.

"The princess is in the garden. Word has been sent to her. Would you not like to step out into the garden?" said a second lackey in the second room.

Her position of uncertainty, of darkness, was just the same as at home. It was even worse, because she could not make any decision, she could not see Vronsky, and she was obliged to remain in the midst of a company of strangers diametrically opposed to her present mood. But she wore a toilet which she knew was very becoming. She was not alone, she was surrounded by that solemn atmosphere of indolence so familiar; and on the whole it was better to be there than at home. She was not obliged to think what she would do. Things would arrange themselves.

Betsy came to meet her in a white toilet absolutely stunning in its elegance; and Anna greeted her, as usual, with a smile. The Princess Tverskaya was accompanied by Tushkievitch and a young relative who, to the great delight of the provincial family to which she belonged, was spending the summer with the famous princess.

Apparently there was something unnatural in Anna's appearance, for Betsy immediately remarked it.

"I did not sleep well," replied Anna, looking furtively at the lackey, who was coming, as she supposed, to bring Vronsky's note to the princess.

"How glad I am that you came!" said Betsy. "I am just up, and I should like to have a cup of tea before the others come. And you," she said, addressing Tush-

kievitch, "had better go with Maska and try the *kroket-gro-und*, which has just been clipped. You and I will have time to have a little confidential talk while taking our tea. We 'll have a cozy chat, won't we?" she added in English, addressing Anna with a smile, and taking her hand, in which she held a sunshade.

"All the more willingly because I cannot stay long. I must call on old Vrede; I have been promising for a hundred years to come and see her," said Anna, to whom the lie, though contrary to her nature, seemed not only simple and easy, but even pleasurable. Why she said a thing which she forgot the second after, she herself could not have told; she said it at haphazard, so that, in case Vronsky were not coming, she might have a way of escape, and try to find him elsewhere; and why she happened to select the name of old Freïlina Vrede rather than any other of her acquaintances was likewise inexplicable. But, as events proved, out of all the possible schemes for meeting Vronsky, she could not have chosen a better.

"No, I shall not let you go," replied Betsy, scrutinizing Anna's face. "Indeed, if I were not so fond of you, I should be tempted to be vexed with you; anybody would think that you were afraid of my company compromising you. — Tea in the little parlor, if you please," said she to the lackey, blinking her eyes as was habitual with her; and, taking the letter from him, she began to read it.

"Alekseï disappoints us,"[1] said she in French. "He writes that he cannot come," she added, in a tone as simple and unaffected as if it had never entered her mind that Vronsky was of any more interest to Anna than as a possible partner in a game of croquet. Anna knew that Betsy knew all; but, as she heard Betsy speak of Vronsky now, she almost brought herself to believe for a moment that she knew nothing.

"Ah!" she said indifferently, as if it was a detail which did not interest her. "How," she continued, still smiling, "could your society compromise any one?"

[1] *Alexis nous fait faux bond.*

This manner of playing with words, this hiding a secret, had a great charm for Anna, as it has for all women. And it was not the necessity of secrecy, or the reason for secrecy, but the process itself, that gave the pleasure.

"I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," she said. "Stremof and Liza Merkalof, they are the cream of the cream of society. They are received everywhere. But *I*" — she laid special stress on the *I* — "*I* have never been severe and intolerant. I simply have not had time."

"No. But perhaps you prefer not to meet Stremof? Let him break lances with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch in committee-meetings; that does not concern us. But in society he is as lovely a man as I know, and a passionate lover of croquet. But you shall see him. And you must see how admirably he conducts himself in his ridiculous position as Liza's aged lover. He is very charming. Don't you know Safo Stoltz? She is the latest, absolutely the latest style."

While Betsy was saying all this, Anna perceived, by her joyous, intelligent eyes, that she saw her embarrassment and was trying to put her at her ease. They had gone into the little boudoir.

"By the way, I must write a word to Alekseï."

And Betsy sat down at her writing-table, hastily penned a few lines, and inclosed them in an envelop. "I wrote him to come to dinner. One of the ladies who is going to be here has no gentleman. See if I am imperative enough. Excuse me if I leave you a moment. Please seal it and direct it," said she at the door, "I have some arrangements to make."

Without a moment's hesitation, Anna took Betsy's seat at the table, and, without reading her note, added these words: —

I must see you without fail. Come to the Vrede's Garden. I will be there at six o'clock.

She sealed the letter; and Betsy, coming a moment later, despatched it at once.

The two ladies took their tea at a little table in the cool boudoir, and had indeed a *cozy chat* as the princess had promised, until the arrival of her guests. They expressed their judgments on them, beginning with Liza Merkalof.

"She is very charming, and she has always been congenial to me," said Anna.

"You ought to like her. She adores you. Yesterday evening, after the races, she came to see me, and was in despair not to find you. She says that you are a genuine heroine of a romance, and that if she were a man, she would commit a thousand follies for your sake. Stremof told her she did that, even as she was."

"But please tell me one thing I never could understand," said Anna, after a moment of silence, and in a tone which clearly showed that she did not ask an idle question but that what she wanted explained was more important to her than would appear. "Please tell me, what are the relations between her and Prince Kaluzhsky, the man they call Mishka? I have rarely seen them together. What are their relations?"

A smile came into Betsy's eyes, and she looked keenly at Anna.

"It's a new kind," she replied. "All these ladies have adopted it. They've thrown their caps behind the mill. But there are ways and ways of throwing them."

"Yes, but what are her relations with Kaluzhsky?"

Betsy, to Anna's surprise, broke into a gale of irresistible laughter, which was an unusual thing with her.

"But you are trespassing on the Princess Miagkaya's province; it is the question of an *enfant terrible*," said Betsy, trying in vain to restrain her gayety, but again breaking out into that contagious laughter which is the peculiarity of people who rarely laugh. "But you must ask them," she at length managed to say, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Well! you laugh," said Anna, in spite of herself joining in her friend's amusement; "but I never could understand it at all, and I don't understand what part the husband plays."

"The husband? Liza Merkalof's husband carries her plaid for her, and is always at her beck and call. But the real meaning of the affair no one cares to know. You know that in good society people don't speak and don't even think of certain details of the toilet; well, it is the same here."

"Are you going to Rolandaki's *fête?*" asked Anna, to change the conversation.

"I don't think so," replied Betsy; and, not looking at her companion, she carefully poured the fragrant tea into little transparent cups. Then, having handed one to Anna, she rolled a cigarette, and, putting it into a silver holder, she began to smoke.

"You see, I am in a fortunate position," she began seriously, holding her cup in her hand. "I understand you, and I understand Liza. Liza is one of these naïve, childlike natures, who cannot distinguish between ill and good, — at least, she was so when she was young, and now she knows that this simplicity is becoming to her. Now perhaps she purposely fails to understand the distinction," said Betsy, with a sly smile. "But all the same, it becomes her. You see, it is quite possible to look on things from a tragic standpoint, and to get torment out of them; and it is possible to look on it simply, and even gayly. Possibly you are inclined to look on things too tragically."

"How I should like to know others as well as I know myself!" said Anna, with a serious and pensive look. "Am I worse than others, or better? Worse, I think."

"You are an *enfant terrible*, an *enfant terrible*," was Betsy's comment. "But here they are!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

Steps were heard, and a man's voice, then a woman's voice and laughter, and immediately after the expected guests came in: Safo Stoltz, and a young man called Vaska, whose face shone with exuberant health. It was evident that rich blood-making beef, burgundy, and truffles

had accomplished their work. Vaska bowed to the two ladies and glanced at them, but only for a second. He followed Safo into the drawing-room, and he followed her through the drawing-room, as if he had been tied to her, and he kept his brilliant eyes fastened on her as if he wished to devour her. Safo Stoltz was a blond with black eyes. She wore shoes with enormously high heels, and she came in with slow, vigorous steps, and shook hands with the ladies energetically, like a man.

Anna had never before met with this new celebrity, and was struck, not only by her beauty, but by the extravagance of her toilet and the boldness of her manners. On her head was a veritable scaffolding of false and natural hair of a lovely golden hue, and of a height corresponding to the mighty proportions of her protuberant and very visible bosom. Her dress was so tightly pulled back, that at every movement it outlined the shape of her knees and thighs; and involuntarily the question arose: Where, under this enormous, tottering mountain, did her neat little body, so exposed above, and so tightly laced below, really end?

Betsy made haste to introduce her to Anna.

"Can you imagine it? We almost ran over two soldiers," she instantly began to relate, winking, smiling, and kicking back her train, which she in turn threw too far over to the other side. "I was coming with Vaska .... oh, yes! You are not acquainted." And she introduced the young man by his family name, laughing heartily at her mistake in calling him Vaska before strangers. Vaska bowed a second time to Anna, but said nothing to her. He turned to Safo.

"The wager is lost. We came first," said he, smiling. "You must pay."

Safo laughed still more gayly.

"Not now, though," said she.

"All right; I 'll take it by and by."

"Very well, very well! Oh, by the way!" she suddenly cried out to the hostess. "I .... forgot .... stupid that I was! I bring you a guest; here he is."

The young guest whom Safo presented, after having

forgotten him, was a guest of such importance that, notwithstanding his youth, all the ladies rose to receive him.

This was Safo's new adorer; and, just as Vaska did, he followed her every step.

Immediately after came Prince Kaluzhsky and Liza Merkalof with Stremof. Liza was a rather thin brunette, with an Oriental, indolent type of countenance, and with ravishing, and as everybody said, inscrutable eyes. The style of her dark dress was absolutely in keeping with her beauty. Anna noticed it, and approved. Liza was as quiet and unpretentious as Safo was loud and obstreperous.

But Liza, for Anna's taste, was vastly more attractive. Betsy, in speaking of her to Anna, had ridiculed her affectation of the manner of an innocent child; but when Anna saw her, she felt that this was not fair. Liza was really an innocent, gentle, and irresponsible woman, a little spoiled. To be sure, her morals were the same as Safo's. She also had in her train, as if sewed to her, two adorers, one young, the other old, who devoured her with their eyes. But there was something about her better than her surroundings; she was like a diamond of the purest water surrounded by glass. The brilliancy shone out of her lovely, enigmatical eyes. The wearied and yet passionate look of her eyes, surrounded by dark circles, struck one by its absolute sincerity. Any one looking into their depths would think that he knew her completely; and to know her was to love her. At the sight of Anna, her whole face suddenly lighted up with a happy smile.

"Oh! How glad I am to see you!" she said, as she went up to her. "Yesterday afternoon at the races I wanted to get to you, but you had just gone. I was so anxious to see you yesterday especially! Too bad, was n't it?" said she, gazing at Anna with a look which seemed to disclose her whole soul.

"Yes! I never would have believed that anything could be so exciting," replied Anna, with some color.

The company now began to get ready to go to the lawn.

"I am not going," said Liza, sitting down near Anna. "You are n't going, are you? What pleasure can any one find in croquet?"

"But I am very fond of it," said Anna.

"There! how is it that you don't get *ennuyée?* To look at you is a joy. You live, but I vegetate."

"How vegetate? Why! they say you have the gayest society in Petersburg," said Anna.

"Perhaps those who are not of our circle are still more *ennuyée.* But we, it seems to me, are not happy, but are bored, terribly bored."

Safo lighted a cigarette, and went to the lawn with the two young men. Betsy and Stremof stayed at the tea-table.

"How bored?" asked Betsy. "Safo says she had a delightful evening with you yesterday."

"Oh! how unendurable it was!" said Liza. "They all came to my house with me after the races, and it was all so utterly monotonous. It is forever one and the same thing. They sat on the divans the whole evening. How could that be delightful? No; but what do you do to keep from being bored?" she asked again of Anna. "It is enough to look at you! You are evidently a woman who can be happy or unhappy, but never *ennuyée.* Now explain what you do."

"I don't do anything," said Anna, confused by such a stream of questions.

"That is the best way," said Stremof, joining the conversation.

Stremof was a man fifty years old, rather gray, but well preserved, very ugly, but with a face full of character and intelligence. Liza Merkalof was his wife's niece, and he spent with her all his leisure time. Though he was an employee in the service of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's political enemies, he endeavored, now that he met Anna in society, to act the man of the world, and be exceedingly amiable to his enemy's wife.

"The very best way is to do nothing," he continued, with his wise smile. "I have been telling you this long time," turning to Liza Merkalof, "that, if you don't want

to be bored, you must not think that it is possible to be bored; just as one must not be afraid of not sleeping if he is troubled with insomnia. This is just what Anna Arkadyevna told you."

"I should be very glad if I had said so," said Anna, "because it is not only clever, it is true."

"But will you tell me why it is not hard to go to sleep, and not hard to be free from *ennui?*"

"To sleep, you must work; and to be happy, you must also work."

"But how can I work when my labor is useful to no one? But to make believe, — I neither can nor will."

"You are incorrigible," said he, not looking at her, but turning to Anna again. He rarely met her, and could not well speak to her except in the way of small talk; but he understood how to say light things gracefully, and he asked her when she was going back to Petersburg, and whether she liked the Countess Lidya Ivanovna. And he asked these questions in a manner which showed his desire to be her friend, and to express his consideration and respect.

Tushkievitch came in just then and explained that the whole company was waiting for the croquet players.

"No, don't go, I beg of you," said Liza, when she found that Anna was not intending to stay. Stremof added his persuasions.

"It is too great a contrast," said he, "between our society and old Vrede's; and then, you will be for her only an object for slander, while here you will only awaken very different sentiments, quite the opposite of slander and ill-feeling."

Anna remained for a moment in uncertainty. This witty man's flattering words, the childlike and naïve sympathy shown her by Liza Merkalof, and all this agreeable social atmosphere, so opposed to what she expected elsewhere, caused her a moment of hesitation. Could she not postpone the terrible moment of explanation? But remembering what she had to expect alone at home if she should not come to some decision, remembering the pain that she had felt when she

pulled her hair with both hands, not knowing what she did, so great was her mental anguish, she took leave, and went.

## CHAPTER XIX

Vronsky, in spite of his worldly life and his apparent frivolity, was a man who detested confusion. Once, when still a lad in the School of Pages, he found himself short of money, and met with a humiliating refusal when he tried to borrow. He vowed that henceforth he would not expose himself to such a humiliation again, and he kept his word. In order to keep his affairs in order, he made, more or less often, according to circumstances, but at least five times a year, an examination of his affairs. He called this "straightening his affairs," or, in French, *faire sa lessive*.

The morning after the races Vronsky woke late, and without stopping to shave, or take his bath, put on his *kitel*, or soldier's linen frock, and, placing his money and bills and paper on the table, proceeded to the work of settling his accounts. Petritsky, knowing that his comrade was likely to be irritable when engaged in such occupation, quietly got up, and slipped out without disturbing him.

Every man acquainted, even to the minutest details, with all the complications of his surroundings, involuntarily supposes that the complications and tribulations of his life are a personal and private grievance peculiar to himself, and never thinks that others are subjected to the same complications of their personal troubles he himself is. Thus it seemed to Vronsky. And not without inward pride, and not without reason, he felt that, until the present time, he had done well in avoiding the embarrassments to which every one else would have succumbed. But he felt that now it was necessary for him to examine into his affairs, so as not to be embarrassed.

First, because it was the easiest to settle, Vronsky investigated his pecuniary status. He wrote in his

fluent, delicate hand a schedule of all his debts, and adding them up found that the total amounted to seventeen thousand rubles, and some odd hundreds, which he let go for the sake of clearness. Counting up his ready money and his bank-book, he had only eighteen hundred rubles, with no hope of more until the new year. Looking over the schedule of his debts, Vronsky classified them, putting them into three categories: first, the urgent debts, or, in other words, those that required ready money, so that, in case of requisition, there might not be a moment of delay. These amounted to four thousand rubles, — fifteen hundred for his horse, and twenty-five hundred as a guaranty for his young comrade, Venevsky, who had, in Vronsky's company, lost this amount in playing with a sharper. Vronsky, at the time, had wanted to hand over the money, since he had it with him; but Venevsky and Yashvin insisted on paying it, rather than Vronsky, who had not been playing. This was all very well; but Vronsky knew that in this disgraceful affair, in which his only participation was going as Venevsky's guaranty, it was necessary to have these twenty-five hundred rubles ready to throw at the rascal's head, and not to have any words with him. Thus, he had to reckon the category of urgent debts as four thousand rubles.

In the second category were eight thousand rubles of debts, and these were less imperative. These were what he owed on his stable account, for oats and hay, to his English trainer, and other incidentals. At a pinch, two thousand would suffice to leave him perfectly easy in mind. The remaining debts were to his tailor, and other furnishers; and they could wait. In conclusion, he found that he needed, for immediate use, six thousand rubles, and he had only eighteen hundred.

For a man with an income of a hundred thousand rubles, — as people supposed Vronsky to have, — it would seem as if such debts as these could not be very embarrassing; but the fact was that he had not an income of a hundred thousand rubles. The large paternal estate, producing two hundred thousand rubles a year,

had been divided between the two brothers. But when the elder brother, laden with debts, married the Princess Varia Tchirkof, the daughter of a Dekabrist,[1] who brought him no fortune, Alekseï yielded him his share of the inheritance, reserving only an income of twenty-five thousand rubles. He told his brother that this would be sufficient for him until he married, which he thought would never happen. His brother, who was in command of one of the most expensive regiments in the service and only just married, could not refuse this gift.

His mother, who possessed an independent fortune, kept twenty-five thousand rubles for herself and gave her younger son a yearly allowance of twenty thousand rubles; and Alekseï spent the whole of it. Recently the countess, angry with him on account of his departure from Moscow and his disgraceful liaison, had ceased to remit to him any money. So that Vronsky, who was accustomed to living on a forty-five thousand ruble footing, and having this year only twenty-five thousand, found himself in some extremity. He could not apply to his mother to help him out of his difficulty, for her letter which he had received the day before angered him by the insinuations which it contained: she was ready, it said, to help him along in society, or to advance him in his career, but not in this present life which was scandalizing all the best people.

His mother's attempt to bribe him wounded him in the tenderest spot in his heart, and he felt more coldly towards her than ever.

He could not retract his magnanimous promise given to his brother; although he felt now, in view of his rather uncertain relationship with Madame Karenin, that his magnanimous promise had been given too hastily, and that, even though he were not married, the hundred thousand rubles might stand him in good stead. But it was impossible to retract. The impossibility of taking back what he had given was made clear to him, especially when he remembered his brother's wife, when

[1] The Dekabrists were the revolutionists of December, 1825, who were banished at the time of the accession of the Emperor Nicholas.

he remembered how this gentle, excellent Varia had always made him understand that she should not forget his generosity, and never cease to appreciate it. It would be as impossible as to strike a woman, to steal, or to lie.

There was only one possible and practicable thing, and Vronsky adopted it without a moment's hesitation: to borrow ten thousand rubles of a usurer, — there was no difficulty about this, — to reduce his expenses as much as he could, and to sell his race-horses. Having decided to do this, he immediately wrote a letter to Rolandaki, who had many times offered to buy his stud. Then he sent for his English trainer and the usurer, and devoted the money which he had on hand to various accounts. Having finished this business, he wrote a cold and sharp reply to his mother; and then, taking from his portfolio Anna's last three letters, he re-read them, burned them, and, remembering his last conversation with her, fell into deep meditation.

## CHAPTER XX

Vronsky's life had been especially happy, because he had a special code of rules, which infallibly determined all he ought to do and ought not to do.

This code embraced a very small circle of duties, but the rules allowed no manner of question, and as Vronsky never had occasion to go outside of this circle, he had never been obliged to hesitate about what he had to do. These rules prescribed unfailingly that it was necessary to pay gambling debts, but not his tailor's bills; that it was not permissible to tell lies, except to women; that it was not right to deceive any one except a husband; that insults could be committed, but never pardoned.

All these precepts might be wrong and illogical, but they were indubitable; and, in fulfilling them, Vronsky felt that he was calm, and had the right to hold his head high. Only very recently, however, and during the progress of his intimacy with Anna, Vronsky began to

perceive that his code did not fully determine all conditions, and the future promised to present difficulties and doubts through the labyrinth of which he could not find the guiding thread.

Hitherto his relations with Anna and her husband had been, on his part, simple and clear; they were in harmony with the code that guided him.

She was a perfect lady, and she had given him her love; he loved her, and therefore she had a right to his respect, even more than if she had been his legal wife. He would have cut off his hand sooner than permit himself a word or an allusion that might wound her, or that would seem to fail in that respect on which, as a woman, she ought to count.

His relations with society were also clear. All might know or suspect his relations with her, but no one should dare to speak of it. At the first hint, he was prepared to cause the speaker to hold his peace, and to respect the non-existent honor of the woman whom he loved.

Still more clear were his relations to the husband: from the first moment when Anna gave him her love he considered his right and his only imprescriptible. The husband was merely a superfluous and meddlesome person. Without doubt, he was in a pitiable position; but what could be done about it? The only right that was left him was to demand satisfaction with arms in their hands, and for this Vronsky was wholly willing.

In the last few days, however, new complications had arisen in their relationship, and Vronsky was alarmed at his uncertainty. Only the evening before, Anna had confessed that she was pregnant; and he felt that this news and what she expected from him demanded something that was not defined by the code of rules by which he ruled his life. Indeed, he was taken unawares, and at the first moment, when she told him her situation, his heart bade him take her from her husband. He said this, but now on reflection he saw clearly that it would be better not to do so; but at the same time he was alarmed and perplexed.

"If I urge her to leave her husband, it would mean — unite her life with mine. Am I ready for that? How can I elope with her when I have no money? Let us admit that I could manage that..... But how can I take her away while I am connected with the service? If I should decide upon this, I should have to get money, and throw up my commission."

And he fell into thought. The question of resigning, or not, brought him face to face with another interest of his life known only to himself, though it formed the principal spur to his action.

Ambition had been the dream of his childhood and youth, a dream which he did not confess even to himself, but which was nevertheless a passion so strong that now it fought with his love. His first advances in society, and in his military career, had been brilliant, but two years before he had made a serious blunder. Wishing to show his independence, and to cause a sensation, he refused a promotion offered him, with the hope that his refusal would put a still higher value upon him. But it seemed that he was too confident, and since then he had been neglected. Finding himself reduced *nolens volens* to the position of an independent man, he accepted it, behaving with perfect propriety and wisdom, as if he had nothing to complain of, and counted himself slighted by no one, but asked only to be left in peace to amuse himself as he pleased.

In reality, as the year went on, and even before he went to Moscow, this pleasure had begun to pall on him. He felt that this independent position of a man capable of doing anything, but caring to do nothing, was beginning to grow tame, that many people were beginning to think that he was incapable of doing anything, instead of being a good, honorable young fellow.

His relations with Madame Karenin, by making such a sensation and attracting attention to him, for a time calmed the gnawings of the worm of ambition; but lately this worm had begun to gnaw with renewed energy. Serpukhovskoï — the friend of his childhood, belonging to his own circle, a chum of his in the School

of Pages, who had graduated with him, who had been his rival in the class-room and in gymnasium, in his pranks and in his dreams of ambition — had just returned from Central Asia, where he had been promoted two tchins and won honors rarely given to such a young general.

He had only just come to Petersburg, and people were talking about him as a new rising star of the first magnitude.

Just Vronsky's age, and his intimate friend, he was a general, and was expecting an appointment which would give him great influence in the affairs of the country; while Vronsky, though he was independent and brilliant, and loved by a lovely woman, was only a *rotmistr*, or cavalry captain, whom they allowed to remain as independent as he pleased.

"Of course," he said to himself, "I am not envious of Serpukhovskoï and could not be; but his promotion proves that a man like me needs only to bide his time in order to make a rapid rise in his profession. Three years ago he was in the same position as I am now. If I left the service, I should burn my ships. If I stay in the service, I lose nothing; she herself told me that she did not want to change her position. And I, who am sure of her love, cannot be envious of Serpukhovskoï."

And, slowly twisting his mustache, he arose from the table, and began to walk up and down the room. His eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy; and he was conscious of that calm, even, and joyous state of mind which he always felt after he had cleared up any situation. All was now clear and orderly as ever. He shaved, took a cold-water bath, dressed, and prepared to go out.

## CHAPTER XXI

"I was coming for you," said Petritsky, entering the room. "Your cleaning up took a long time to-day, didn't it? Are you through?"

"All through," said Vronsky, smiling only with his

eyes, and continuing to twist the ends of his mustache deliberately, as if, after this work of regulation were accomplished, any rash and quick motion might destroy it.

"You always come out of this operation as from a bath," said Petritsky. "I come from Gritska's," — so they called their regimental commander, — "they are waiting for you."

Vronsky looked at his comrade without replying; his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Ah! then that music is at his house?" he remarked, hearing the well-known sounds of waltzes and polkas, played by a military band. "What is the celebration?"

"Serpukhovskoï has come."

"Ah!" said Vronsky, "I did not know it."

The smile in his eyes was brighter than ever.

Having once decided for himself that he was happy in his love, he had elected to sacrifice his ambition to his love. Having at least taken on himself to play this part, he could feel neither envy at Serpukhovskoï, nor vexation because he, returning to the regiment, had not come first to see him. Serpukhovskoï was a good friend of his, and Vronsky was glad for him.

"Ah! I am very glad."

The regimental commander, Demin, lived in a large seignorial mansion. All the company had assembled on the lower front balcony. What first struck Vronsky's eyes as he reached the door were the singers of the regiment, in summer uniform, grouped around a keg of vodka, and the healthy, jovial face of the regimental commander as he stood surrounded by his officers. He had come out on the front step of the balcony, and was screaming louder than the band, which was playing one of Offenbach's quadrilles. He was giving some orders and gesticulating to a group of soldiers on one side. A group of soldiers, the *vakhmistr*, or sergeant, and a few non-commissioned officers, reached the balcony at the same instant with Vronsky. The regimental commander, who had been to the table, returned with a glass

of champagne to the front steps, and proposed the toast, —

"To the health of our old comrade, the brave general, Prince Serpukhovskoï. Hurrah!"

Behind the regimental commander came Serpukhovskoï, smiling, with a glass in his hand.

"You are always young, Bondarenko," said he to the sergeant, a ruddy-cheeked soldier, who stood directly in front of him.

Vronsky had not seen Serpukhovskoï for three years. He had grown older, and wore whiskers, but he was the same well-built man, striking not so much for his good looks as for the nobility and gentleness of his face and his whole bearing. The only change that Vronsky noted in him was the slight but constant radiance which can generally be seen in the faces of people who have succeeded and made everybody else believe in their success. Vronsky had seen it in other people, and now he detected it in Serpukhovskoï.

As he descended the steps he caught sight of Vronsky, and a smile of joy irradiated his face. He nodded to him, lifting his wine-cup as a greeting, and at the same time to signify that first he must drink with the sergeant, who, standing perfectly straight, had puckered his lips for the kiss.

"Well, here he is!" cried the regimental commander; "but Yashvin was telling me that you were in one of your bad humors."

Serpukhovskoï, having kissed the young sergeant's moist, fresh lips, wiped his mouth with his handkerchief, and came to Vronsky.

"Well, how glad I am!" he said, shaking hands, and drawing him on one side.

"Bring him along," cried the regimental commander to Yashvin, pointing to Vronsky, and descending to join the soldiers.

"Why weren't you at the races yesterday? I expected to see you," said Vronsky to Serpukhovskoï, studying his face.

"I did come, but too late. Excuse me," he said;

and, turning to his aide, "Please have this distributed with my thanks; only have it get to the men."

And he hurriedly took out of his pocket-book three hundred-ruble notes, and the color came into his face.

"Vronsky, will you have something to eat or drink?" asked Yashvin. "Hey! bring something to the count here. There, now, drink this."

The feasting at the regimental commander's lasted a long time. They drank a great deal. They toasted Serpukhovskoï, and carried him on their shoulders. They cheered also the regimental commander. Then the regimental commander and Petritsky danced a Russian dance, while the regimental singers made the music; and when he was tired, he sat down on a bench in the court, and tried to prove to Yashvin Russia's superiority over Prussia, especially in cavalry charges; and the gayety calmed down for a moment. Serpukhovskoï went into the house to wash his hands, and found Vronsky in the toilet-room. Vronsky was splashing the water. He had taken off his kitel, and was sousing his head and his handsome neck under the tap of the basin, and rubbing them with his hands. When he had finished his ablutions, he sat down by Serpukhovskoï. They sat together on a divanchik, and a conversation very interesting to both parties arose between them.

"I have learned all about you through my wife," said Serpukhovskoï. "I am glad that you see her so often."

"She is a friend of Varia's, and they are the only women in Petersburg that I care to see," said Vronsky, with a smile. He smiled because he foresaw on what subject the conversation would turn, and it was pleasing to him.

"The only ones?" repeated Serpukhovskoï, also smiling.

"Yes; and I, too, know all about you, but not through your wife only," said Vronsky, cutting the allusion short by the suddenly stern expression of his face; "and I am very glad at your success, but not the least surprised. I expected even more."

Serpukhovskoï smiled again. This flattering opinion of him pleased him, and he saw no reason to hide it.

"I, on the contrary, I confess frankly, expected less. But I am glad, very glad. I am ambitious; it is my weakness, and I confess it."

"Perhaps you would n't confess it if you were n't successful," suggested Vronsky.

"I don't think so," replied Serpukhovskoï, smiling again. "I will not say that life would not be worth living without it, but it would be tiresome. Of course I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that I have some of the qualifications necessary to the sphere of activity which I have chosen, and that in my hands power of any sort soever would be better placed than in the hands of many whom I know," said Serpukhovskoï, with the radiant expression of success; "and therefore, the nearer I am to this, the more contented I feel."

"Perhaps this is true for you, but not for everybody. I used to think so, and yet I live, and no longer find that ambition is the only aim of existence."

"Here we have it! Here we have it!" cried Serpukhovskoï, laughing. "I began by saying that I heard about you, about your refusal.... of course I approved of you. There is a way for everything; and I think that your action itself was well, but you did not do it in the right way."

"What is done, is done; and you know I never go back on what I have done. Besides, I am very well fixed."

"Very well — for a time. But you will not be contented so forever. I do not refer to your brother. He is a very good fellow — just like this host of ours. Hark! hear that?" he added, hearing the shouts and hurrahs. "He may be happy, but this will not satisfy you."

"I don't say that I am satisfied."

"Well, this is not the only thing. Such men as you are necessary!"

"To whom?"

"To whom? to society; to Russia. Russia needs men, she needs a party; otherwise all is going, and will go, to the dogs."

"What do you mean? — Bertenef's party against the Russian communists?"

"No," said Serpukhovskoï, with a grimace of vexation that he should be accused of any such nonsense. "*Tout ça est une blague!* — All that is fudge! This always has been, and always will be. There aren't any communists. But intriguing people must needs invent some malignant dangerous party. It's an old joke. No, a powerful party is needed, of independent men, like you and me."

"But why," — Vronsky named several influential men, — "but why aren't they among the independents?"

"Simply because they had not, through birth, an independent position, or a name, and have not lived near the sun, as we have. They can be bought by money or flattery. And to maintain themselves, they must fix on a certain course, and follow it, though they do not attach any importance to it, and even though it may be bad. They have only one object in view — the means of securing a home at the expense of the crown and certain salaries. *Cela n'est pas plus fin que ça*,[1] when you look at their cards. Maybe I am worse or more foolish than they, though I don't see why I should be. But I have, and you have, the one inestimable advantage, that it is harder to buy us. And such men are more than ever necessary now."

Vronsky listened attentively, not only because of the meaning of his words, but because of their connection with the case of Serpukhovskoï himself, who was about to engage in the struggle with power, and was entering into that official world, with its sympathies and antipathies, while he was occupied only with the interests of his squadron. Vronsky perceived how strong Serpukhovskoï might be, with his unfailing aptitude for invention, his quickness of comprehension, his intellect, and fluent speech, so rarely met with in the circle in

[1] That is all that it amounts to.

which he lived. And, though his conscience reproached him, he felt a twinge of envy.

"All that I need for this is the one essential thing," said he, — "the desire for power. I had it, but it is gone."

"Excuse me; I don't believe you," said Serpukhovskoï, smiling.

"No, it is true, true — *now* — to be frank with you," persisted Vronsky.

"Yes, true *now*, — that is another affair; this *now* will not last forever."

"Maybe."

"You say *maybe;* and I tell you *certainly* not," continued Serpukhovskoï, as if he divined his thought. "And this is why I wanted to see you. You acted as you felt was necessary. I understand that; but it is not necessary for you to stick to it.[1] All I ask of you is *carte blanche* for the future. I am not your patron .... and yet why should I not take you under my protection? Have you not often done as much for me? I hope that our friendship stands above that. There!" said he, smiling at him tenderly, like a woman. "Give me *carte blanche*. Come out of your regiment, and I will help you along so that it won't be known."

"But understand that I want nothing," said Vronsky, "except that all should be as it has been."

Serpukhovskoï arose, and stood facing him.

"You say that all must be as it has been. I understand what you mean; but listen to me. We are of the same age; maybe you have known more women than I." His smile and his gesture told Vronsky to have no fear that he would not touch gently and delicately on the tender spot. "But I am married; and, believe me, as some one or other wrote, he who knows only his wife, and loves her, understands all women better than if he had known a thousand."

"We 're coming directly," cried Vronsky to an officer who looked into the room and said he was sent by the regimental commander.

[1] *Perseverirovat.*

Vronsky now felt curious to hear and to know what Serpukhovskoï would say to him.

"And this is my idea: Women are the principal stumbling-block in the way of a man's activity. It is hard to love a woman, and to do anything else. There is only one way to love with comfort, and without hindrance; and that is, to marry. And how can I explain to you what I mean," continued Serpukhovskoï, who was fond of metaphors, — "wait, wait! .... yes! how can you carry a burden and do anything with your hands until the burden is tied on your back? And so it is with marriage. And I found this out when I married. My hands suddenly became free. But to carry this *fardeau* without marriage, your hands will be so full that you can't do anything. Look at Mazankof, Krupof. They ruined their careers through women."

"But what women!" said Vronsky, remembering the Frenchwoman and the actress for whom these two men had formed attachments.

"The higher the woman is in the social scale, the greater the difficulty. It is just the same as — not to carry your *fardeau* in your hands, but to tear it from some other man."

"You have never loved," murmured Vronsky, looking straight ahead, and thinking of Anna.

"Perhaps; but you think of what I have told you. And one thing more: women are all more material than men. We make something immense out of love, but they are all *terre-à-terre* — of the earth, earthy."

"Will be there immediately!" he said, addressing the lackey who was coming into the room. But the lackey was not a messenger for him, as he supposed. The lackey brought Vronsky a note.

"A man brought this from the Princess Tverskaya."

Vronsky hastily read the note, and grew red in the face.

"I have a headache. I am going home," said he to Serpukhovskoï.

"Well, then, *proshchaï!* farewell; will you give me *carte blanche?*"

"We will talk about it by and by. I will call on you in Petersburg."

## CHAPTER XXII

It was already six o'clock; and in order not to miss his appointment, or to go with his own horses, which everybody knew, Vronsky engaged Yashvin's hired carriage, and told the izvoshchik to drive with all speed. It was a spacious old carriage, with room for four. He sat in one corner, stretched his legs out on the empty seat, and began to think.

The confused consciousness of the order in which he had regulated his affairs; the confused recollection of the friendship and flattery of Serpukhovskoï, who assured him that he was an indispensable man; and most of all, the expectation of the coming interview, — conspired to give him a keen sense of the joy of living. This impression was so powerful that he could not keep from smiling. He stretched his legs, threw one knee over the other, felt for the contusion that his fall had given him the evening before, and drew several long breaths with full lungs.

"Good, very good," said he to himself. Oftentimes before he had felt a pleasure in the possession of his body, but never had he so loved it, or loved himself, as now. It was even pleasurable to feel the slight soreness in his leg, pleasurable was the *mouse-like* sensation of motion on his breast when he breathed.

This same bright, fresh, August day, which so impressed Anna with its hopelessness, stimulated, vitalized him, and cooled his face and neck, which still burned from the reaction after his bath. The odor of brilliantine from his mustaches seemed pleasant to him in this fresh atmosphere. Everything that he saw from the carriage-window seemed to him in this cool, pure air, in this pale light of the dying day, fresh, joyous, and healthful, like himself. And the housetops shining in the rays of the setting sun, the outlines of the fences and the edifices along the way, and the shapes of occasional pedestrians and carriages hurrying hither and thither, and the motionless green of the trees, and the lawns,

and the fields with their straight-cut rows of potato-hills, and the oblique shadows cast by the houses and the trees, and even by the potato-hills, — all was as beautiful as an exquisite landscape just from the master's hand, and freshly varnished.

"Make haste, make haste!" he shouted, pushing up through the window a three-ruble note to the driver, who turned round and looked down at him.

The izvoshchik's hand arranged something about the lantern, then the crack of the knout was heard, and the carriage whirled rapidly over the even pavement.

"I need nothing, nothing, but this pleasure," he thought, as his eyes rested on the knob of the bell, fastened between the windows, and he imagined Anna as she seemed when last he saw her. "The farther I go, the more I love her. — Ah! here is the garden of the Vrede datcha. Where shall I find her? How? Why did she make this appointment? and why did she write on Betsy's note?"

This struck him for the first time, but he had no time to think about it. He stopped the driver before they reached the driveway, and, getting out of the carriage, he went up the walk which led to the house. There was no one on the avenue; but looking toward the right he saw her. Her face was covered with a veil; but with a joyful glance, he recognized her immediately, by her graceful motion as she walked, by the slope of her shoulders, and the pose of her head, and he felt as if an electric shock had passed through him. With new strength he felt the joy of life and of action, even from the movements of his limbs to the involuntary motion of respiration, and something made his lips twitch.

When he came near her, she eagerly seized his hand.

"You are not angry because I asked you to come? I absolutely needed to see you," she said; and the serious and stern closing of the lips, which he saw under the veil, quickly put an end to his jubilant spirits.

"I angry? but how did you come? when?"

"No matter about that," said she, taking Vronsky's arm. "Come; I must have a talk with you."

He perceived that something had happened, and that their interview would not be joyful. While with her, he could not control his will. Though he did not know what her agitation portended, yet he felt that it had taken possession of him also.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, pressing her arm, and trying to read her thoughts by her face.

She went a few steps in silence, so as to get her breath; then she suddenly halted.

"I did not tell you last evening," she began, breathing fast and painfully, "that, on the way home with Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, I confessed to him everything .... I said that I could not be his wife .... that .... and I told him all."

He listened, involuntarily leaning toward her, as if he wished to lighten for her the difficulty of this confidence; but as soon as she finished speaking, he suddenly drew himself up, and his face assumed a haughty and stern expression.

"Yes! yes! that was better, a thousand times better, I understand how hard it must have been," he said.

But she did not heed his words, she read his thoughts by the expression of his face. She could not know that the expression of his face arose from the first thought that came into his mind — the thought that a duel could not now be avoided. Never had a thought of a duel entered her head, and therefore she interpreted the momentary expression of sternness in a quite different way.

Since the arrival of her husband's letter, she felt in the bottom of her heart that all would remain as before; that she should not have the strength to sacrifice her position in the world, to abandon her son and join her lover. The morning spent with the Princess Tverskaya confirmed her in this. But this interview with Vronsky seemed to her to be of vital importance. She hoped that it might change their relations and save her. If, on hearing this news, he had said decidedly, passionately, without a moment's hesitation, "Leave all, and come

with me," she would even have abandoned her son, and gone with him. But what she told him did not produce on him at all the impression which she had expected; he seemed, if anything, vexed and angry.

"It was not hard for me at all. It came of its own accord," she said, with a touch of irritation; "and here" — she drew her husband's letter from her glove.

"I understand, I understand," interrupted Vronsky, taking the letter, but not reading it, and trying to calm Anna. "The one thing I wanted, the one thing I prayed for .... to put an end to this situation, so that I could devote my whole life to your happiness."

"Why do you say that to me?" she asked. "Can I doubt it? If I doubted ...."

"Who are those coming?" asked Vronsky, abruptly, seeing two ladies coming in their direction. "Perhaps they know us." And he hastily drew Anna with him down a side alley.

"Akh! it is all the same to me," she said.

Her lips trembled, and it seemed to Vronsky that her eyes looked at him from under her veil with strange hatred.

"As I said, in all this affair, I cannot doubt you. But here is what he wrote me. Read it."

And again she halted. Again, as when he first learned of Anna's rupture with her husband, Vronsky, beginning to read this letter, involuntarily abandoned himself to the impression awakened in him by the thought of his relations to the deceived husband. Now that he had the letter in his hand, he imagined the challenge, which he would receive that day or the next, and the duel itself, at the moment when, with the same cool and haughty expression which now set his face, he would stand in front of his adversary, and, having discharged his weapon in the air, would wait the outraged husband's shot. And at this very instant Serpukhovskoï's words and what he himself had felt that day flashed through his mind, "Better not tie yourself down;" and she knew that he could not express his thought before her.

After he read the note, he raised his eyes to her, and there was indecision in his look. She instantly perceived that he had thought this matter over before. She knew that whatever he said to her, he would not say all that he thought. And she realized that her last hope had vanished. This was not what she had desired.

"You see what sort of a man he is," said she, with faltering voice. "He...."

"Excuse me, but I am glad of this," said Vronsky, interrupting. "For God's sake, let me speak," he quickly added, beseeching her with his look to give him time to explain his words. "I am glad, because this cannot, and never could go on as he imagines."

"Why can't it?" demanded Anna, holding back her tears, and evidently attaching no importance to what he said. She felt that her fate was already settled.

Vronsky meant that after the duel, which he felt was inevitable, this situation must be changed; but he said something quite different.

"It cannot go on so. I hope that now you will leave him. I hope" — he stumbled and grew red — "that you will allow me to take charge of our lives, and regulate them. To-morrow...." he began to say.

She did not allow him to finish.

"And my son!" she cried. "Do you see what he writes? I must leave him; but I cannot and I will not do that."

"But, for God's sake, which is better, — to leave your son, or to continue this humiliating situation?"

"For whom is it a humiliating situation?"

"For all of us, and especially for you."

"You say humiliating!.... Don't say that. For me that word has no meaning," said she, with trembling voice. She could not bear now to have him tell her a falsehood. Her love for him was trembling in the balance, and she wished to love him. "You must know that for me, on that day when I first loved you, everything was transformed. For me there was one thing, and only one thing, — your love. If it is mine, then I feel myself so high, so firm, that nothing can be humili-

ating to me. I am proud of my position, because.... proud that.... proud...." She did not say why she was proud. Tears of shame and despair choked her utterance. She stopped, and began to sob.

He also felt that something rose in his throat. For the first time in his life he felt ready to cry. He could not have said what affected him so. He was sorry for her, and he felt that he could not help her; and, more than all, he knew that he was the cause of her unhappiness, that he had done something abominable.

"Then a divorce is impossible?" he asked gently.

She shook her head without replying. "Then, could you not take your son, and leave him?"

"Yes; but all this depends on him. Now I must go to him," she said dryly. Her presentiment that all would be as before was verified.

"I shall be in Petersburg Tuesday, and everything will be decided."

"Yes," she repeated. "But we shall not speak any more about that."

Anna's carriage, which she sent away with the order to come back for her at the railing of the Vrede Garden, was approaching. Anna took leave of Vronsky, and went home.

## CHAPTER XXIII

The Commission of the 2d of June usually held its sittings on Monday.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch entered the committee-room, bowed to the members and the president as usual, and took his place, laying his hand on the papers made ready for him. Among the number were the data which he needed, and the outline of the proposition that he intended to make. These notes, however, were not necessary. His grasp of the subject was complete, and he did not need to refresh his memory as to what he was going to say. He knew that when the time came, and he should see his adversary vainly endeavoring to put

on an expression of indifference, his speech would come of itself in better shape than he could now determine. He felt that the meaning of his speech was so great that every word would have its importance. Meantime, as he listened to the reading of the report, he had a most innocent and inoffensive expression. No one, seeing his white hands, with their swollen veins, his delicate, long fingers doubling up the two ends of the sheet of white paper lying before him, and his expression of weariness, as he sat with head on one side, would have believed it possible that, in a few moments, from his lips would proceed a speech which would raise a terrible tempest, cause the members of the Commission to outdo one another in screaming, and oblige the president to call them to order.

When the report was finished, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, in his weak, shrill voice, said that he had a few observations to make in regard to the situation of the foreign tribes. Attention was concentrated on him. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch cleared his throat, and, not looking at his adversary, but, as he always did at the beginning of his speeches, addressing the person who sat nearest in front of him, who happened to be a little, meek old man, without the slightest importance in the Commission, began to deliver his views.

When he reached the matter of the fundamental and organic law, his adversary leaped to his feet, and began to reply. Stremof, who was also a member of the Commission, and also touched to the quick, arose to defend himself; and the session proved to be excessively stormy. But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch triumphed, and his proposition was accepted. The three new commissions were appointed, and the next day in a certain Petersburg circle this session formed the staple topic of conversation. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's success far outstripped his anticipations.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, on awaking, recalled with pleasure his victory of the day before; and he could not repress a smile, although he wanted to appear indifferent, when the di-

rector of the chancelry, wishing to flatter him, told him of the rumors which had reached his ears in regard to the proceedings of the Commission.

Occupied as he was with the director of the chancelry, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch absolutely forgot that the day was Tuesday, the day set by him for Anna Arkadyevna's return; and he was surprised and disagreeably impressed when a domestic came to announce that she had come.

Anna reached Petersburg early in the morning. A carriage had been sent for her in response to her telegram, and so Alekseï Aleksandrovitch might have known of her coming. But when she came, he did not go to receive her. She was told that he had not yet gone out, but was busy with the director of the chancelry. She bade the servant announce her arrival, and then went to her boudoir, and began to unpack her things, expecting that he would come to her. But an hour passed, and he did not appear. She went to the dining-room, under the pretext of giving some orders, and spoke unusually loud, thinking that he would join her there. But still he did not come, though she heard him come to the door of his library, accompanying the director of the chancelry. She knew that it was his habit about this time to go to his office; and she wanted to see him before that, so that their plan of action might be decided.

She passed through the "hall," and, finally making up her mind, went to him. She stepped into the library. Dressed in his uniform, apparently ready to take his departure, he was sitting at a little table, leaning his elbows on it, and wrapped in melancholy thought. She saw him before he noticed her, and she knew that he was thinking of her.

When he caught sight of her, he started to get up, hesitated, and then, for the first time since Anna had known him, he blushed. Then, quickly rising, he advanced toward her, not looking at her eyes, but at her forehead and hair. He came to her, took her by the hand, and invited her to sit down.

"I am very glad that you have come," he stammered,

sitting down near her, and evidently desiring to talk with her. Several times he began to speak, but hesitated.

Although she was prepared for this interview, and had made up her mind to defend herself, and accuse him, she did not know what to say to him, and she felt sorry for him. And so the silence lasted some little time.

"Is Serozha well?" at length he asked; and, without waiting for an answer, he added, "I shall not dine at home to-day; I have to leave immediately."

"I intended to start for Moscow," said Anna.

"No; you did very, very well to come home," he replied, and again was silent.

Seeing that it was beyond his strength to begin the conversation, she herself began: —

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," said she, looking at him, and not dropping her eyes under his gaze, which was still concentrated on her head-dress, "I am a guilty woman; I am a wicked woman; but I am what I have been, — what I told you I was, — and I have come to tell you that I cannot change."

"I did not ask you about this," he replied instantly, with sudden resolution, and, with an expression of hate, looking straight into her eyes. "I presuppose that." Under the influence of anger, he apparently regained control of all his faculties. "But as I told you then, and wrote you," — he spoke in a sharp, shrill voice, — "I now repeat, that I am not obliged to know this. I ignore it. Not all women are so good as you are, to hasten to give their husbands such very *pleasant* news." He laid a special stress on the word *priyatnoye*, "pleasant." "I will ignore it for the present, as long as the world does not know, — as long as my name is not dishonored. I, therefore, only warn you that our relations must remain as they always have been, and that only in case of your *compromising* yourself, shall I be forced to take measures to protect my honor."

"But our relations cannot remain as they have been," she said with timid accents, looking at him in terror.

As she once more saw his undemonstrative gestures, heard his mocking voice with its sharp, childish tones,

all the pity that she had begun to feel for him was driven away by the aversion that he inspired, and she had only a feeling of fear, which arose from the fact that she did not see any light in regard to their relations.

"I cannot be your wife, when I ...." she began.

He laughed with a cold and wicked laugh.

"It must needs be that the manner of life which you have chosen is reflected in your ideas. I have too much esteem or contempt .... or rather I esteem your past, and despise your present .... too much for me to accept the interpretation which you put on my words."

Anna sighed, and bowed her head.

"Besides, I do not understand how you, having so much independence," he continued, growing excited, "and telling your husband up and down of your infidelity, and not finding anything blameworthy in it, as it seems, how you can find anything blameworthy either in the fulfilment of a wife's duties to her husband."

"Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch! What do you require of me?"

"I require that I may never meet this man here, and that you comport yourself so that neither the *world* nor our *servants* can accuse you .... that you do not see him. It seems to me that this is little. And in doing this, you will enjoy the rights of an honorable wife, though you do not fulfil the obligations. This is all that I have to say to you. Now it is time for me to go. I shall not dine at home."

He got up, and went to the door. Anna also arose. He silently bowed, and allowed her to pass.

## CHAPTER XXIV

The night spent by Levin on the hayrick was not without its lesson. His way of farming became repugnant to him, and entirely lost its interest. Notwithstanding the excellent crops, never, or at least it seemed to him that never, had there been such failure, and such unfriendly relations between him and the muzhiks, as

this year; and now the reasons for this failure, and this animosity, were perfectly clear to him. The pleasure which he found in work itself, the resulting acquaintance with the muzhiks, the envy which seized him when he saw them and their lives, the desire to lead such a life himself, which on that night had been not visionary but real, now that he had thought over all the details necessary to carry out his desire, — all this taken together had so changed his views in regard to the management of his estate, that he could not take the same interest in it as before, and he could not help seeing how these unpleasant relations with the laborers met him at every new undertaking.

The herd of improved cows, like Pava; all the fertilized lands plowed with European plows; nine equal fields set round with young trees; the ninety desyatins, covered with dressing well plowed in; the deep drills and other improvements, — all was excellent as far as it concerned only himself or himself and the people who were in sympathy with him.

But now he clearly saw — and his work, his treatise on rural economy, in which the principal element was found to be the laborer, helped him to this conclusion — that his present way of carrying on his estate was only a cruel and wicked struggle between him and the laborers, in which on one side, on his side, was a constant effort to change everything to what he thought a better model, while on the other side was the natural order of things.

In this struggle, he saw that on his side there were effort and lofty purpose, and on the other no effort or purpose, and that the result was that the estate went from bad to worse; beautiful tools were destroyed, beautiful cattle and lands ruined. The principal objection was the energy absolutely wasted in this matter; but he could not help thinking now, when his thought was laid bare, that the aim of his energies was itself unworthy. In reality, where lay this quarrel? He insisted on having every penny of his own, — and he could not help insisting on it, because he was

obliged to use his energies to the utmost, otherwise he would not have wherewithal to pay his laborers, — and they insisted on working lazily and comfortably, in other words, as they had always done.

It was for his interests that every laborer should do his very best; above all, should strive not to break the winnowing-machines, the horse-rakes, the threshing-machines, so that he might accomplish what he was doing.

But the laborer wanted to do his work as easily as possible, with long breathing-spaces, with plenty of time for resting, and — what was more — without being bothered to think.

This year Levin had this experience at every step. He sent men to mow the clover-fields, selecting the poorer portions to be done first, where the intermixture of grass and wormwood made the crop unfit for seed; and they mowed his best fields, — those reserved for seed, — justifying themselves by saying that they had done what the overseer ordered, and trying to console him with the assurance that it would make splendid fodder. But he knew that they did this because these fields were the easiest ones to mow.

He sent out the hay-making machine, but the muzhiks broke it on the first few rows because the driver, sitting on the box-seat, disliked having the arms of the machine waving over his head; and they tried to console him by saying: —

"Oh, it's all right; the women will do the work easy enough."

The new plows were condemned as good for nothing, because the muzhik did not think to raise the blade on turning a corner, but wrenched it round through the soil, thus tearing up the land and straining the horses. And here again they urged Levin to have patience with them.

The horses strayed into the wheat, for the reason that no one would act regularly as night watchman, the muzhiks, in spite of strict orders to the contrary, insisting on taking the duty in turns; and Vanka, who

had been at work all day, fell asleep during his watch. When accused, he acknowledged his fault and only said: "Do what you please with me."

Three of the best calves were poisoned. They were allowed to get into the clover aftermath without giving them water; the result was that they were blown out and died. But the muzhiks would not believe that it was the clover that did the harm; and they tried to console Levin by informing him that one of his neighbors had lost one hundred and twelve head within three days in the same way.

All these mishaps took place, not because any one wished ill either to Levin or to his estate; on the contrary, he knew that the muzhiks loved him, and called him "a simple-minded gentleman," — *prostoï barin*, — which was the highest praise. But these mishaps happened simply because the muzhiks liked to work merrily and carelessly; and his interests were not only strange and incomprehensible to them, but even fatally clashed with what they thought their own true interests.

For a long time Levin had felt that there was something unsatisfactory in his methods. He saw that his canoe was leaking, but he could not find the leaks; and he did not search for them, perhaps on purpose to deceive himself. Nothing would be left him if he should allow his illusions to perish. But now he could no longer deceive himself. Not only had his system of management become uninteresting, but had begun actually to disgust him, and he felt he could no longer continue it.

Besides all this, Kitty Shcherbatsky was within thirty versts of him, and he wanted to see her, and could not.

Darya Aleksandrovna Oblonskaya, when he called on her, invited him to come: — to come with the express purpose of renewing his offer to her sister, who, as she pretended to think, now cared for him. Levin himself, after he caught the glimpse of Kitty Shcherbatsky, felt that he had not ceased to love her; but he could not go to the Oblonskys', because he knew that she was

there. The fact that he had offered himself, and she had refused him, put an unsurmountable barrier between them.

"I cannot ask her to be my wife simply because she cannot be the wife of the man she wanted," he said to himself.

The thought of this made him cold and hostile toward her.

"I have not the strength to go and talk with her without a sense of reproach, to look at her without angry feelings; and she would feel even more incensed against me, and justly so. And besides, how can I go there now, after what Darya Aleksandrovna told me? How can I help showing that I know what she told me? That I go with magnanimity, — to pardon her, to be reconciled to her! I, in her presence, play the *rôle* of a pardoning and honor-conferring lover to her! — Why did Darya Aleksandrovna tell me that? If I had met her accidentally, then perhaps everything might have been arranged of itself; but now it is impossible, impossible!"

Darya Aleksandrovna sent him a note, asking the loan of a side-saddle for Kitty. "They tell me you have a saddle," she wrote: "I hope that you will bring it yourself."

This was too much for him. How could a sensible woman of any delicacy so lower her sister? He wrote ten notes, and tore them all up, and then sent the saddle without any reply. To write that he would come was impossible, because he could not come: to write that he could not come because he was busy, or was going away somewhere, was still worse. So he sent the saddle without any reply; and, with the consciousness that he was doing something disgraceful, on the next day, leaving the now disagreeable charge of the estate to the overseer, he set off to a distant district where there were magnificent snipe-marshes to see his friend Sviazhsky, who had lately invited him to fulfil an old project of making him a visit. The snipe-marshes in the district of Surof had long been an attraction to Levin, but on account of his

farm-work he had kept postponing his visit there. Now he was glad to escape from the neighborhood of the Shcherbatskys, and especially from his estate, and to go on a hunting-expedition, which for all his tribulations was a sovereign remedy.

## CHAPTER XXV

In the district of Surof there were neither railways nor post-roads; and Levin took his own horses, and went in a *tarantas* or traveling-carriage.

When he was halfway, he stopped to get a meal at the house of a rich muzhik. The host, who was a bald, robust old man, with a great red beard, growing gray on the cheeks, opened the gate, crowding up against the post to let the troïka enter. Pointing the coachman to a place under the shed in his large, neat, and orderly new courtyard, with charred *sokhas* or wooden-plows, the old man invited Levin to enter the room. A neatly clad young girl, with galoshes on her bare feet, stooping down, was washing up the floor in the new entry. When she saw Levin's dog, she was startled, and screamed, but immediately laughed at her own terror when she found that the dog would not bite. With her bare arm she pointed Levin to the living-room, then stooping down again, she hid her handsome face, and continued her scrubbing.

"Will you have the samovar?" she asked.

"Yes, please."

The living-room was large, with a Dutch stove and a partition. Under the sacred images stood a table ornamented with colored designs, a bench, and two chairs. Near the doorway was a cupboard with dishes. The window-shutters were closed; there were few flies; and it was so neat that Levin took care that Laska, who had been flying over the road, and was covered with splashes of mud, should not soil the floor, and bade her lie down in the corner near the door. After glancing into the living-room, Levin went to the back of the house.

A good-looking girl in galoshes, swinging her empty pails on the yoke, ran to get him water from the well.

"Lively there," gayly shouted the old man to her; and then he turned to Levin. "So, sir, you are going to see Nikolaï Ivanovitch Sviazhsky? He often stops with us," he began to say in his garrulous style, as he leaned on the balustrade of the steps. But just as he was in the midst of telling about his acquaintance with Sviazhsky, again the gate creaked on its hinges, and the workmen came in from the fields with their harrows and wooden-plows. The horses attached to them were fat and in good condition. The laborers evidently belonged to the family: two were young fellows, and wore colored cotton shirts, and caps. The other two were hired men, and wore shabby shirts: one was an old man, the other middle-aged.

The old peasant, starting down from the porch, went to the horses and began to unharness them.

"Where have you been plowing?"

"In the potato-fields. We've finished with one.... You, Fyodot, don't bring the gelding, but leave him at the trough; we'll harness another."

"Say, batyushka, shall I tell 'em to take out the plowshares, or to bring 'em?" asked a big-framed, healthy-looking lad, evidently the old peasant's son.

"Put 'em in the drags," replied the old man, coiling up the reins and throwing them on the ground. "Put things in order; then we'll have dinner."

The handsome girl in galoshes came back to the house with her brimming pails swinging from her shoulders. Other women appeared from different quarters, — some young and comely, others old and ugly, with children and without children.

The samovar began to sing on the stove. The workmen and the men of the household, having taken out their horses, came in to dinner. Levin, sending for his provisions from the tarantas, begged the old peasant to take tea with him.

"Well, I have already drunk my tea," said the old

peasant, evidently flattered by the invitation. "However, for company's sake...."

At tea Levin learned the whole history of the old man's domestic economy. Ten years before, he had rented of a lady one hundred and twenty desyatins, and the year before had bought them; and he had rented three hundred more of a neighboring landowner. A small portion of this land, and that the poorest, he sublet; but forty desyatins he himself worked, with the help of his sons and two hired men. The old peasant complained that all was going bad; but Levin saw that he complained only for form's sake, and that his affairs were flourishing. If they had been bad he would not have bought land for five hundred rubles, or married off his three sons and his nephew, or built twice after his izba was burned, and each time better. Notwithstanding the old peasant's complaints, it was evident that he felt pride in his prosperity, pride in his sons, in his nephew, his daughters, his horses, his cows, and especially in the fact that he owned all this domain.

From his conversation with the old man, Levin learned that he believed in modern improvements. He planted many potatoes; and his potatoes, which Levin saw in the storehouse, he had already dug and brought in, while on Levin's estate they had only begun to dig them. He used the "ploog" on the potato-fields, as he called the plow which he got from the proprietor. He sowed wheat. The little detail that the old peasant sowed rye, and fed his horses with it, especially struck Levin. How many times Levin, seeing this beautiful fodder going to waste on his own estate, had wished to harvest it; but he found it impossible to accomplish it. The muzhik used it, and could not find sufficient praise for it.

"How do the women do it?"

"Oh! they pile it up on one side, and then the cart comes for it."

"But with us proprietors everything goes wrong with the hired men," said Levin, filling his teacup and offering it to him.

"Thank you," replied the old man, taking the cup, but refusing the sugar, pointing to the lumps which lay in front of him.

"How can you get along with hired men?" said he. "It is ruinous. Here's Sviazhsky, for example. We know what splendid land.... but they don't get decent crops, all from lack of care."

"Yes; but how do you do with your workmen?"

"It's all among ourselves. We watch everything. Lazybones, off they go! We work with our own hands."

"Batyushka, Finogen wants you to give him the tar-water," said the woman in galoshes, looking in through the door.

"So it is, sir," said the old man, rising; and, having crossed himself many times before the *ikons* or sacred pictures, he once more thanked Levin, and left the room.

When Levin went into the dark izba to give orders to his coachman, he found all the "men-folks" sitting down to dinner. The peasant women were on their feet helping. The healthy-looking young son, with his mouth full of *kasha*-gruel, got off some joke, and all broke into loud guffaws; and more hilariously than the others laughed the woman in galoshes, who was pouring *shchi*, or cabbage soup, into a cup.

It well might be that the jolly face of the woman in the galoshes coöperated powerfully with the whole impression of orderliness which this peasant home produced on Levin; but the impression was so strong that Levin could never get rid of it; and all the way from the old man's to Sviazhsky's, again and again he thought of what he had seen at the farm-house as something deserving special attention.

## CHAPTER XXVI

Sviazhsky was *predvodityel* or marshal of the nobility in his district. He was five years older than Levin, and had been married some time. His sister-in-law was an inmate of his family, and to Levin she was a very attractive young lady; and Levin knew that Sviazhsky and his wife would be very glad for him to marry her. He knew this infallibly, as marriageable young men usually know such things, and he knew also that though he dreamed of marriage, and was sure that this fascinating young lady would make a charming wife, he would sooner have been able to fly to heaven than to marry her, even if he had not been in love with Kitty Shcherbatsky. And this knowledge poisoned his pleasure in his prospective visit.

On receiving Sviazhsky's letter, with its invitation to go hunting, Levin had immediately thought about this; but in spite of it, decided that such views in regard to him on the part of Sviazhsky were entirely gratuitous, and he decided to accept the invitation. Moreover he had in the depths of his soul a strong curiosity to see this girl once more, and experiment on the effect that she would produce on him.

Sviazhsky's domestic life was in the highest degree pleasant, and Sviazhsky himself was the very best type of the proprietor devoted to the affairs of the province, and this fact always interested Levin.

He was one of those men that always excited Levin's amazement, whose opinions, very logical, although never self-formed, take one direction, while their lives, perfectly defined and confident in their course, take another, absolutely independent of each other and almost always in opposition. Sviazhsky was a thorough-going liberal. He despised the nobility, charged the majority of the nobles with secretly, and from motives of cowardice, opposing emancipation; and he regarded Russia as a rotten country like Turkey, and its government so wretched that he did not permit himself seriously to criticize its acts; and

yet he had accepted public office, and attended faithfully to his duties. He never even went out without donning his official cap, with its red border and cockade. He declared that human existence was endurable only abroad, where he was going to live at the first opportunity; but at the same time he carried on in Russia a very complicated estate[1] in the most perfect style, and was interested in all that was going on in Russia, and was fully up with the times. The Russian muzhik, in his eyes, stood between man and monkey; but, when the elections came, he gave his hand to the peasants by preference, and listened to them with the utmost attention. He believed neither in God nor in the devil; but he showed great concern in the questions concerning ameliorating the condition of the clergy, and the diminution of the revenues, and moreover he labored with especial zeal to have his village church kept in repair.

In regard to the complete emancipation of woman and especially her right to work, he sided with the most extreme supporters of this doctrine, but he lived with his wife in such perfect harmony that though they had no children every one admired them, and he took entire direction of the family affairs, so that his wife did nothing, and could do nothing, except in coöperation with him, in order to pass the time as agreeably as possible.

If Levin had not been naturally disposed to see the best side of people the analysis of Sviazhsky's character would have caused him no trouble or question; he would have said to himself: "Fool or Good-for-nothing," and that would have been the end of it. But he could not say fool — *durak* — because Sviazhsky was undoubtedly not only very clever, but also a very cultivated and an extraordinarily simple-hearted man, entirely free from conceit; there was no subject which he did not know; but he displayed his knowledge only when it was needed. Still less could he say that he was a good-for-nothing; be-

[1] *Khozyaïstvo* includes household economy, the outside interests, farming, mills, — everything connected with an estate. The master of an estate is called *khozyaïn*, the mistress *khozyaïka*, — terms often used for host and hostess.

cause Sviazhsky was unquestionably an honorable, excellent, sensible man, who was always doing his work cheerfully and alertly, and had apparently never intentionally done anything wrong or could do anything wrong.

Levin tried to comprehend and could not understand him and always looked at him and his life as a living enigma.

He and Levin had been friends and therefore Levin allowed himself to study Sviazhsky, and tried to trace his view of life to the very source. But this was always an idle task. Every time Levin made the effort to penetrate a little farther into the hidden chambers of Sviazhsky's mind he discovered that the man was somewhat confused; a sort of terror showed itself in his eyes, as if he feared that Levin was going to entrap him; and he would give him a good-natured and jolly rebuff.

Now, after his disenchantment on the subject of farm management, Levin was especially glad to be at Sviazhsky's. To say nothing of the fact that he was always pleasantly impressed by the sight of these doves so contented with themselves and all they possessed, and their comfortable nest, he had a great longing, now that he was so dissatisfied with his own life, to discover the secret of his having such clear, decided, and cheerful views of life. Moreover, Levin knew that he should meet at Sviazhsky's the proprietors of the neighborhood, and he was especially desirous to talk with them, to hear about their experiences in farm management, about their crops, their ways of hiring service, and the like, which, as Levin knew well, it was the fashion to regard as very trifling topics of conversation, but which seemed to him more important than anything else.

"Perhaps these things were not important during the days of serfdom or in England. In both those cases conditions are definitely fixed; but with us at the present time when everything has been overturned and the new order is only just begun, the question how to regulate these conditions is the only important one in Russia." Such was Levin's conviction.

The hunting which Sviazhsky gave him was poorer than Levin had expected: the marshes were dry, and the woodcock scarce. Levin walked all day, and bagged only three birds; but in compensation he brought back with him as always from hunting a ravenous appetite, capital spirits, and that intellectual excitement which violent physical exercise always gave him. Even while he was out hunting, while, as it would seem, his thoughts were not busy about anything, he kept remembering the old man and his family, and the impression remained with him that there was some peculiar tie between himself and that family.

In the evening, at the tea-table in the company of two proprietors, who had come on some business with the marshal, the interesting conversation that he had looked forward to soon began. At the tea-table Levin sat next the hostess and had to keep up a conversation with her and her sister who sat opposite him. His hostess was a moon-faced lady of medium stature and light complexion, all radiant with smiles and dimples. Levin endeavored, through her, to unravel the enigma which her husband's character offered him; but he could not get full control of his thoughts, because opposite him sat the pretty sister-in-law in a gown worn, as it seemed to him, for his especial benefit, with a square corsage cut rather low in front, and giving a glimpse of a very white bosom. This *décolleté* gown, in spite of the fact that the bosom was very white or perhaps from the very reason that it was very white, stopped the free flow of his thought. He could not help imagining, though of course erroneously, that this display was made for his benefit, and yet he felt that he had no right to look at it, and he tried not to look at it; but he was conscious of being to blame for her wearing such a gown. It seemed to Levin that he was deceiving some one, that he ought to make some kind of an explanation, but that it was an utter impossibility to do it, and so he kept blushing and felt ill at ease, and his constraint communicated itself to the pretty young lady. But the hostess seemed not to notice it, and kept up a lively conversation.

"You say that my husband does not take an interest in Russian affairs?" she asked. "On the contrary, he was happy when he was abroad, but not so happy as he is here. Here he feels that he is in his sphere. He has so much to do, and he has the faculty of interesting himself in everything. Oh! you have not been to see our school, have you?"

"Yes, I have, — that little house covered with ivy?"

"Yes; that is Nastia's work," said she, glancing at her sister.

"Do you yourself teach?" asked Levin, trying to look at Nastia's face, but feeling that, in spite of himself, he would see the low corsage.

"Yes, I teach, and intend to keep on teaching; but we have an excellent schoolmistress. And we have gymnastics."

"No, thank you, I will not take any more tea," said Levin. He felt that he was committing a solecism; but he could not keep up the conversation, and he rose in confusion. "I am very much interested in what they are saying," he added, and went to the other end of the table, where the host was talking with the two landed proprietors. Sviazhsky was sitting with his side toward the table, twirling his cup around with one hand, and with the other stroking his long beard, lifting it up to his nose and dropping it again as if he were smelling of it. His bright black eyes were fixed with keen amusement on one of the proprietors, a man with a white mustache, who was complaining bitterly about the peasantry. Levin saw that Sviazhsky had an answer ready for the worthy gentleman's comical complaints, and could reduce his arguments to powder if his official position did not compel him to respect the proprietor's.

The proprietor with the white mustache was evidently a narrow-minded country gentleman, an inveterate opponent of the emancipation, and an old-style farmer. Levin could see the signs of it in his old-fashioned, shiny coat, in his keen, angry eyes, in his well-balanced Russian speech, in his authoritative, slow, and studied

manner, and his imperious gestures with his large, handsome, sunburnt hands, on one of which for sole ornament was an old-fashioned wedding-ring.

## CHAPTER XXVII

"If it only were n't a pity to abandon what has been done, — cost so much labor, — it would be better to give up, sell out, go abroad, and hear 'La Belle Hélène,' like Nikolaï Ivanovitch," the old proprietor was saying, while his intelligent face lighted up with a pleasant smile.

"There now! but still you don't sell out," said Nikolaï Ivanovitch Sviazhsky; "so you must be well off, on the whole."

"I am well off in one way, because I have a home of my own, with board and lodging. Besides, one always hopes that the peasantry will improve. But would you believe it, — this drunkenness, this laziness! Everything goes to destruction. No horses, no cows. They starve to death. But try to help them, — take them for farm-hands: they manage to ruin you; yes, even before a justice of the peace!"[1]

"But you, too, can complain to the justice of the peace," said Sviazhsky.

"What! I complain? Not for the world! All such talk shows that complaints are idle. Here, at the mill, they took their handsel, and went off. What did the justice of the peace do? Acquitted them. Your only chance is to go to the communal court, — to the starshina. The starshina will have the man thrashed for you. He settles things in the old-fashioned way. If it were not for him you had better sell out, fly to the ends of the world!"

[1] In the Russian *mir*, or commune, the *starshina*, or elder, is the chief elected every three years. Before the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, each commune had its *volostnoï sud*, or district court, the decisions of which were often very ridiculous. Among the reforms instituted by the Emperor Alexander II. was the so-called *mirovoïsudya*, justice or arbiter of the peace, — more properly, judge of the peace, — an innovation which at first caused much opposition among the peasantry. See Wallace's "Russia" and Leroy Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tsars." — ED.

The proprietor was evidently trying to tease Sviazhsky: but Sviazhsky not only did not lose his temper, but was much amused.

"Well, we carry on our estates without these measures," said he, smiling. "I and Levin and he."

He pointed to the other proprietor.

"Yes; but ask Mikhaïl Petrovitch how his affairs are getting along. Is that a rational way?"[1] demanded the proprietor, especially accenting the word "rational."

"My way is very simple," said Mikhaïl Petrovitch, "thank the Lord! My whole business lies in seeing that the money is ready for the autumn taxes. The muzhiks come, and say, 'Batyushka, help us, father.' Well, all these muzhiks are neighbors; I pity 'em. Well, I advance 'em the first third. Only I say, 'Remember, children, I help you; and you must help me when I need you, — sowing the oats, getting in the hay, harvesting.' Now, I get along with them as with my own family. To be sure, there are some among them who have n't any conscience."

Levin, who knew of old about these patriarchal traditions, exchanged glances with Sviazhsky; and, interrupting Mikhaïl Petrovitch, he said, "How would you advise?" addressing the old proprietor with the gray mustache. "How do you think one's estate ought to be managed?"

"Well, manage it just as Mikhaïl Petrovitch does, — either give half the land to the muzhiks, or go shares with them. That is possible; but, all the same, the wealth of the country is growing less and less. Places on my lands which in the time of serfage, under good management, produced ninefold, now produce only threefold. Emancipation has ruined Russia."

Sviazhsky looked at Levin with smiling eyes, and even made a scarcely noticeable gesture to express his disdain, but Levin did not find the old proprietor's words ridiculous; he understood them better than he understood Sviazhsky. Much that the old man said in his complaint, that Russia was ruined by the emancipation,

[1] *Ratsionalnoye khozyaïstvo.*

seemed to him true; for him it was novel and unanswerable. The proprietor evidently expressed his honest thought, — a thought which arose, not from any desire to show an idle wit, but from the conditions of his life, which had been spent in the country, where he could see the question practically from every side.

"The fact is, please to acknowledge," continued the old proprietor, who evidently wished to show that he was not an enemy of civilization, "all progress is accomplished by force alone. Take the reforms of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander; take European history itself; still more so for progress in agriculture. The potato, for instance, — to introduce potatoes into Russia required force. We have not always plowed with iron plows; perhaps they have been introduced into our domains, but it required force. Now, until recently, when we had control over our serfs, we proprietors could conduct our affairs with all sorts of improvements: drying-rooms and winnowing-machines and dung-carts — all sorts of tools — we could introduce, because we had the power; and the muzhiks at first would oppose, and then would imitate us. But now, by the abrogation of serfage, they have taken away our authority; and so our estates,[1] now that everything is reduced to the same level, must necessarily sink back to the condition of primitive barbarism. This is my view of it."

"Yes, but why? If that were rational, then you could keep on with your improvements by aid of hired labor," said Sviazhsky.

"We have no power. How could I? allow me to ask."

"This — this is the working-force, the chief element in the problem before us," thought Levin.

"With hired men."

"Hired men will not work well, or work with good tools. Our laborers know how to do only one thing, — to drink like pigs, and, when they are drunk, to ruin everything you intrust them with. They water your horses to death, destroy your best harnesses, take the

[1] *Khozyaïstvo.*

tires off your wheels and sell them to get drink, and stick bolts into your winnowing-machines so as to render them useless. Everything that is not done in their way is nauseous to them. And thus the affairs of our estates go from bad to worse. The lands are neglected, and go to weeds, or else are abandoned to the muzhiks. Instead of producing millions of tchetverts[1] of wheat, you can raise only a few hundred thousand. The public wealth is diminishing. If they were going to free the serfs, they should have done it gradually." ....

And he developed his own scheme of emancipation whereby all these difficulties would have been avoided.

This plan did not interest Levin, but when the gentleman had finished he returned to his first proposition, with the hope of inducing Sviazhsky to tell what he seriously thought about it. He said, addressing Sviazhsky: —

"It is very true that the level of our agriculture is growing lower and lower, and that in our present relations with the peasantry, it is impossible to carry on our estates rationally," he said.

"I am not of that opinion," said Sviazhsky, seriously. "I only see that we are not up to the point of managing our estates, and that on the contrary, since serfage was abolished, agriculture has decayed; I argue that in those days it was very wretched, and very low. We never had any machines, or good oxen or decent supervision. We did not even know how to make up our accounts. Ask a proprietor: he could not tell you what a thing cost, or what it would bring him."

"Italian book-keeping!" said the old proprietor ironically. "Reckon all you please, and get things mixed as much as you please, there will be no profit in it."

"Why get things mixed up? Your miserable flail, your Russian topchachek, will break all to pieces; my steam-thresher will not break to pieces. Then your wretched nags; how are they? A puny breed that you can pull by the tails, comes to nothing; but our Percherons are vigorous horses, they are worth something.

[1] A tchetvert is 5.775 English bushels.

And so with everything. Our agriculture always needed to be helped forward."

"Yes! but it would need some power, Nikolaï Ivanuitch. Very well for you; but when one has one son at the university, and several others at school, as I have, he can't afford to buy Percherons."

"There are banks on purpose."

"To have my last goods and chattels sold under the hammer. No, thank you!"

"I don't agree that it is necessary or possible to lift the level of agriculture much higher," said Levin. "I am much interested in this question; and I have the means, but I cannot do anything. And as for banks, I don't know whom they profit. Up to the present time, whatever I have spent on my estate, has resulted only in loss. Cattle — loss; machines — loss."

"That is true," said the old proprietor with the gray mustache, laughing with hearty satisfaction.

"And I am not the only man," continued Levin. "I call to mind all those who have made experiments in the 'rational manner.' All, with few exceptions, have come out of it with losses. Will you admit that your farming is profitable?" he asked, and at that instant he detected in Sviazhsky's face that transient expression of embarrassment which he noticed when he wanted to penetrate farther into the inner chambers of Sviazhsky's mind.

However, the question was not entirely fair play on Levin's part. His hostess had told him at tea that they had just had a German expert up from Moscow, who, for five hundred rubles' fee, agreed to put the book-keeping of the estate in order; and he found that there had been a net loss of more than three thousand rubles. She could not remember exactly how much, but the German accountant had calculated it to within forty kopeks.

The old proprietor smiled when he heard Levin's question about the profits of Sviazhsky's management. It was evident that he knew about the state of his neighbors' finances.

"Maybe it is unprofitable," replied Sviazhsky. "This

only proves that either I am a poor manager, or I sink my capital to increase the revenue."

"Oh! revenue!" cried Levin, with horror. "Maybe there is such a thing as revenue in Europe, where the land is better for the labor spent on it; but with us, the more labor spent on it, the worse it is — that is because it exhausts it — so there is no revenue."

"How, no revenue? It is a law."

"Then we are no exceptions to the law. The word *renta*, revenue, has no clearness for us, and explains nothing, but rather confuses. No; tell me how the doctrine of revenue can be ....

"Won't you have some curds? — Masha, send us some curds or some raspberries," said Sviazhsky to his wife. "Raspberries have lasted unusually late this year."

And, with his usual jovial disposition of soul, Sviazhsky got up and went out, evidently assuming that the discussion was ended, while for Levin it seemed that it had only just begun.

Levin was now left with the old proprietor, and continued to talk with him, endeavoring to prove to him that all the trouble arose from the fact that we did not try to understand our laborers' habits and peculiarities. But the old proprietor, like all people accustomed to think alone and for himself, found it difficult to enter into the thought of another, and clung firmly to his own opinions. He declared that the Russian muzhik was a pig, and loved swinishness, and that it needed force or else a stick to drive him out of his swinishness; but we are such liberals that we have suddenly swapped off the thousand-year-old stick for these lawyers and jails, where the good-for-nothing, stinking muzhik gets fed on good soup, and has his pure air by the cubic foot.

"Why," asked Levin, wishing to get back to the question, "do you think that it is impossible to reach an equilibrium which will utilize the forces of the laborer, and render them productive?"

"That will never come about with the Russian people; there is no force," replied the proprietor.

"Why could not new conditions be found?" asked

Sviazhsky, who had been eating his curds, and smoking a cigarette, and now approached the two disputants. "All the needful forms are ready for use, and well learned. That relic of barbarism, the primitive commune where each member is responsible for all, is falling to pieces of its own weight; the right of holding serfs has been abolished; now there remains only free labor, and its forms are at hand, — the day-laborer, the journeyman, the ordinary farmer, — and you can't get rid of this."

"But Europe is discontented with these forms."

"Yes, and perhaps discontent will find new ones, and will progress probably."

"This is all I say about that," said Levin. "Why should we not seek for them on our side?"

"Because it would be much the same as our pretending to invent new methods of constructing railways. Our methods are all ready; all we have to do is to apply them."

"But if they do not suit us? if they are hurtful?" Levin insisted.

And again he saw the frightened look in Sviazhsky's eyes.

"Well! this: we throw up our caps, we follow wherever Europe leads! All this I know; but tell me, are you acquainted with all that is going on in Europe about the organization of labor?"

"No; I know very little."

"This question is now occupying the best minds in Europe. Schulze-Delitzsch[1] and his school .... then all this prodigious literature on the labor question .... the tendencies of Lassalle, the most radical of all of them .... the Mülhausen organization .... this all is a fact, you surely must know."

[1] Hermann Schulze-Delitzsch, who founded the first People's Bank, and in the German Parliament labored for constitutional reform, was born in Prussian Saxony, August 29, 1808, died at Potsdam, April 29, 1883. At the time of his death the United Bank Organization of which he was manager had thirty-five hundred branches, with fifty million dollars' capital, and about a hundred millions of deposits. He was an opponent of Lassalle's socialism. — Ed.

"I have an idea of it, but it 's very vague."

"No, you only say so; you know all this as well as I do. I don't set up to be a professor of social science, but these things interest me; and I assure you, if they interest you, you should go into them."

"But where do they lead you?" ....

"Beg pardon." ....

The two proprietors got up; and Sviazhsky, again arresting Levin in his disagreeable habit of looking into the inner chambers of his mind, went out to bid his guests good-by.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

Levin spent the evening with the ladies, and found it unendurably stupid. His mind was stirred, as never before, at the thought that the dissatisfaction he felt in the administration of his estate was not peculiar to himself, but was a general condition into which affairs in Russia had evolved, and that an organization of labor, whereby the work would be carried on in such a manner as he saw at the muzhik's on the highway, was not an illusion, but a problem to be solved. And it seemed to him that he could settle this problem, and that he must attempt to do it.

Levin bade the ladies good-night, promising to go with them the following morning for a ride to visit some interesting spots in the Crown woods. Before going to bed he went to the library, to get some of the books on the labor question which Sviazhsky had recommended.

Sviazhsky's library was an enormous room, lined with book-shelves, and having two tables, one a massive writing-table, standing in the center of the room, and the other a round one, laden with recent numbers of journals and reviews, in different languages, arranged about a lamp. Near the writing-table was a cabinet, *stoïka*, containing drawers inscribed with gilt lettering for the reception of various documents.

Sviazhsky got the volumes, and sat down in a rocking-chair.

"What is that you are looking at?" he asked of Levin, who was standing by the round table, and turning the leaves of a review.

Levin held up the review.

"Oh, yes! that is a very interesting article indeed. It argues," he continued with gay animation, "that the principal culprit in the partition of Poland was not Frederic after all. It appears...." and he gave with the clearness characteristic of him a digest of these new and important discoveries. Although Levin was now more interested in the question of farm management than in anything, he asked himself, as he listened to his friend: —

"What is he in reality? and why, why does the partition of Poland interest him?"

When Sviazhsky had finished, Levin could not help saying: —

"Well, and what of it?"

But he had nothing to say. It was interesting simply from the fact that it "argued."

But Sviazhsky did not explain, and did not think it necessary to explain, why it was interesting to him.

"Well, but the irascible old proprietor interested me very much," said Levin, sighing. "He's sensible, and a good deal of what he says is true."

"Ah! don't speak of it! he is a confirmed slave-holder at heart, like the rest of them."

"With you at their head"....

"Yes, only I am trying to lead them in the other direction," replied Sviazhsky, laughing.

"His argument struck me very forcibly," said Levin. "He is right when he says that our affairs, that is, the 'rational management,'[1] cannot succeed; that the only kind that can succeed is the money-lending system like that of the other proprietor, or, in other words, the one that is simplest.... Who is to blame for this?"

"We ourselves, of course. But then it is not true

[1] *Ratsionalnoe khozyaĭstvo.*

that it does not succeed. It succeeds with Vasiltchikof."

"The mill...."

"But still I don't know what surprises you about it. The peasantry stand on such a low plane of development, both materially and morally, that it is evident they'll oppose everything that is strange to them. In Europe the 'rational management' succeeds because the people are civilized. In the first place, we must civilize our peasantry, — that's the point."

"But how will you civilize them?"

"To civilize the people, three things are necessary, — schools, schools, and schools."

"But you yourself say that the peasantry stand on a low plane of material development. What good will schools do in that respect?"

"Do you know, you remind me of a story of the advice given to a sick man: 'You had better try a purgative.' He tried it; he grew worse. 'Apply leeches.' He applied them; he grew worse. 'Well, then, pray to God.' He tried it; he grew worse. So it is with you. I say political economy; you say you're worse for it. I suggest socialism; worse still. Education; still worse."

"Yes. But how can schools help?"

"They will create other needs."

"But this is just the very thing I could never understand," replied Levin, vehemently. "In what way will schools help the peasantry to better their material condition? You say that schools — education — will create new needs. So much the worse, because they will not have the ability to satisfy them; and I could never see how a knowledge of addition and subtraction and the catechism could help them to better themselves materially. Day before yesterday I met a peasant woman with a baby at the breast, and I asked her where she was going. She said she had been 'to the babka's;[1] the child had a crying fit, and I took him to be cured.'

[1] *Babka*, a peasant grandmother, a popular name for the midwife. It is the diminutive of *baba*, a peasant woman, especially a muzhik's wife.

I asked, 'How did the babka cure the crying fit?' 'She set him on the hen-roost, and muttered something.'"

"Well there!" cried Sviazhsky, laughing heartily. "You yourself confess it. In order to teach them that they can't cure children by setting them on hen-roosts, you must ...."

"Ah no!" interrupted Levin, with some vexation. "Your remedy of schools for the people I only compared to the babka's method of curing. The peasantry are poor and uncivilized; this we see as plainly as the woman saw her child's distress because he was crying. But that schools can raise them from their wretchedness is as inconceivable as the hen-roost cure for sick children. You must first remedy the cause of the poverty."

"Well! In this at least you agree with Spencer, whom you do not like. He says that civilization can result from increased happiness and comfort in life, from frequent ablutions, but not by learning to read and cipher." ....

"There now! I am very glad, or rather very sorry, if I am in accord with Spencer. But this I have felt for a long time: schools cannot help; the only help can come from some economical organization, whereby the peasantry will be richer, will have more leisure. Then schools also will come."

"Nevertheless, schools are obligatory now all over Europe."

"But how would you harmonize this with Spencer's ideas?" asked Levin.

But into Sviazhsky's eyes again came the troubled expression; and he said with a smile:—

"No, this story of the crying fit was capital! Is it possible that you heard it yourself?"

Levin saw that there was no connection between this man's life and his thoughts. Evidently it was perfectly indifferent to him where his conclusions led him. Only the process of reasoning was what appealed to him; and it was disagreeable to him when this process of reasoning led him into some stupid, blind alley. This

was what he did not like, and he avoided it by leading the conversation to some bright and agreeable topic.

All the impressions of this day, including those which arose from his visit to the old muzhik, and which seemed somehow to give a new basis to his thoughts, troubled Levin profoundly. This genial Sviazhsky who kept his thoughts for general use and evidently had entirely different principles for the conduct of his life, keeping them hidden from Levin, while at the same time he and the majority of men — the throng whose name is legion — seemed to be ruled by the general consensus of opinions by means of ideas strange to him; the testy old proprietor, perfectly right in his judicious views of life, but wrong in despising one entire class in Russia, and that perhaps the best; his own discontent with his activity, and the confused hope of setting things right at last, — all this excited and disturbed him.

Levin retired to his room, and lay down on his springy mattress, which unexpectedly exposed his arms and legs every time he moved; but it was long before he could get to sleep. His conversation with Sviazhsky, though many good things were said, did not interest him; but the old proprietor's arguments haunted him. He involuntarily remembered every word that he said, and his imagination supplied the answer.

"Yes, I ought to have replied to him, 'You say that our management is not succeeding because the muzhik despises all improvements, and that force must be applied to them. But if our estates were not retrograding, even where these improvements are not found, you would be right; but advance is made only where the laborer works in conformity with his own customs, as at the old man's by the roadside. Our general dissatisfaction with our management proves that either we or the laborers are at fault. We have long been losing, both by our own methods and by European methods, by neglecting the qualities of the laboring force. Let us be willing to acknowledge that the laboring force is not ideal as a force, but is the Russian muzhik with his instincts, and we shall then be able to manage our estates

in conformity with this.' I should have said to him. 'Imagine that you were carrying on an estate like that of my old man by the roadside, that you had found a way of interesting your laborers in the success of their work, and had found that by means of improvements such as they would acknowledge to be improvements, you had succeeded in doubling or trebling your returns without exhausting the soil; then suppose you make a division and give a half to your working force. The residue which you would have would be larger, and that which would come to the working force would be larger.' But to do this, there must be a coming down from anything like ideal management and the laborers must be interested in the success of the management. How can it be done? This is a question of details, but there is no doubt that it is possible."

This idea kept Levin in a state of agitation. Half the night he did not sleep, thinking of the details connected with carrying out his new plans and schemes. He had not intended to leave so soon, but now he decided to go home on the morrow. Moreover, the memory of the young lady with the open dress came over him with a strange sense of shame and disgust. But the main thing that decided him was his desire to lay before his muzhiks his new project before the autumn harvests, so that they might reap under the new conditions. He decided to reform his whole method of administration.

## CHAPTER XXIX

The carrying out of Levin's plan offered many difficulties; but he persevered, and finally succeeded in persuading himself without self-deception that the enterprise was worth the labor even though he should not succeed in doing all that he wanted to do. One of the principal obstacles which met him was the fact that his estate was already in running order, and that it was impossible to come to a sudden stop and begin anew, but that he had to remodel his machine while it was going.

When he reached home in the evening, he summoned his overseer, and explained to him his plans. The overseer received with undisguised satisfaction all the details of this scheme as far as they showed that all that had been done hitherto was absurd and unproductive. The overseer declared that he had long ago told him so, but that no one would listen to him. But when it came to Levin's proposition to share the profits of the estate with the laborers, on the basis of an association, the overseer put on an expression of the deepest melancholy, and immediately began to speak of the necessity of bringing in the last sheaves of wheat, and commencing the second plowing; and Levin felt that now was not a propitious time.

On conversing with the muzhiks about his project of dividing with them the products of the earth, he found that here his chief difficulty lay in the fact that they were too much occupied with their daily tasks to comprehend the advantages and disadvantages of his enterprise.

A simple-minded muzhik, Ivan the herdsman, seemed to comprehend and to approve Levin's proposal to share with him in the profits of the cattle; but whenever Levin went on to speak of the advantages that would result, Ivan's face grew troubled, and, without waiting to hear Levin out, he would hurry off to attend to some work that could not be postponed, — either to pitch the hay from the pens, or to draw water, or to clear away the manure.

Another obstacle consisted in the inveterate distrust of the peasants, who would not believe that a proprietor could have any other aim than to get all he could out of them. They were firmly convinced, in spite of all he could say, that his real purpose was hidden. They, on their side, in expressing their opinions had much to say; but they carefully guarded against telling what their actual object was.

Levin came to the conclusion that the irate proprietor was right in saying that the peasants demanded, as the first and indispensable condition for any arrangement,

that they should never be bound to any of the new agricultural methods, or to use the improved tools. They agreed that the new-fashioned plow worked better, that the weed-extirpator was more successful; but they invented a thousand reasons why they should not use them; and, although he had made up his mind that there must be a coming down from anything like ideal management, he felt deep regret to give up improvements the advantages of which were so evident. But in spite of all these difficulties, he persevered; and by autumn the new arrangement was in working order, or at least seemed to be.

At first Levin intended to give up his whole domain[1] just as it was to the muzhiks — the laborers — and overseer on the new conditions of association. But very soon he found that this was impracticable; and he made up his mind to divide the management of the estate. The cattle, the garden, the kitchen-garden, the hay-fields, and some lands fenced off into several lots were to be reckoned as special and separate divisions.

Ivan, the simple-minded herdsman, who seemed to Levin better fitted than any one else, formed an *artel*, or association, composed of members of his family, and took charge of the cattle-yard. A distant field, which for eight years had been lying fallow, was taken by the shrewd carpenter Feodor Rezunof, who joined with him seven families of muzhiks; and the muzhik Shuraef entered into the same arrangements for superintending the gardens. All the rest was left as it had been; but these three divisions constituted the beginning of the new arrangement, and they kept Levin very busy.

It was true that matters were not carried on in the cattle-yard any better than before, and that Ivan was obstinate in his opposition to giving the cows a warm shelter, and to butter made of sweet cream, asserting that cows kept in a cold place required less feed, and that butter made of sour cream was made quicker; and he demanded his wages as before, and he was not at

[1] *Khozyaïstvo.*

all interested in the fact that the money that he received was not his wages but his share of the profits of the association.

It was true that Rezunof and his associates did not give the field a second plowing, as they had been advised to do, and excused themselves on the ground that they had no time. It was true that the muzhiks of this company, although they had agreed to take this work under the new conditions, called this land, not common land, but shared land, and the muzhiks and Rezunof himself said to Levin: "If you would take money for the land it would be less bother to you and that would let us out."

Moreover, these muzhiks kept putting off under various pretexts the building of the cattle-yard and barn, and did not get it done till winter, though they had agreed to build it immediately.

It was true that Shuraef tried to exchange for a trifle with the muzhiks the products of the gardens which he had undertaken to manage. He evidently had a wrong notion and a purposely wrong notion of the conditions under which he had taken the land.

It was true that often in talking with the muzhiks and explaining to them all the advantages of the undertaking, Levin was conscious that all they heard was the sound of his voice, that they were firmly convinced that they were too shrewd to let him deceive them. He was especially conscious of this when talking with the cleverest of the muzhiks, Rezunof. He noticed in the man's eye a gleam which betrayed evident scorn for Levin and a firm conviction that if any one was to be cheated it was not he — Rezunof.

But, in spite of all these drawbacks, Levin felt that he was making progress, and that if he rigorously kept his accounts and persevered he should be able to show his associates at the end of the year that the new order of things could bring excellent results.

All this business, together with his work in connection with the rest of his estate, which still remained in his own hands, and together with his work in the library

on his new book, so filled his time during the summer that he scarcely ever went out, even to hunt.

Toward the end of August he learned through the man that brought back the saddle that the Oblonskys had returned to Moscow. By not having replied to Darya Aleksandrovna's letter, by his rudeness which he could not remember without a flush of shame, he felt that he had burnt his ships and he never again could go to them. In exactly the same way he owed apologies to Sviazhsky for having left his house without bidding him good-by. Neither would he again dare to go to Sviazhsky's. But now all this was a matter of indifference to him. He was more interested and absorbed in his new scheme of managing his estate than in anything that he had ever attempted.

He finished the books which Sviazhsky had lent him, and others on political economy and socialism, which he had sent for. In the books on political economy, in Mill, for example, which he studied first with eagerness, hoping every minute to find a solution of the questions which occupied him, he found laws deduced from the position of European husbandry; but he could not see how these laws could be profitably applied to Russian conditions. He found a similar lack in the books of the socialist writers. Either they were beautiful but impracticable fancies, such as he dreamed when he was a student, or modifications of that situation of things applicable to Europe, but offering no solution for the agrarian question in Russia.

Political economy said that the laws by which the wealth of Europe was developed and would develop were universal and fixed; socialistic teachings said that progress according to these laws would lead to destruction; but neither school gave him any answer or as much as a hint on the means of leading him and all the Russian muzhiks and agriculturists, with their millions of hands and of desyatins, to more successful methods of reaching prosperity.

As he was already involved in this enterprise, he conscientiously read through everything that bore on the

subject and decided in the autumn to go abroad and study the matter on the spot, so that he might not have with this question the experience that had so often met him with various questions in the past. How many times in a discussion he had just begun to understand his opponent's thought and to expound his own, when suddenly the question would be asked: "But Kaufmann, Jones, Du Bois, Mitchell? You have not read them? Read them, they have worked out this question."

He saw clearly now that Kaufmann and Mitchell could not tell him anything. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia possessed an admirable soil and admirable workmen, and that in certain cases, as with the muzhik by the roadside, the land and the laborers could produce abundantly, but that in the majority of cases when capital was spent upon them in the European manner, they produced little, and that this resulted entirely from the fact that the laborers like to work, and work well only in their own way, and that this contrast was not the result of chance, but was permanent and based on the very nature of the people. He thought that the Russian people, which was destined to colonize and cultivate immense unoccupied spaces, would consciously, until all these lands were occupied, hold to these methods as necessary to them, and that these methods were not so bad as they were generally considered. And he wanted to demonstrate this theoretically in his book, and practically on his estate.

## CHAPTER XXX

Toward the end of September the lumber was brought for the construction of a barn on the artel land, and the butter was sold, and showed a profit. The new administration, on the whole, worked admirably in practice, or at least it seemed so to Levin.

But in order to explain the whole subject into a clear

light theoretically, and to finish his treatise, which Levin imagined was likely not only to revolutionize political economy, but even to annihilate this science, and to make the beginnings of a new one, treating of the relations of the peasantry to the soil, he felt that it was necessary to go abroad, and to learn, from observation on the spot, all that was going on in that direction, and to find conclusive proofs that all that was done there was not the right thing.

He was only waiting for the delivery of the wheat to get his money, and make the journey. But the autumn rains set in, and portions of the wheat and potatoes were not as yet garnered. All work was at a standstill, and it was impossible to deliver the wheat. The roads were impracticable, two mills were washed away by the freshet, and the weather kept growing worse and worse.

But on the morning of October 12 the sun came out; and Levin, hoping for a change in the weather, began resolutely to prepare for his journey. He sent the overseer to the merchant to negotiate for the sale of the wheat, and he himself went out for a tour of inspection of the estate, in order to make the last remaining arrangements for his journey.

Having accomplished all that he wished, he returned at nightfall, wet from the rivulets that trickled from his waterproof down his neck and inside his high boots, but in a happy and animated frame of mind. Toward evening the storm increased; the hail pelted so violently the drenched horse, that she shook her ears and her head, and went sidewise; but Levin, protected by his bashluik, felt comfortable enough, and he cheerfully gazed around him, — now at the muddy streams running down the wheel-tracks; now at the raindrops trickling down every bare twig; now at the white spots where the hail had not yet melted on the planks of the bridge; now at the dry but still pulpy leaf, clinging with its stout stem to the denuded elm. In spite of the gloomy aspect of nature, he felt in particularly good spirits. His talks with the peasants in a distant

village convinced him that they were beginning to get used to his new arrangements; and an old dvornik, at whose house he stopped to dry himself, evidently approved of his plan, and wanted to join the association for the purchase of cattle.

"What is required is to go straight to my goal, and I shall succeed," thought Levin; "but the labor and the pains have an object. I am not working for myself alone, but the question concerns the good of all. The whole way of managing our estates, the condition of all the people, must be absolutely changed. Instead of poverty, universal well-being, contentment; instead of enmity, agreement and union of interests; in a word, a bloodless revolution, but a mighty revolution, beginning in the little circuit of our district, then reaching the province, Russia, the whole world! The conception is so just that it cannot help being fruitful. Yes, indeed, this goal is worth working for. And there is absolutely no significance in the fact that I, Kostia Levin, my own self, a man who went to a ball in a black necktie, and was rejected by a Shcherbatsky, am a stupid and a good-for-nothing; that is neither here nor there. I believe that Franklin felt that he was just such a good-for-nothing, and had just as little faith in himself, when he took everything into account. And, probably, he had his Agafya Mikhaïlovna also, to whom he confided his secrets."

With such thoughts, Levin reached home in the dark. The overseer, who had been to the merchant, came and handed him a part of the money from the wheat. The agreement with the dvornik was drawn up; and then the overseer told how he had seen wheat still standing in the field by the road, while his one hundred and sixty stacks, not yet brought in, were nothing in comparison to what others had.

After supper Levin sat down in his chair, as usual, with a book; and as he read he began to think of his projected journey, especially in connection with his book. That evening the whole significance of his undertaking presented itself to him with remarkable clear-

ness, and his ideas fell naturally into flowing periods, which expressed the essence of his thought.

"I must write this down," he said to himself. "It must go into a short introduction, though before I thought that was unnecessary."

He got up to go to his writing-table; and Laska, who had been lying at his feet, also got up, and, stretching herself, looked at him, as if asking where he was going. But he had no time for writing; for the various superintendents came for their orders, and he had to go to meet them in the anteroom.

After giving them their orders, or rather, having made arrangements for their morrow's work, and having received all the muzhiks who came to consult with him, Levin went back to his library, and sat down to his work. Laska lay under the table; Agafya Mikhaïlovna, with her knitting, took her usual place.

After writing some time, Levin suddenly arose, and began to walk up and down the room. The memory of Kitty and her refusal, and the recent glimpse of her, came before his imagination with extraordinary vividness.

"Now, there's no need of your getting blue," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna. "Now why do you stay at home? You had better go to the warm springs if your mind is made up."

"I am going day after to-morrow, Agafya Mikhaïlovna; but I had to finish up my business."

"Your business, indeed! Haven't you given these muzhiks enough already? And they say, 'Our barin is trying to buy some favor from the Tsar;' and strange it is: why do you bother yourself so about the muzhiks?"

"I am not bothering myself about them; I am doing it for my own good."

Agafya Mikhaïlovna knew all the details of Levin's plans, for he had explained them to her, and he had often had discussions with her and had not agreed with her comments; but now she entirely misapprehended what he said to her.

"For your own soul it is certainly important; to think of that is above everything," said she, with a sigh.

"Here is Parfen Denisuitch: although he could not read, yet may God give us all to die as he did!" said she, referring to a household servant who had recently died. "They confessed him and gave him extreme unction."

"I did not mean that," said he; "I mean that I am working for my own profit. It will be more profitable to me if the muzhiks will work better."

"There! you will only have your labor for your pains. The lazy will be lazy and always do things over his left shoulder. Where he has a conscience, he'll work; if not, nothing will be done."

"Well, well! But don't you yourself say that Ivan is beginning to look out for the cows better?"

"I say this one thing," replied Agafya Mikhaïlovna, evidently not at random but with a keen logical connection of thought: "You must get married, that's what."

Agafya Mikhaïlovna's observation about the very matter that preoccupied him angered him and insulted him. He frowned, and, without replying, sat down to his work again, repeating to himself all that he had thought about the importance of his work. Occasionally amid the silence he noticed the clicking of Agafya Mikhaïlovna's needles; and, remembering what he did not wish to remember, he would frown.

At nine o'clock the sound of bells was heard, and the heavy rumbling of a carriage on the muddy road.

"There! here's some visitors coming to see you: you won't be bored any more," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna, rising, and going to the door. But Levin stepped ahead of her. His work did not progress now, and he was glad to see any guest.

## CHAPTER XXXI

Before Levin got halfway down-stairs he heard in the vestibule the sound of a familiar cough; but the sound was covered by the noise of his own footsteps, and he hoped that he was mistaken. Then he saw the

tall bony figure which he knew so well. But even now, when there seemed to be no possibility of deception, he still hoped that he was mistaken, and that this tall man who was divesting himself of his shuba, and coughing, was not his brother Nikolaĭ.

Levin loved his brother, but it was always extremely disagreeable to live with him. Now especially, when Levin was under the influence of the thoughts and suggestions awakened by Agafya Mikhaĭlovna, and was in a dull and melancholy humor, the presence of his brother was indeed an affliction. Instead of a gay, healthy visitor, — some stranger, who, he hoped, would drive away his perplexities, — he was obliged to receive his brother, who knew him through and through, who could read his most secret thoughts, and who would oblige him to share them with him. And this he did not like to do.

Angry with himself for his unworthy sentiments, Levin ran down into the vestibule; and, as soon as he saw his brother close at hand, the feeling of personal discomfort instantly disappeared, and was succeeded by a feeling of pity. Terrible as his brother Nikolaĭ had been when he saw him before by reason of his emaciation and illness, he was now still more emaciated, still more feeble. He was like a skeleton covered with skin.

He was standing in the vestibule stretching out his long, thin neck and unwinding a scarf from it; and he smiled with a strange melancholy smile. When Levin saw his brother's humble and pitiful smile, he felt a choking sensation.

"Well! I have come to you," said Nikolaĭ, in a thick voice, and not for a second taking his eyes from his brother's face, "I have been wanting to come for a long time; yes, I have, but I have been so ill. Now I am very much better," he added, rubbing his beard with his great bony hand.

"Yes, yes," replied Levin; and it was still more terrible to him when, as he touched his brother's shriveled cheeks with his lips, he felt his fever flush, and saw the gleam of his great, strangely brilliant eyes.

Some time before this, Konstantin Levin had written his brother that, having disposed of the small portion of their common inheritance, consisting of personal property, a sum of two thousand rubles was due as his share.

Nikolaï said that he had come to get this money, and especially to see the old nest; to put his foot on the natal soil, so as to get renewed strength, like the heroes of ancient times. Notwithstanding his tall stooping form, notwithstanding his frightful emaciation, his movements were, as they had always been, quick and impetuous. Levin took him to his room.

Nikolaï changed his dress, and took great pains with his toilet, which in former times he neglected. He brushed his thin shaven hair, and went up-stairs smiling.

He was in the gayest and happiest humor, just as Konstantin had seen him when he was a child. He even spoke of Sergyeï Ivanovitch without bitterness. When he saw Agafya Mikhaïlovna, he jested with her, and questioned her about the old servants. The news of the death of Parfen Denisuitch made a deep impression on him. A look of fear crossed his face, but he instantly recovered himself.

"He was very old, was he not?" he asked, and quickly changed the conversation. "Yes, I am going to stay a month or two with you, and then go back to Moscow. You see, Miagkof has promised me a place, and I shall enter the service. Now I have turned over a new leaf entirely," he added. "You see, I have sent away that woman."

"Marya Nikolayevna? How? What for?"

"Ah! she was a wretched woman! She caused a heap of tribulations."

But he did not tell what the tribulations were. He could not confess that he had sent Marya Nikolayevna away because she made his tea too weak, still less because she insisted on treating him as an invalid.

"Then, besides, I wanted to begin an entirely new kind of life. Of course, I, like everybody else, have committed follies; but the present, — I mean the last

one, — I don't regret it, provided only I get better; and better, thank the Lord! I feel already."

Levin listened, and tried, but tried in vain, to find something to say. Apparently Nikolaï had somewhat the same feeling; he began to ask him about his affairs; and Konstantin was glad to speak about himself because he could speak without any pretense. He frankly related his plans and his experiments.

Nikolaï listened, but did not show the least interest.

These two men were so related to each other, and there was such a bond between them, that the slightest motion, the sound of their voices, spoke more clearly than all the words that they could say to each other.

At this moment both were thinking the same thought, — Nikolaï's illness and approaching death — dwarfing everything else into insignificance. Neither of them dared make the least allusion to it, and therefore all that either of them said failed to express what really occupied their minds — and was therefore false. Never before had Levin been so glad for an evening to end, for bedtime to come. Never, even when obliged to pay casual or official visits, had he felt so false and unnatural as that evening. And the consciousness of this unnaturalness, and his regret, made him more unnatural still. His heart was breaking to see his beloved dying brother; but he was obliged to dissemble, and to talk about various things as if his brother was going to live.

As at this time the house was damp and only his own room was warm, Levin offered to share it, with a partition between them, with his brother.

Nikolaï went to bed, and slept the uneasy sleep of an invalid, turning restlessly from side to side, and constantly coughing. Sometimes when he could not raise the phlegm, he would cry out, "Akh! Bozhe moï!" Sometimes, when the dampness choked him, he would grow angry, and cry out, "Ah, the devil!"

Levin could not sleep as he listened to him. His thoughts were varied, but they always returned to one theme, — death.

Death, the inevitable end of all, for the first time appeared to him with irresistible force. And death was here, with this beloved brother, who groaned in his sleep, and called now upon God, now upon the devil. It was with him also: this he felt. If not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, then in thirty years; was it not all the same? And what this inevitable death was, — not only did he not know, not only had he never before thought about it, but he had not wished, had not dared, to think about it.

"Here I am working, wanting to accomplish something, but I forgot that all must come to an end, — death."

He was lying in bed in the darkness, curled up, holding his knees, scarcely able to breathe, so great was the tension of his mind. The more he thought, the more clearly he saw that from his conception of life he had omitted nothing except this one little factor, death, which would come and end all, and that there was no help against it — not the least. Yes, this is terrible, but so it is!

"Yes, but I am still alive. Now, what can be done about it? what can be done?" he asked in despair. He lighted a candle, and softly arose, and went to the mirror, and began to look at his face and his hair. Yes! on the temples a few gray hairs were to be seen. He opened his mouth. His back teeth showed signs of decay. He doubled up his muscular arms. "Yes, there 's much strength. But this poor Nikolenka, who is breathing so painfully with the little that is left of his lungs, also had at one time a healthy body." And suddenly he remembered how when they were children, and were put to bed, they would wait until Feodor Bogdanuitch got out of the door, and then begin a pillow fight, and laugh, laugh so unrestrainedly, that not even the fear of Feodor Bogdanuitch could quench this exuberant and intoxicating sense of the gayety of life. "But now there he lies in bed with his poor hollow chest — and I — ignorant why, and what will become of me." ....

"Kah! kah! ah! what the devil are you doing? Why don't you go to sleep?" demanded his brother's voice.

"I don't know; insomnia, I guess."

"But I have been sleeping beautifully. I have not had any sweat at all. Just feel — no sweat."

Levin felt of him, then he got into bed again, put out the candle, but it was long before he went to sleep. Still in his mind arose this new question, how to live so as to be ready for the inevitable death?

"There! he is dying! Yes! he will die in the spring. How can I aid him? What can I say to him? What do I know about it? I had even forgotten that there was such a thing."

Levin had long before made the observation that often people who surprise you by an abrupt transition grow unendurable by reason of their gentleness and excessive humility, unreasonableness, and peremptory ways. He foresaw that this would be the case with his brother; and, in fact, Nikolaï's sweet temper was not of long duration. On the very next morning he awoke in an extremely irritable temper, and immediately began to pick a quarrel with his brother by touching him on the most tender points.

Levin felt himself to blame, but he could not be frank. He felt that if they had not both dissimulated their thoughts, but had spoken from their very hearts, they would have looked into each other's eyes, and he would have said only this: "You are going to die, you are going to die;" and Nikolaï would have answered only this: "I know that I am dying, and I am afraid, afraid, afraid."

And they would have said nothing more if they had spoken honestly from their hearts. But as this sincerity was not possible, Konstantin tried to do what all his life long he had never succeeded in doing, though he had observed that many persons could do it and that without doing it life was almost impossible, — he tried to talk about something that was not in his mind, and he felt that his brother divined his insincerity, and was

therefore irritated and angry, and found fault with all that he said.

On the third day Nikolaï began to discuss the question of his brother's reforms, and to criticize them, and in a spirit of contrariety to confound his scheme with communism.

"You have only taken your idea from some one else; and you distort it, and want to apply it to what is not suited to receive it."

"Yes, but I tell you that the two have nothing in common. I have no thought of copying communism, which denies the right of property, of capital, of inheritance; but I do not disregard these *stimuli*." It went against Levin's grain to use these terms, but since he had begun his treatise he found himself, in spite of him, compelled to use non-Russian words. "All I want is to regulate labor."

"In other words, you borrow a foreign idea; you take away from it all that gives it force, and you pretend to make it pass as new," said Nikolaï, angrily craning his neck in his cravat.

"Yes, but my idea has not the slightest resemblance...."

"This idea," interrupted Nikolaï, smiling ironically, and with an angry light in his eyes, — "communism, — has at least one attractive feature, — and you might call it a geometrical one — it has clearness and logical certainty. Maybe it is Utopia. But let us agree that it can make a *tabula rasa* of the past, so that there shall be no property of family, but only freedom of labor. But you don't accept this...."

"But why do you confound them? I never was a communist."

"But I have been; and I believe that if communism is premature, it is, at least, reasonable; and it is as sure to succeed as Christianity was in the early centuries."

"And I believe that labor must be regarded from the scientific standpoint; in other words, it must be studied. Its constitution must be known and...."

"Now, that is absolutely idle. This force goes of it-

self, and takes different forms, according to the degrees of its development. Everywhere this order has been followed, — slaves, then metayers, free labor, and, here in Russia, we have the farm, the *arend* or leasehold, our system of apprenticeship. What more do you want?"

Levin took fire at these last words, the more because he feared in his secret soul that his brother was right in blaming him for wanting to discover a balance between communism and the existing forms, — a thing which was scarcely possible.

"I am trying to find a form of labor which will be profitable for all, — for me and the laborer," he replied warmly.

"That is not what you wish to do; it is simply this: you have, all your life long, sought to be original; and you want to prove that you are not *exploiting* the muzhik, but are working for a principle."

"Well, since you think so let's end it," replied Konstantin, feeling the muscles of his right cheek twitch involuntarily.

"You never had, and you never will have, any convictions, and you only wanted to flatter your conceit."

"That is very well to say .... but let's end the matter."

"Certainly I will. It was time long ago. You go to the devil! and I am very sorry that I came."

Levin tried in vain to calm him. Nikolaï would not listen to a word, and persisted in saying that they had better separate; and Konstantin saw that it was not possible to live with him.

Nikolaï had already made his preparations to depart, when Konstantin came to him, and begged him, in a way that was not entirely natural, for forgiveness, if he had offended him.

"Ah, now! here's magnanimity," said Nikolaï, smiling. "If you are very anxious to be in the right, then let us agree that this is sensible. You are right, but I am going all the same."

At the last moment, however, as Nikolaï kissed his brother, a strange look of seriousness came on him.

"Kostia," he said, "don't harbor any animosity against me." And his voice trembled.

These were the only words which were spoken sincerely. Levin understood that they meant: "You see and know that I am miserable, and we may not meet again."

Levin understood this, and the tears came into his eyes. Once more he kissed his brother, but he could not find anything to say.

On the third day after his brother's departure, Levin went abroad. At the railway station he met Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, and astonished him greatly by his melancholy.

"What is the matter?" asked Shcherbatsky.

"Well, nothing, except that there is little happiness in this world."

"Little happiness? Just come with me to Paris instead of going to some place like Mulhouse. I'll show you how gay it is."

"No, I am done for. I am ready to die."

"What a joke!" said Shcherbatsky, laughing. "I am just learning how to begin."

"I felt the same a little while ago, but now I know that my life will be short."

Levin said what he honestly felt at this time. All that he saw before him was death or its approach. But still he was just as much interested as ever in his projects of reform. It was necessary to keep his life occupied till death should come. Darkness seemed to cover everything; but by reason of this darkness he felt that the only guiding thread through its labyrinth was to occupy himself with his labors of reform, and he clung to them with all the force of his character.

# PART FOURTH

## CHAPTER I

KARENIN and his wife continued to live in the same house, and to meet every day, and yet they remained entire strangers to each other. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch made a point every day to be seen with his wife so that the servants might not have the right to gossip, but he avoided dining at home. Vronsky was never seen there; Anna met him outside, and her husband knew it.

All three suffered from a situation which would have been intolerable for a single day had not each believed it to be transitory. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch expected to see this passion, like everything else in the world, come to an end and thus his name would not be dishonored. Anna, the cause of all the trouble, and the one on whom the consequences weighed the most cruelly, accepted her position simply and solely because she expected—nay, was firmly convinced—that the matter would soon be explained and settled. She had not the least idea how it would come about, but she was certain that it would now come about very speedily.

Vronsky in spite of himself, submitting to her views, was also awaiting something to happen independent of himself, which should resolve all their difficulty.

Toward the middle of the winter Vronsky had to spend a very tiresome week. He was delegated to show a foreign prince about Petersburg. Vronsky himself was a representative Russian. Not only was he irreproachable in his bearing but he was accustomed to the society of such exalted personages; therefore he was given the charge of the prince. But this responsibility was very distasteful to him. The prince did not want to

let anything pass concerning which he might be asked on his return, "Did you see that in Russia?" And moreover he wanted to enjoy as far as possible all the pleasures peculiar to the country. Vronsky was obliged to be his guide in the one and in the other. In the morning they went out to see the sights; in the evening they took part in the national amusements.

This prince enjoyed exceptionally good health, even for a prince; and, owing to his gymnastic exercises and the scrupulous care he took of himself, notwithstanding the excesses to which he let his love for pleasure carry him, he remained as fresh as a great, green, shiny Dutch cucumber.

He had been a great traveler, and had found that one of the great advantages of easy modern communication consisted in the fact that it brought national amusements into easy reach. In Spain he had given serenades, and fallen in love with a Spanish girl who played the mandolin; in Switzerland he had killed a chamois; in England leaped ditches in a red shooting-jacket, and shot two hundred pheasants on a wager; in Turkey he had penetrated a harem; in India he had ridden the elephant; and now he wanted to taste the special pleasures that Russia afforded.

Vronsky, as master of ceremonies, arranged, with no little difficulty, a program of amusements truly Russian in character. There were races and *blinui*, or carnival cakes, and bear-hunts and troïka parties and gipsies, and feasts set forth with Russian dishes, and the prince with extraordinary aptitude entered into the spirit of these Russian sports, broke his waiter of glasses with the rest, took a gipsy girl on his knee, and apparently asked himself if the whole Russian spirit consisted only in this, without going further.

In reality, the prince took more delight in French actresses, ballet-dancers, and white-seal champagne, than in all the other pleasures which the Russians could offer him.

Vronsky was accustomed to princes, but either because he had changed of late, or else because he had

too close a view of this particular prince, this week seemed terribly burdensome to him. During the whole week, without cessation, he experienced a feeling like that of a man placed in charge of a dangerous lunatic, who dreaded his patient, and, at the same time, from very force of proximity, feared for his own reason. Vronsky was constantly under the necessity of keeping up the strictest barriers of official reserve in order not to feel insulted. The prince's behavior toward the very persons who, to Vronsky's amazement, were ready to crawl out of their skin to give him experiences of Russian amusements, was scornful. His criticism on the Russian women whom he wanted to study more than once made Vronsky grow red with indignation. What irritated Vronsky most violently about this prince was that he could not help seeing himself in him. And what he saw in this mirror was not flattering to his vanity. What he saw there was a very stupid, and a very self-confident, and very healthy, and very fastidious man, and that was all. He was a *gentleman*,[1] and Vronsky could not deny the fact. He was smooth and frank with his superiors, free and easy with his equals, coolly kind toward his inferiors. Vronsky himself was exactly the same, and was proud of it; but in his relations to the prince he was the inferior, and this scornfully good-natured treatment of himself nettled him.

"Stupid ox! Is it possible that I am like him?" he thought.

However this may have been, at the end of the week, when he took leave of the prince, who was on his way to Moscow, he was delighted to be delivered from this inconvenient situation and this disagreeable mirror. They went directly to the station from a bear-hunt, which had occupied all the night with brilliant exhibitions of Russian daring.

[1] *Buil dzhentl'men.*

## CHAPTER II

On his return home, Vronsky found a note from Anna. She wrote: —

I am ill and unhappy; I cannot go out, and I cannot live longer without seeing you. Come this evening. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch will be at the council from seven o'clock till ten.

This invitation, given in spite of her husband's formal prohibition, seemed strange to him; but he finally decided to go to Anna's.

Since the beginning of the winter, Vronsky had been promoted as colonel; he had left the regiment and was living alone. After having finished his breakfast, he stretched himself out on the divan, and in five minutes the recollection of the wild scenes of the preceding days became curiously mingled in his mind with Anna and a peasant whipper-in, who had performed an important part in the bear-hunt; finally he fell asleep. He awoke; night had come. Shivering with apprehension, he hastily lighted a candle. "What has happened to me? What terrible dream have I had?" he asked himself. "Yes, yes, the peasant, a dirty little man, with a disheveled beard, bent something or other up double, and pronounced some strange words in French. I did n't dream anything else; why am I so terrified?"

But, in recalling the peasant and his incomprehensible French words, a sense of something horrible sent a cold shiver down his back.

"What nonsense!" he thought as he looked at his watch. It was already half-past eight; he called his man, dressed quickly, went out, and, entirely forgetting his dream, thought only of being late.

As he approached the Karenins' house, he again looked at his watch, and saw that it lacked ten minutes of nine. A high, narrow carriage, drawn by two gray horses, stood in front of the door; he recognized Anna's carriage.

"She was coming to my house," he said to himself;

"and it would be better. It is disagreeable for me to go into this house, but it makes no difference to me, I cannot conceal myself;" and, with the manner of a man accustomed from childhood to act above board, he left his sleigh, and mounted the steps. The door opened, and the Swiss, carrying a plaid, motioned to the carriage to draw near. Vronsky, who was not accustomed to observe details, was struck by the look of astonishment which the Swiss gave him. At the door Vronsky came near running into Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. A gaslight placed at the entrance of the vestibule threw full light on his pale, worn face. He wore a black hat, and a white cravat showing under a fur collar. Karenin's gloomy, dull eyes fixed themselves on Vronsky, who bowed. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, drawing his lips together, raised his hand to his hat, and passed. Vronsky saw him get into his carriage without turning round, take his plaid and opera-glass, which the Swiss servant handed through the door, and disappear.

Vronsky went into the anteroom. His brows were contracted, and his eyes flashed with anger and outraged pride.

"What a situation!" thought Vronsky. "If he would fight to defend his honor, I should know what to do to express my sentiments; but this weakness or cowardice.... He places me in the position of a deceiver, which I never was and never will be."

Since the explanation that he had had with Anna in the Vrede garden, Vronsky's idea had greatly changed. Involuntarily overcome by Anna's weakness, — for she had given herself to him without reserve and expected from him only the decision as to her future fate, — Vronsky had long ceased to think that this liaison might end as he had supposed it would. His ambitious plans had again been relegated to the background, and he, feeling that he had definitely left that circle of activity where everything was determined, gave himself up entirely to his feeling, and this feeling drew him more and more vigorously toward her.

Even in the reception-room, he heard her footsteps

drawing near. He knew that she was waiting for him and had just entered the drawing-room near by, to watch for him.

"No," she cried, seeing him enter, "things cannot go on in this way!" And at the sound of her own voice, her eyes filled with tears. "If this is going on this way, it would be far better if it had ended long ago!"

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"The matter! I have been waiting in torture for two hours; but no, I do not want to quarrel with you. .... Of course you could not come. No, I will not scold you any more."

She put her two hands on his shoulders, and looked at him long, with her eyes deep and tender, although searching. She studied his face for all the time that she had not seen him. As always happened every time they met, she tried to compare her imaginary presentment of him — it was incomparably better because it was impossible in reality — with him as he really was.

## CHAPTER III

"Did you meet him?" she asked, when they were seated under the lamp by the drawing-room table. "That is your punishment for coming so late."

"Yes; how did it happen? Should he not have been at the council?"

"He went there, but he came back again, and now he has gone off somewhere again. But that is no matter; let us talk no more about it; where have you been? All this time with the prince?"

She knew the most minute details of his life.

He wanted to reply that as he had no rest the night before, he allowed himself to oversleep; but the sight of her happy, excited face, made this acknowledgment difficult, and he excused himself on the plea of having been obliged to go and present his report about the prince's departure.

"It is over now, is it? Has he gone?"

"Yes, thank the Lord, it is all done with! You have no idea how intolerable this week has seemed to me."

"Why so? Here you have not been leading the life customary to young men," she said, frowning, and, without looking at Vronsky, she took up some crocheting that was lying on the table and pulled out the needle.

"I renounced that life long ago," he replied, wondering at the sudden change in her beautiful face, and trying to discover what it portended. "I assure you," he added, smiling, and showing his white teeth, "that it was overpoweringly unpleasant to me to look at that old life again, as it were, in a mirror."

She kept her crocheting in her hand, though she did not work, but looked at him with strange, brilliant, not quite friendly eyes.

"Liza came to see me this morning — they are not yet afraid to come to my house, in spite of the Countess Lidya Ivanovna" — and here she stood up — "and told me about your Athenian nights. What an abomination!"

"I only wanted to tell you that...."

She interrupted him: —

"That it was Thérèse whom you used to know?"

"I was going to say...."

"How odious you men are! How can you suppose that a woman forgets?" said she, growing more and more animated, and then disclosing the cause of her irritation, — "and above all a woman who can know nothing of your life? What do I know? What can I know?" she kept repeating. "What can I know except what you wish to tell me? And how can I know whether it is the truth?"....

"Anna, you insult me! have you no longer any faith in me? Have I not told you that I have no thoughts which I would conceal from you?"

"Yes, yes," she said, trying to drive away her jealous fears; "but if you only knew how I suffer! I believe in you, I do believe in you.... But what did you want to say to me?"

But he could not instantly remember what he wanted

to say. Anna's fits of jealousy were becoming more and more frequent, and, however much he tried to conceal it, these scenes made him grow cool toward her, although he knew that the cause of the jealousy was her very love for him. How many times had he not said to himself that happiness existed for him only in this love; and now that she loved him as only a woman can love for whom love outweighs all other treasures in life, happiness seemed farther off than when he had followed her from Moscow. Then he considered himself unhappy, but happiness was in sight; now he felt that their highest happiness was in the past. She was entirely different from what she had been when he first saw her. Both morally and physically she had changed for the worse. The beauty of her form was gone, and when she spoke about the French actress a wicked expression came over her face which spoiled it. He looked at her as a man looks at a flower which he has plucked and which has faded, and he finds it hard to recognize the beauty for the sake of which he has plucked it and despoiled it. And yet he felt that at the time when his passion was more violent, he might, if he had earnestly desired it, have torn his love out of his heart; but now, at the very time when it seemed to him that he felt no love for her, he knew that the tie that bound him to her was indissoluble.

"Well, well, tell me what you have to say about the prince," replied Anna. "I have driven away the demon, I have driven him away," she added. Between themselves they called her jealousy the demon. "You began to tell me something about the prince. Why was it so disagreeable to you?"

"Oh, it was unbearable," replied Vronsky, trying to pick up the thread of his thought again. "The prince doesn't improve on close acquaintance. I can only compare him to one of those highly fed animals which take first prizes at exhibitions," he added, with an air of vexation, which seemed to interest Anna.

"No, but how? Is he not a cultivated man, who has seen much of the world?"

"It is an entirely different kind of cultivation — *their* cultivation! One would say that he was cultivated only for the sake of scorning cultivation, as he scorns everything else, except animal pleasures."

"But are you not also fond of all these animal pleasures yourself?" said Anna, and once more he noticed the gloomy look in her eyes which avoided his.

"Why do you defend him?" he asked, smiling.

"I am not defending him; it is all absolutely indifferent to me. But it seems to me if you did not like these pleasures, you might dispense with them. But you enjoyed going to see that Thérèse in the costume of Eve." ....

"There is the demon again," said Vronsky, taking her hand which lay on the table and kissing it.

"Yes; but I can't help it. You can't imagine what I suffered while I was waiting for you. I do not think I am jealous; I am not jealous: when you are here with me I believe in you; but when you are away, leading a life so incomprehensible to me ...."

She drew away from him, drew the crochet-needle out of her work, and speedily, with the help of her index finger, the stitches of white wool gleaming in the lamplight began one after the other to take form, and swiftly, nervously, the delicate wrist moved back and forth in the embroidered cuff.

"Tell me, how was it? where did you meet Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," she asked suddenly, in a voice still sounding unnatural.

"We ran against each other at the door."

"And did he greet you like this?"

She drew down her face and, half closing her eyes, instantly changed her whole expression, and Vronsky suddenly saw the same look in her pretty features which Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had worn when he bowed to him. He smiled, and Anna began to laugh, with that fresh, ringing laugh which was one of her greatest charms.

"I really do not understand him," said Vronsky. "I should have supposed that after your explanation at the

datcha, he would have broken off with you, and provoked a duel with me; but how can he endure such a situation? He suffers, that is evident."

"He?" said she, with a sneer. "Oh! he is perfectly content."

"Why should we all torture ourselves in this way, when everything might be so easily arranged?"

"Only that does n't suit him. Oh, don't I know him, and the falsity on which he subsists. How could he live as he lives with me if he had any feelings? He has no susceptibilities, no feelings! Could a man of any susceptibilities live in the same house with his guilty wife? How can he talk with her? How can he address her familiarly?"[1]

And again she imitated the way her husband would say, "*Tui, ma chère, tui,* Anna."

"He is not a man, I tell you; he is a puppet. No one knows it, but I know it. Oh, if I had been in his place, I would long ago have killed, have torn in pieces, a wife like myself, instead of saying, '*Tui, ma chère Anna,*' to her; but he is not a man; he is a ministerial machine. He does not understand that I am your wife, that he is nothing to me, that he is in the way. .... No, no, let us not talk about him."

"You are unjust, my dear," said Vronsky, trying to calm her; "but all the same, let us not talk any more about him. Tell me how you do. How are you? You wrote me you were ill; what did the doctor say?"

She looked at him with gay raillery. Evidently she still saw ridiculous and abominable traits in her husband, and would willingly have continued to speak about them.

But he added: —

"I suspect you were not really ill, but that it comes from your condition .... when will it be?"

The sarcastic gleam disappeared from Anna's eyes,

[1] Literally, "say *tui*, thou, to her." In Russian, as in French and German, the second person singular is used in familiar intercourse among relatives and friends. — ED.

but suddenly a different kind of smile — the token of a gentle melancholy, of some feeling he could not comprehend — took its place.

"Soon, very soon. You said our position is painful, and that it must be changed. If you knew how hard it is for me, what I would give to be able to love you freely and openly! I should not torment myself and I should not torment you with my jealousy. .... And *this* will be soon, but not in the way we think."

And at the thought of how this would take place she felt such pity for herself that the tears filled her eyes and she could not go on. She put her white hand, with the rings sparkling in the lamplight, on Vronsky's arm.

"This will not be as we think. I did not intend to speak to you about this, but you compel me to. Soon, soon, every knot will be disentangled, and all of us, all, will be at peace, and we shall not be tormented any more."

"I don't know what you mean," he said; yet he understood her.

"You ask, 'When will it be?' Soon. And I shall not survive it. .... Don't interrupt me!"

And she went on speaking rapidly: —

"I know it, I am perfectly certain I am going to die; and I am glad to die, and to free myself and you."

Her tears continued to fall. Vronsky bent over her hand and began to kiss it, and tried to conceal his own emotion, which he knew he had no ground for feeling, but which he could not overcome.

"It is better that it should be so," she said, pressing his hand fervently. "It is the only thing, the only thing left for us."

"What a foolish idea!" said Vronsky, lifting up his head and regaining his self-possession. "What utter nonsense you are talking!"

"No; it is the truth."

"What do you mean by the truth?"

"That I am going to die. I have seen it in a dream."

"In a dream?" repeated Vronsky, involuntarily recalling the muzhik of his nightmare.

"Yes, in a dream," she continued. "I had this dream a long time ago. I dreamed that I ran into my room to get something or other. I was searching about, you know, as one does in dreams," said she, opening her eyes wide with horror, "and I noticed something standing in the corner of my room."

"What nonsense! How do you suppose...."

But she would not let him interrupt her; what she was telling was too important to her.

"And this something turned around, and I saw a little dirty muzhik, with an unkempt beard. I wanted to run away, but he bent toward a bag, in which he moved some object."

She made the motion of a person rummaging in a bag; terror was depicted on her face; and Vronsky, recalling his own dream, felt the same terror seize his soul.

"And all the while he was searching, he talked fast, very fast, in French, lisping, you know, '*Il faut le battre, le fer, le broyer, le pétrir....*' I tried to wake up, but I only woke up in my dream, asking what it could mean. And Karneï said to me, 'You are going to die, you are going to die in child-bed, matushka.' And at last I woke up."....

"What an absurd dream!" said Vronsky, but he himself felt that there was no conviction in his voice.

"But let us say no more about it. Ring; I am going to give you some tea, so stay a little longer. It is a long time since I...."

She suddenly ceased speaking. The expression of her face instantly changed. Horror and emotion disappeared from her face, which assumed an expression of gentle, serious, and affectionate solicitude. He could not understand the significance of that change.

She had felt within her the motion of a new life.

## CHAPTER IV

After meeting Vronsky on the porch, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch went, as he had planned, to the Italian opera. He sat through two acts, and saw every one whom he needed to see. Returning home, he looked carefully at the hat-rack, and, having assured himself that there was no uniform overcoat in the vestibule, went straight to his chamber.

Contrary to his usual habit, instead of going to bed, he walked up and down his room till three o'clock in the morning. Anger kept him awake, for he could not forgive his wife for not being willing to observe the proprieties, and for not fulfilling the one condition that he had imposed on her, — that she should not receive her lover in his house. She had not complied with his requirement, and he felt bound to punish her, carry out his threat, demand a divorce, and take away his son from her. He knew all the difficulties that would attend this action, but he had said that he should do it, and now he was bound to carry out his threat. The Countess Lidia had often said that this was the easiest way out of his position ; and recently the practice of divorce had reached such a pitch of perfection that Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch saw in it a means of escaping its formal difficulties.

Moreover, misfortunes never come single ; and the trouble arising from the organization of the foreign population, and the irrigation of the fields in the government of Zaraĭ, had caused Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch so much unpleasantness in his office that for some time he had been in a perpetual state of irritation.

He passed the night without sleeping, and his anger increasing all the while in a sort of colossal system of progression, by morning was directed even to the most trivial object. He dressed hastily, and went to Anna as soon as he knew she was up. He was afraid of losing the energy which he needed for his explanation with

his wife; it was as if he carried a full cup of wrath and was afraid of spilling it.

Anna believed that she thoroughly knew her husband; but she was amazed at his appearance as he came in. His brows were contracted, and his eyes looked gloomily straight ahead, avoiding hers. His lips were firm and scornfully compressed. Never had his wife seen so much decision as she saw now in his gait, in every motion, in the sound of his voice. He entered without wishing her good morning, and went directly to her writing-desk, and, taking the key, opened the drawer.

"What do you want?" cried Anna.

"Your lover's letters."

"They are not there," she said, closing the drawer. But he knew by her action that he had guessed aright, and, roughly pushing away her hand, he quickly seized the portfolio in which he knew Anna kept her important papers. She attempted to regain it, but he held it at a distance.

"Sit down; I want to speak to you," he said, placing the portfolio under his arm, and holding it so firmly with his elbow that his shoulder was raised by it.

Anna looked at him, astonished and frightened, but said nothing.

"I told you that I would not permit you to receive your lover in this house."

"I needed to see him to ...."

She stopped, unable to find a plausible explanation.

"I will not enter into details, and have no desire to know why a woman needs to see her lover."

"I wished, I only ...." she said, flashing up, and feeling that her husband's rudeness made her bold — "is it possible that you are not aware how easy it is for you to insult me?"

"One can insult only an honest man or an honest woman; but to tell a thief that he is a thief, is only *la constatation d'un fait* — the statement of a fact."

"That is a degree of cruelty that I never recognized in you."

"Ah! you find a husband cruel because he gives his wife perfect freedom, gives her the protection of an honest, noble name on the sole condition that she respect the laws of propriety? You call that cruelty?"

"It is worse than cruelty; it is cowardice, if you insist on knowing," cried Anna, with an outburst of anger, and rising, she started to go.

"No," cried he, in his piping voice, which was now a tone higher than usual; and seizing her by the arm with his great, bony fingers so roughly that one of Anna's bracelets left a red print on her flesh, he forced her back into her place.

"Cowardice, indeed! If you wish to employ that word, apply it to her who abandons her son and husband for a lover, and nevertheless eats her husband's bread."

Anna bowed her head; she not only did not say what she had said the evening before to her lover, that *he* was her husband while her husband was in the way — she did not even think it. She appreciated all the justice of his words, and she replied in a low voice: —

"You cannot judge my position more severely than I do myself; but why do you say all this?"

"Why do I say this?" continued he as angrily as ever; "so that you may know that, since you have paid no attention to my wishes, and have broken the rules of propriety, I shall take measures to put an end to this state of affairs."

"Soon, very soon, it will terminate itself," said Anna, and again at the thought of that death which she felt near at hand, and now so desirable, her eyes filled with tears.

"Sooner even than you and your lover have dreamed of! You need to make atonement by keen suffering...."

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch! I do not say that this is not magnanimous; but it is not gentlemanly to strike one who is down."

"You only think of yourself: the suffering of one who has been your husband is of little interest to you;

it is a matter of indifference to you that his life has been overthrown, that he su....su....suffers ...."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch spoke so rapidly that he stammered, and could not speak the word.[1]

This seemed ridiculous to Anna, but she immediately was ashamed of herself because anything could seem to her ridiculous at such a moment. For the first time, and for a moment, she felt for him, and entered into his feelings and pitied him. But what could she say or do? She bowed her head and was silent. He also was silent for a little, then began again in a less piercing and colder voice, emphasizing words of no special importance:—

"I came to tell you .... "

She glanced at him. "No, that proves it to me," she said to herself, as she remembered the expression of his face as he stammered over the word *suffered*. "No, how can a man, with his dull eyes, so full of calm self-satisfaction, feel anything."

"I cannot change," she murmured.

"I have come to tell you that to-morrow I am going to Moscow, and that I shall not enter this house again. You will learn of my determination from the lawyer who will have charge of the preliminaries of the divorce. My son will go to my sister," he added, recalling with difficulty what he wanted to say about the child.

"You want to take Serozha away so as to cause me pain," she cried, glaring at him; "you do not love him .... leave Serozha!"

"Yes, I have even lost my love for my son because the repulsion you inspire in me includes him; but I shall keep him, nevertheless. Good morning."

He was about to go, but she detained him.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, leave Serozha with me," she whispered again; "that is all I ask of you; leave him with me till my .... I shall soon be confined. Leave him with me!"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch flushed with indignation, pushed away the arm that held him back, and left her without replying.

[1] *Pele .... pele .... pelestradal.*

## CHAPTER V

The reception-room of the celebrated Petersburg lawyer was full of people when Alekseï Aleksandrovitch entered it. Three ladies, one old, another young, and a merchant's wife; three men, a German banker with a ring on his hand, a merchant with a beard, and a sullen-looking official in undress-uniform with a decoration around his neck, had apparently been waiting a long time.

Two clerks were writing with scratching pens. Their writing utensils — and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was a connoisseur of such things — were of unusual excellence. Alekseï could not fail to take note of that fact. One of the clerks turned his head, with an air of annoyance, toward the newcomer, and, without rising, asked him, with half-closed eyes: —

"What do you want?"

"I have business with the lawyer."

"He is busy," replied the clerk severely, pointing with his pen toward those who were already waiting; and he went back to his writing.

"Will he not find a moment to receive me?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"He is not at liberty a single moment; he is always busy: have the goodness to wait."

"Be so good as to give him my card," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with dignity, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his incognito.

The secretary took his card, and, evidently not approving of it, left the room.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, on principle, approved of public courts, but he did not fully sympathize with certain details of its application in Russia, because of his acquaintance with its working in the best official relations, and he criticized them as far as he could criticize anything that received the sanction of the supreme power. His whole life was spent in administrative activity, and consequently when he did not sympathize

with anything, his lack of sympathy was modified by his recognition of the fact that errors were unavoidable, but that some things might be remedied. In the new judicial arrangement he did not approve of the conditions in which the lawyers were placed. Hitherto he had not had occasion to deal with lawyers, and so he had disapproved of the system only theoretically. But now his disapprobation was greatly increased by the disagreeable impression made on him in the lawyer's reception-room.

"The lawyer will be out immediately," said the clerk; and in reality in about two minutes the door opened, and the lawyer appeared, together with a tall justice of the peace.

The lawyer was a short, thick-set man, with a bald head, a dark reddish beard, a prominent forehead, and long, shiny eyebrows. His dress, from his necktie and double watch-chain down to his polished boots, was that of a dandy. His face was intelligent, but vulgar; his manner pretentious and in bad taste.

"Be so good as to walk in," said he, addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; and gloomily ushering him into the next room, he closed the door.

"Will you not sit?"

He pointed to an arm-chair near his desk covered with papers, and rubbing his short, hairy hands together, he settled himself in front of the desk, and bent his head to one side. But he was hardly seated when a moth-miller flew on the table, and the little man, with unexpected liveliness, caught it on the wing; then he quickly resumed his former attitude.

"Before beginning to explain my business," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, following the movements of the lawyer with astonishment, "I must inform you that the subject which brings me here is to be kept secret."

An imperceptible smile slightly moved the lawyer's projecting reddish mustache.

"If I were not capable of keeping the secrets intrusted to me, I should not be a lawyer," said he; "but if you wish to be assured...."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch glanced at him and noticed that his gray eyes, full of intelligence, had apparently read all that he had to tell.

"Do you know my name?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"I know you and how valuable" — here again he caught a miller — "your services are, as every Russian does," replied the lawyer, bowing.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sighed; with difficulty he brought himself to speak; but when he had once begun, he continued unhesitatingly, in a clear, sharp voice, emphasizing certain words.

"I have the misfortune to be a deceived husband. I wish to obtain legal separation from my wife, — that is, a divorce, — and, above all, to separate my son from his mother."

The lawyer's gray eyes did their best to remain serious, but they danced with unrestrained delight, and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch saw that they were full of an amusement not caused solely by the prospect of a good suit; they shone with enthusiasm, with triumph, — something like the brilliancy he had noticed in his wife's eyes.

"You wish my assistance to obtain the divorce?"

"Yes, exactly; but I must warn you that I run the risk of wasting your time, I have only come to ask preliminary advice. I wish a divorce, but for me certain forms are essential in which it is possible. Very possibly I shall give up the idea of any legal attempt if these forms do not coincide with my requirements."

"Oh, that is always the way," said the lawyer; "you will always remain perfectly free."

The little man, that he might not offend his client by the delight which his face ill concealed, fixed his eyes on Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's feet. He saw a moth flying in front of his nose and he put out his hand, but he restrained himself, out of respect to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's situation.

"The general features of the laws of divorce are well known to me," continued Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; "but

I should like to have a general knowledge of the formalities which are employed in the practical settlement of affairs of this kind."

"You wish," replied the lawyer, not raising his eyes and entering with no little satisfaction into the spirit of his client's words, "you wish me to expound for you the way whereby your wishes may be fulfilled."

And, as Alekseï Aleksandrovitch assented with an inclination of his head, he continued, casting a furtive glance now and then at his face, which was flushed with red spots.

"Divorce, according to our laws," said he, with a slight shade of disdain for our laws, "is possible, as you know, in the following cases.... Let them wait!" he cried, seeing his clerk open the door. However, he rose, went to say a few words to him, came back, and sat down again: "....in the following cases: physical defect of one of the parties; next, the unexplained absence of one of them for five years," — in making this enumeration he bent down his short, hairy fingers, one after another, — "and finally, adultery." This word he pronounced with evident satisfaction. "The categories are as follows:" — he kept on doubling over his fat fingers, although the case before him and the categories, it was plain enough, could not be classified together, — "physical incapacity of husband or wife, then adultery of husband or wife." Then as all his fingers were closed he raised them all again and proceeded: "This is the theoretical view, but I think that, in doing me the honor to consult me, you desire to know the practical side, do you not? And therefore, guiding myself by antecedents, it is my duty to inform you that as this case is neither one of physical defect, nor absence of one of the parties, as I understand?" ....

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch bowed his head in confirmation of this.

"The reason last named remains, — adultery, — and the conviction of the guilty party by mutual consent, and without mutual consent, compulsory conviction. I must say that the last case is rarely met with in practice,"

said the lawyer; and he glanced at his client and waited like a gunsmith who explains to a purchaser the use of two pistols of different caliber, leaving him free to choose between them.

But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch remaining silent, he continued: —

"The commonest, simplest, and most reasonable way, in my opinion, is to recognize the guilt by mutual agreement. I should not allow myself to say this if I were talking to a man of less experience than yourself," said the lawyer, "but I suppose that this is comprehensible to you."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, however, was so troubled that he did not at the first moment realize the reasonableness of "adultery, by mutual agreement," and this uncertainty was to be read in his eyes; but the lawyer came at once to his aid.

"Suppose that a man and wife can no longer live together; if both consent to a divorce, the details and formalities amount to nothing. This is the simplest and surest way."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch understood now, but he had religious convictions which stood in the way of his employing this measure.

"In the present case this means is out of the question," said he. "Here only one case is possible: compulsory conviction, supported by letters which are in my possession."

At the mention of letters, the lawyer, pressing his lips together, uttered an exclamation both of pity and disdain.

"Please take notice," he began, "affairs of this sort are, as you well know, decided by the upper clergy," he said. "Our Fathers the protopopes are great connoisseurs in affairs of this kind and attend to the minutest details," said he, with a smile which showed his sympathy for the protopopes. "Letters undoubtedly might serve as partial evidence. But proofs must be furnished in the right way — by witnesses. However, if you do me the honor to grant me your confidence, you must

give me the choice of measures to be pursued. Where there is a will, there is a way."

"If that is so...." began Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, suddenly growing very pale. But at that instant the lawyer again ran to the door, to reply to a fresh interruption from his clerk.

"Tell her, then, that this is not a cheap shop," said he and returned to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. As he returned to his place he caught another moth.

"My reps will be in a fine condition by summer!" he said to himself, scowling.

"You were kind enough to say...."

"I will communicate to you my decision by letter," replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, standing up and leaning his hand on the table. After standing for a moment in thought, he said: —

"From your words I conclude that a divorce is possible. I shall be obliged to you if you will make your conditions known to me."

"Everything is possible if you will give me entire freedom of action," said the lawyer, eluding the last question. "When may I expect a communication from you?" asked he, moving to the door with eyes as shiny as his boots.

"Within a week. You will then have the goodness to let me know whether you accept the case, and on what terms?"

"Very good."

The lawyer bowed respectfully, conducted his client to the door, and when he was left alone, he gave vent to his feelings of joy; he felt so gay that, contrary to his principles, he made a deduction to a lady skilled in the art of making a bargain, and neglected to catch a moth, resolving definitely that he would have his furniture upholstered the next winter with velvet, as Sigonin had.

## CHAPTER VI

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had won a brilliant victory at the session of the Commission of August 29, but the consequences of his victory were injurious to him. The new committee appointed to study the situation of the foreign population had been constituted and had gone to its field of action with a promptness and energy surprising to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; at the end of three months it presented its report.

The condition of this population had been studied from a political, administrative, economical, ethnographical, material, and religious point of view. Each question was followed by an admirably concise reply, leaving no room to doubt that these answers were the work, not of a human mind, always liable to mistake, but of an experienced bureaucracy. These answers were based on official data, such as the reports of governors and archbishops, based again on the reports of heads of districts and ecclesiastical superintendents, in their turn based on the reports from communal administrations and country priests. And therefore their correctness could not be doubted. Questions such as these, "Why are the harvests poor?" and, "Why do the inhabitants of certain localities persist in their beliefs?" and the like — questions which without the help of the official machine could never be solved, and to which ages would not have found a reply — were clearly solved, in conformity with the opinions of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

But Stremof, feeling that he had been touched to the quick at the last session, had employed for the reception of the committee's report a stratagem unexpected by Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. Taking with him several other members, he suddenly went over to Karenin's side, and, not satisfied with warmly supporting the measures proposed by Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, he proposed others, of the same nature. These measures, which were of such a radical nature as to be entirely opposed to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's intention, were

adopted and then Stremof's tactics were revealed. Carried to extremes, these measures seemed so ridiculous that the government officials, and public opinion, and ladies of influence, and the daily papers, all attacked them and expressed the greatest indignation both at the measures themselves and at their avowed promoter, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

Stremof slipped out of sight, pretending that he only blindly followed Karenin's plan, and that he himself was amazed and dumfounded at what had happened. This greatly weakened Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. But notwithstanding his enfeebled health, notwithstanding his family annoyances, he did not give up. The committee was split into two factions: some of them, with Stremof at their head, explained their mistake by the fact that they had placed full confidence in the Revisionary Committee which, under the lead of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, had brought in its report, and they declared the report of this committee of inspection was rubbish and so much wasted paper. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with a party of men who saw the peril of such a revolutionary reference to documents, continued to support the data worked out by the Revisionary Committee.

As a result of this, the highest circles and even society was thrown into confusion, and although this was a question of the greatest interest to every one, no one could make out whether the foreign populations were in reality suffering and dying out or flourishing.

Karenin's position in consequence of this and partly in consequence of the contempt which people felt for him by reason of his wife's unfaithfulness became very precarious. In this state of affairs he made an important resolution: to the great astonishment of the commission, he announced that he demanded the right to go and study these questions himself on the spot; and, permission having been granted him, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch set out for the distant provinces.

His departure made a great sensation, especially from the fact that, at his very departure, he officially refused the traveling expenses required for twelve post-horses, to take him to the places of inspection.

"I think that was very noble of him," said Betsy to the Princess Miagkaya. "Why should they pay for post-horses, when every one knows that you can go everywhere nowadays by rail?"

But the Princess Miagkaya did not agree with her, and she was greatly wrought up by the Princess Tverskaya's remark.

"This is very well for you to say," she replied, "when you have I don't know how many millions, but I like it very much when my husband goes off on a tour of inspection in the summer. It is very healthy and agreeable for him to go driving about, but I have made it a rule to keep that money for my own horse-hire and izvoshchiks!"

On his way to the distant provinces, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch stopped at Moscow three days.

The next day after his arrival, he was coming from a call on the governor-general. At the crossing of the Gazetnoĭ Street, where carriages of every description are always thronging, he heard his name called in such a gay, sonorous voice, that he could not help stopping. There stood Stepan Arkadyevitch on the sidewalk, in a short, stylish paletot, with a stylish hat set on one side, with a radiant smile which showed his white teeth between his red lips, gay, youthful-looking, brilliant. He kept calling to him and beckoning to him to stop. He was holding by one hand to the window of a carriage which had drawn up to the sidewalk, and in the carriage was a woman in a velvet hat, with two little ones; she also beckoned to him and smiled.

It was Dolly and her children.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch had not counted on seeing in Moscow any one whom he knew, and least of all his wife's brother. He took off his hat and would have proceeded, but Stepan Arkadyevitch motioned to the

coachman to stop, and ran through the snow to the carriage.

"How long have you been here? What a sin not to let us know you were coming! I was at Dusseaux's last evening, and I saw the name of Karenin on the list of arrivals, but it never occurred to me that it was you, else I should have looked you up," said he, passing his head through the door. "How glad I am to see you," he went on to say, striking his feet together to shake off the snow. "What a sin not to let us know."

"I had n't time. I am very busy," replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, curtly.

"Come and speak to my wife; she wants to see you very much."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch threw off the plaid which covered his chilly limbs, and, leaving his carriage, made a way through the snow to Darya Aleksandrovna.

"Why, what has happened, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, that you avoid us in this way?" said she, smiling.

"I was very busy. I am delighted to see you," replied Karenin, in a tone which clearly proved that he was annoyed. "How is your health?"

"How is my dear Anna?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch muttered a few words, and was about to leave her, but Stepan Arkadyevitch detained him.

"Do you know what we are going to do to-morrow? Dolly, invite him to dine. Have Koznuishef and Pestsof, so as to regale him with the representative intellects of Moscow."

"Oh, please come!" said Dolly; "we will name any hour that is convenient — five or six, as you please. But how is my dear Anna? It is so long ...."

"She is well," muttered Alekseï Aleksandrovitch again, frowning. "Very happy to have met you."

And he went back to his carriage.

"Will you come?" cried Dolly again.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch said something in reply which Dolly could not hear in the rumble of carriages.

"I am coming to see you to-morrow!" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch shut himself up in his carriage, and crouched down in one corner so as not to see and not to be seen.

"What a strange fellow!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch to his wife; and looking at his watch he made an affectionate sign of farewell to his wife and children, and started off down the sidewalk at a brisk pace.

"Stiva, Stiva!" cried Dolly, blushing. He came back.

"I must have some money for the children's cloaks. Give me some."

"No matter about that. Tell them that I will settle the bill."

And he disappeared, gayly nodding to some acquaintance as he went.

## CHAPTER VII

The next day was Sunday, and Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the *Bolshoï* or Great Theater, to attend the rehearsal of the ballet, and gave the coral necklace to Masha Chibisovaya, the pretty dancing-girl who was making her *début* under his protection, as he had promised the day before, and behind the scenes in the dim twilight of the theater he seized his opportunity and kissed her pretty little face glowing with pleasure at his gift. Besides fulfilling his promise as to the coral necklace, he wanted to arrange with her for an assignation after the ballet. Having explained to her that he could not possibly manage to be present at the beginning of the ballet, he promised to come for the next act and take her out for supper.

From the theater Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the Okhotnui Ryad, himself selected a fish and asparagus for the dinner; and at noon he went to Dusseaux's, where three travelers, friends of his, by happy chance were stopping, — Levin, just returned from his journey

abroad; his new *nachalnik* or chief, who had just been appointed, and had come to Moscow to look into affairs; and lastly, his brother-in-law, Karenin, whom he was bound to invite to dinner.

Stepan Arkadyevitch liked to go out to dinner, but what he liked better still was to give a choice little dinner-party with a few select friends. The program that he made out for this day pleased him, — fresh perch, with asparagus, and a simple but superb roast of beef, as *pièce de résistance*, and the right kinds of wine. Among the guests he expected Kitty and Levin, and, to offset them, a cousin and the young Shcherbatsky; the *pièces de résistance* among the guests were to be Sergyeï Koznuishef, a Muscovite and philosopher, and Karenin, a Petersburger and man of affairs. Moreover he would invite the well-known Pestsof, a comical fellow, a youth of fifty years, an enthusiast, a musician, a ready talker, a historian and a liberal, who would be the sauce or *garnish* for Koznuishef and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. He would put every one in good spirits and stir them up.

The second instalment of money from the sale of the wood had been recently received and was not all gone; Dolly for some time had been lovely and charming; and the thought of this dinner in every respect delighted Stepan Arkadyevitch. He was in the happiest frame of mind. There were two things which were rather disagreeable. But these two circumstances were drowned in the sea of joviality which rolled its billows in Stepan Arkadyevitch's soul. These two circumstances were: in the first place, when the evening before he had met Alekseï Aleksandrovitch on the street, he had perceived that he was stern and cold; and uniting the fact that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had not called or sent word of his presence with certain rumors that had reached his ears about his sister's relations with Vronsky, Stepan Arkadyevitch suspected serious trouble between the husband and wife. This was one unpleasant thing.

The second slight shadow was the fact that the new nachalnik, like all new chiefs, had the reputation of be-

ing a terribly exacting man, who got up at six o'clock, worked like a horse, and demanded similar zeal from his subordinates. Moreover, this new nachalnik had the reputation of being a regular bear in his manners and was, according to rumor, a man of the opposite party from that to which his predecessor had belonged, and to which Stepan Arkadyevitch himself had up to that time also belonged.

The afternoon before, Stepan Arkadyevitch had appeared at the office in full uniform and the new nachalnik had been very cordial and had talked with Oblonsky as with an old friend. Consequently he thought it his duty to pay him an unofficial visit. The thought that the new nachalnik might not receive him cordially was the second disturbing element. But Stepan Arkadyevitch felt instinctively that all would be arranged to perfection.

"All people, all men, are transgressors as well as we. Why get angry and quarrel?" he said to himself as he went to the hotel.

"How are you, Vasili?" said he, as he went through the corridor with his hat cocked on one side, and met a lackey of his acquaintance; "have you sacrificed your whiskers? Levin? in number seven? Please show me. Thanks! Do you know, is Count Anitchkin at home?" This was the new nachalnik.

"At your service," said Vasili, with a smile. "We have not seen you for a long time."

"I was here yesterday, but came up another stairway. Is this number seven?"

When Stepan Arkadyevitch entered, Levin was standing in the middle of his room with a muzhik from Tver, measuring a bear-skin.

"Ah! did you kill him?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Splendid skin! A bear! How are you, Arkhip?"

He held out his hand to the peasant, and then sat down in his paletot and hat.

"Take off your coat, and stay awhile," said Levin, taking his hat.

"I have n't time. I only came in for a little second,"

replied Oblonsky. He unbuttoned his paletot, then took it off, and stayed a whole hour to talk with Levin about the hunt and other subjects.

"Well now! Tell me, please, what you did while you were abroad; where have you been?" he asked after the peasant had gone.

"I went to Germany, to France, and England, but only to the manufacturing centers, and not to the capitals. I saw a great deal that was new. I am glad I went."

"Yes, yes, I know your ideas about organized labor."

"Oh, no! in Russia there can be no labor question. The question of the workingman does n't concern us; the only important question for Russia is the relation of the workman to the soil; the question exists there, but it is impossible to remedy it there, while here...."

Oblonsky listened attentively.

"Yes, yes," said he, "it is possible that you are right, but I am glad that you are in better spirits; you hunt the bear, you work, you are enthusiastic. Shcherbatsky told me that he had found you blue and melancholy, talking of nothing but death."....

"What of that? I am continually thinking of death," replied Levin. "It 's true that there is a time to die, and that all is vanity. But I will tell you honestly I set great value on my thought and work; but think of this world — just take notice! — this world of ours, a little mold making the smallest of the planets! and we imagine that our ideas, our works, are something grand. It 's all grains of dust!"....

"All that is as old as the hills, brother!"

"It is old; but you see when this idea becomes clear to us, how miserable life seems! When we know that death will surely come, and that there will be nothing left of us, the most important things seem as insignificant as the turning over of this bear-skin. And so in order to keep away thoughts of death, we hunt and work and try to divert ourselves."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled, and gave Levin one of his affectionate looks.

"Well, of course! Here you come to me and you pounce on me because I seek pleasure in life! Be not so severe, O moralist!"

"All the same, there is some good in life," replied Levin, becoming confused. "Well, I don't know. I only know that we must soon die."

"Why soon?"

"And you know there is less charm in life when we think of death, but more restfulness."

"On the contrary, we must enjoy what there is of it, anyway..... But," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, rising for the tenth time, "I must go."

"Oh, no! stay a little longer," said Levin, holding him back; "when shall we see each other again? I leave to-morrow."

"I am a queer fellow. This is what I came for!.... Don't fail to come and dine with us to-day. Your brother will be with us; my brother-in-law, Karenin, will be there."

"Is he here?" asked Levin, and he wanted to ask about Kitty; he had heard that she had been in Petersburg at the beginning of the winter, visiting her sister, the wife of a diplomatist, and he did not know whether she had returned or not, but he hesitated about asking.

"Whether she has come back or not, it's all the same. I will accept," he thought.

"Will you come?"

"Well! Of course I will."

"At five o'clock, in ordinary dress."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch rose, and went down to see the new nachalnik. Instinct had not deceived him: this dreadful man proved to be a good fellow; Stepan Arkadyevitch lunched with him, and stayed so long to talk that it was nearly four o'clock when he got to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's room.

## CHAPTER VIII

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, after he returned from mass, spent the morning in his room. He had two things to accomplish on this day: first, to receive a deputation of the foreign population which was on its way to Petersburg, and happened just at that time to be at Moscow, and he wanted to instruct them as to what they should say; and then to write to his lawyer, as he had promised.

The deputation, although it had been appointed at Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's invitation, was likely to cause great embarrassment and even to be a source of peril, and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was very glad to meet it in Moscow. The members of the deputation had not the slightest comprehension of their duties and obligations. They were perfectly persuaded that their work consisted in exposing their needs and explaining the actual state of affairs and asking governmental assistance; and they really could not comprehend that some of their statements and demands gave color to the arguments of the hostile party, and therefore spoiled the whole business.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had a long discussion with them, made out a program, from which they were not to deviate on any account in their dealings with the government, and, when they left him, gave them letters of introduction to various persons in Petersburg, so that they might be properly treated. The Countess Lidya Ivanovna would be his principal auxiliary in this matter; she had a specialty for deputations, and knew better than anybody else how to manage them.

When he had finished this business, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch wrote to his lawyer. Without the slightest misgiving, he gave him full power to do as he thought best, and sent three notes from Vronsky to Anna, which he had found in the portfolio. Since Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had left home with the intention of never returning to his family, and since his interview with the lawyer, when he had confided to one person at least his intentions,

and especially since he had transferred this episode of his life to a documentary basis, he had become more and more settled in his convictions, and was now perfectly clear in his mind that what he wished could be accomplished.

Just as he was sealing his letter, he heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's loud voice asking the servant if his brother-in-law was at home, and insisting on being announced.

"It 's all the same," thought Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "or rather, so much the better. I will explain to him my position in regard to his sister, and he will understand that it is impossible for me to dine at his house."

"Come in," he cried, gathering up his papers and pushing them into a writing-case.

"There now, you see you lied, and he is at home," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to the servant, who would not let him in; then, taking off his overcoat as he walked along, he came into Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's room.

"I am delighted to find you...." he began gayly. "I hope...."

"I cannot go," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, coldly, receiving his brother-in-law standing, and not asking him to sit down. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch resolved to adopt with his wife's brother the cool relations which seemed proper since he had decided to get a divorce. But he did not reckon on that sea of kind-heartedness which was always overflowing its banks in Stepan Arkadyevitch's heart.

Stepan Arkadyevitch opened wide his bright, clear eyes.

"Why can't you come? What do you mean?" he asked in French with some hesitation. "But you promised to come, and we all are counting on you."

"I wish to tell you that I cannot come because our family relations must be broken."

"How is that? Why?" said Oblonsky, with a smile.

"Because I have commenced an action for getting a divorce from my wife, your sister. I must...."

But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not finish his sen-

tence — for Stepan Arkadyevitch acted in a manner quite contrary to his expectations. Stepan Arkadyevitch sank into an arm-chair, with a deep sigh.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, it can't be possible," he cried, with pain expressed in his face.

"It is true."

"Pardon me. I cannot, I cannot believe it."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sat down; he felt that his words had not produced the effect that he had looked for, and that whatever explanation he might make his relations with Oblonsky would remain the same.

"Yes, it is a cruel necessity, but I am forced to demand the divorce," he replied.

"I will say only one thing to you, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. I know that you are a man of principle, and I know Anna is one of the best of women, — excuse me if I cannot change my opinion of her, — I cannot believe it; there must be some misunderstanding!"

"Yes; if it were only a misunderstanding!" ....

"Excuse me; I understand; but I beg of you, I beg of you, do not be in haste," interrupted Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"I have done nothing hastily," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, coldly; "but in such a case, one cannot ask advice of anybody; I am decided."

"This is terrible," exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a deep sigh. "I would do one thing, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. I beseech you to do this!" said he. "Proceedings, as I understand, have not yet begun. Before you do anything talk with my wife. She loves Anna like a sister, she loves you, and she is a woman of good sense. For God's sake, talk with her. Do me this favor, I beg of you."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch deliberated, and Stepan Arkadyevitch looked at him sympathetically, not breaking in on his silence.

"Will you come to her?"

"Well, I don't know. That is the reason I did not call at your house. I suppose our relations ought to be broken off."

"Why should they be? I don't see that. Allow me to believe that apart from our family connection, you have toward me, to a certain extent at least, the same friendly sentiments which I have always felt toward you..... And genuine regard...." said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pressing his hand. "Even if your worst surmises were justified, I should never take it on myself to criticize either side, and I see no reason why our relations should be changed. But now do this, — come and see my wife."

"Well, you and I look on this matter differently," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, coldly. "However, we will not discuss it."

"No, but why should you not come and dine with us, at least to-day? My wife expects you. Please come! and above all talk with her; she is, I assure you, a superior woman. For God's sake come, I beg you on my knees."

"If you wish it so much, I will go," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, sighing. And to change the conversation, he asked Stepan Arkadyevitch about a matter which interested them both: about the new nachalnik, a man still young, who had suddenly received such an important appointment.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had never liked Count Anitchkin, and had always differed with him about many questions; and now he could not help a feeling of envy natural to an official who had suffered defeat in his work and saw a younger man receiving advancement.

"Well, have you met him yet?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with a venomous smile.

"Oh, yes; he was with us yesterday at the session. He seems like a man very well informed and very active."

"Active? but how does he employ his activity?" exclaimed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "Is it in doing his work, or in destroying what others have done before him? The plague of our government is this scribbling bureaucracy, of which Anitchkin is a worthy representative."

"Truly I don't know how this criticism applies to him. I don't even know his tendencies; at any rate, he is a

very good fellow," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I have just been with him .... a very good fellow; we lunched together, and I taught him how to make a drink, you know — wine and oranges. He liked it very much. No, he is a fine young man."

Stepan Arkadyevitch looked at his watch.

"Akh batiushki! it is after four o'clock! and I have still to see Dolgovushin. It is decided, then, that you will dine with us, is n't it? Both my wife and myself will feel really hurt if you refuse to come."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch took leave of his brother-in-law very differently from the way in which he had greeted him.

"I have promised, and I will come," he replied in a melancholy tone.

"Believe me, I appreciate it; and I hope you will not regret it," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile.

And putting on his overcoat in the hall, he shook his fist at the servant's head, laughed, and went out.

"At five o'clock, remember, and in ordinary dress," he called back once more, returning to the door.

## CHAPTER IX

It was already six o'clock and several guests had come when the master of the house entered, meeting Sergyeï Ivanovitch Koznuishef and Pestsof at the door.

These were the two chief representatives of Moscow intellect, as Oblonsky had called them, and were men of distinction both by wit and character. They valued each other, but on almost every topic were absolutely and hopelessly at odds, not because they belonged to opposing parties but precisely because they were of the same camp, — their enemies confounded them in one, — but in this camp they each had their shades of opinion. Now there is nothing more conducive to disagreement than dissent in small particulars, and so they not only never agreed in their opinions, but never failed to laugh at each other good-naturedly for their incorrigible mistakes.

They reached the door, talking about the weather, just as Stepan Arkadyevitch overtook them.

The old Prince Aleksandr Dmitrievitch Shcherbatsky, young Shcherbatsky, Turovtsuin, Kitty, and Karenin were already in the drawing-room.

Stepan Arkadyevitch instantly perceived that matters in the drawing-room were going badly without him. Darya Aleksandrovna, in her best gray silk gown, especially preoccupied with the children, who should have been eating their supper in the nursery by themselves, and anxious because her husband was late, did not succeed very well in entertaining her guests. All were sitting "like a pope's daughters making a call," as the old prince expressed it, evidently perplexed to know why they had come and with difficulty finding a few words so that the silence might not be absolute. The good-natured Turovtsuin apparently felt out of his sphere and the smile on his thick lips when he greeted Stepan Arkadyevitch spoke louder than words: "Well, my dear fellow, you have got me here with clever people! We are making merry here. It is a regular *château des fleurs!* .... I am doing my part."

The old prince was sitting in silence looking out of the corner of his bright eyes at Stepan Arkadyevitch, and Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived that he was trying to think up something worth saying to make an impression on this great statesman who was being served up like a sterlet for the benefit of the guests. Kitty kept glancing at the door, trying with all her might not to be caught blushing when Konstantin Levin should appear. Young Shcherbatsky, who had not been presented to Karenin, was trying to show that this did not cause him any constraint.

Karenin himself was in black coat and white necktie, according to the Petersburg custom, and Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived by his face that he had come only to keep his promise and by mingling in this society was performing a burdensome task. He more than any one else was the cause of the chill which froze all the guests into silence until Stepan Arkadyevitch made his appearance.

As soon as Stepan Arkadyevitch entered the drawing-room, he made his excuses and explained that he had been detained by a certain prince who was always his scapegoat for all his delays and absences. In a twinkling he presented his guests to one another, furnished Koznuishef and Karenin a subject of conversation, — the Russification of Poland, which they instantly grappled with, also enlisting Pestsof in the discussion. Then, tapping Turovtsuin on the shoulder, he whispered some jest into his ear and sat him down between his wife and Prince Shcherbatsky. Then he complimented Kitty on her beauty and introduced young Shcherbatsky to Karenin. In a twinkling he had so worked on all this mass of social dough that it began to seem like a salon and the voices intermingled in gay confusion.

Konstantin Levin was the only guest not on hand.

But even this was a fortunate circumstance, because when Stepan Arkadyevitch went into the dining-room he discovered to his dismay that the port and sherry had come from Des Prés and not from Lévy, and he seized the opportunity to send the coachman in all haste to Lévy's, and then he returned to the drawing-room.

Levin met him at the door of the dining-room.

"I am not late, am I?"

"How could you be?" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking him by the arm.

"Are there many people here? Who are they?" asked Levin, blushing involuntarily, and with his glove brushing away the snow from his hat.

"No one but relatives. Kitty is here. Come and let me present you to Karenin."

Stepan Arkadyevitch, notwithstanding his liberal views, knew that a presentation to Karenin could not fail to be flattering, and therefore he regaled his best friends with this pleasure. But at this moment Konstantin Levin was not in a condition to appreciate all the satisfaction which this acquaintance would afford.

He had not seen Kitty since that well-remembered evening when he met Vronsky, except for that glimpse

of her which he had as she sat in her carriage. In the depth of his heart he knew that he was to see her this evening. But in his attempt to preserve all the freedom of his thoughts, he had tried to persuade himself that he did not know it. And now as he learned that she was there, he suddenly felt such timidity and at the same time such terror that he could hardly breathe, and he found it impossible to say what he wanted to say.

"How will she seem? Just as she used to? Suppose Darya Aleksandrovna was right! Why was n't she right?" he thought.

"Oh! present me to Karenin, I beg of you," he succeeded in stammering, as he entered the drawing-room with the courage of despair and saw her.

She was neither as she had been in old time nor as she had been in the carriage: she was altogether different; she was nervous, timid, modest, and therefore even more charming than ever.

She saw him the moment he entered the drawing-room. She had been watching for him, and she felt so glad and so confused by reason of her gladness that at one moment especially when, after greeting Dolly, he looked at her, she was afraid of bursting into tears. Levin and Dolly both noticed it. She blushed and turned pale and blushed again; she was so agitated that her lips trembled.

Levin approached her, and bowed and silently offered his hand. Had it not been for the slight trembling of her lips and the moisture that suffused her eyes and increased their brilliancy, her smile would have been almost serene as she said:—

"How long it is since we have met!" And at the same time with a sort of desperate resolution put her cold hand into his.

"You have not seen me; but I saw you one day," said Levin, with a smile of radiant happiness. "I saw you when you were going from the railway station to Yergushovo."

"When was it?" asked she, in surprise.

"You were on your way to Yergushovo," said Levin,

feeling that the joy which flooded his soul was suffocating him. "How," thought he, "could I have dared to associate anything but innocence with this fascinating creature? Yes, Darya Aleksandrovna was right."

Stepan Arkadyevitch came to conduct him to Karenin.

"Allow me to make you acquainted," said he, calling each by name.

"It is very pleasant to meet you again," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, coolly, as he took Levin's hand.

"What! do you already know each other?" asked Oblonsky, with surprise.

"We traveled together for three hours," said Levin, smiling, "but we parted as from a masked ball, very much mystified; at least, it was the case with me."

"Really?.... Will you pass into the dining-room?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pointing toward the door.

The gentlemen walked into the dining-room, and went to a table laden with the zakuska, which was composed of six kinds of vodka, as many varieties of cheese with silver shovels and without, caviare, herring, preserves of different kinds, and platefuls of French bread sliced thin.

The men stood around the table; and, while waiting for the dinner, the conversation between Sergyeï Ivanovitch Koznuishef, Karenin, and Pestsof, about the Russification of Poland, began to languish. Sergyeï Ivanovitch, who had a faculty peculiar to himself for ending even the most absorbing and serious dispute, by an unexpected infusion of Attic salt and so putting the disputants into a better frame of mind, did this now. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was trying to prove that the Russification of Poland could be accomplished only by means of the highest principles, and that these ought to be introduced by the Russian administration. Pestsof maintained that one nation could only assimilate another by surpassing it in density of population.

Koznuishef, with certain restrictions, shared the opinions of both; and to close this serious conversation with a joke, he added as they left the drawing-room, smiling:—

"The most logical way, then, for us to assimilate foreigners, it seems to me, is to have as many children as

possible. It is there where my brother and I are in fault; while you married gentlemen and especially you, Stepan Arkadyevitch, are acting the part of good patriots. How many have you?" he asked of the host, handing him a very diminutive glass.

Everybody laughed, and Oblonsky most of all. "Yes, that is certainly the best means!" said he, taking a bite of cheese and pouring some special kind of vodka into the glass that Koznuishef offered him. But the jest really served to bring the discussion to a close.

"This cheese is not bad; what do you say?" remarked the host.

"Do you still practise gymnastics?" said Oblonsky, addressing Levin, and with his left hand feeling his friend's muscles.

Levin smiled and doubled up his arm, and Stepan Arkadyevitch felt how under his fingers the biceps swelled up like a round cheese beneath the smooth cloth of his coat.

"What biceps! a Samson," said he.

"I suppose it is necessary to be endowed with remarkable strength, to hunt bears, is n't it?" said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, smearing some cheese on a piece of bread as thin as a cobweb. His ideas about hunting were of the vaguest.

Levin smiled.

"No; on the contrary, a child could kill a bear;"— and he drew back, with a slight bow, to make room for the ladies, who with the hostess were coming to the zakuska table.

"I hear that you have just killed a bear," said Kitty, vainly trying to put her fork into a recalcitrant mushroom which kept flying about on the plate, and as she threw back the lace in her sleeve there was a glimpse of a white arm. "Are there really bears where you live?" she added, half turning her pretty face toward him and smiling. What she said had no especial importance, but what significance inexpressible in words there was for him in the sound of her voice, in every motion of her lips, of her eyes, hands, when she said it!

It implied an entreaty for forgiveness and expression of faith in him, a sweet and timid caress, and a promise, and a hope, and love for him, and he could not help believing in it and his heart was filled with happiness.

"Oh, no! we were hunting in the government of Tver; and on my way from there, I met your brother-in-law — Stiva's brother-in-law — in the train," said he, smiling. "The meeting was very funny."

And he gave a lively and amusing description of how, after having been awake all night, he forced his way into Karenin's car in his sheepskin jacket.[1]

"The conductor, contrary to the proverb, judging by first impressions wanted to put me out, and there I was beginning to express myself in sublime style and.... well, sir, you also —" said he, addressing Karenin and not recollecting his name, "you got your first impression from my polushubok and were for expelling me, but afterward you took my part, for which I felt very grateful to you."

"Travelers' rights to their choice of place are generally too little considered," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, wiping the ends of his fingers with his napkin.

"Oh! I noticed that you were dubious about me," replied Levin, smiling good-naturedly; "that was why I hastened to open a serious subject of conversation, to make you forget my sheepskin."

Koznuishef, who was talking with the mistress of the house, and at the same time listening with one ear to what his brother said, glanced at him.

"What is the matter with him to-night? What makes him look so triumphant?" he asked himself.

He did not know Levin felt as if he had wings. Levin knew that *she* was listening to him, she was taking pleasure in what he said; and this was the only thing that interested him. He was alone with her, not only in this room, but in the whole world. He felt that he was on a dizzy height, and there far below him were

[1] *Polushubok*, half shuba; a short coat or cloak made of sheepskin or lined with fur.

all those excellent people, — Oblonsky, Karenin, and the rest of humanity.

Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed entirely to forget Levin and Kitty in placing his guests at table until all but two of the seats were assigned; then he put them side by side.

"Well, you can sit there," said he to Levin.

The dinner was as elegant as the appointments; for Stepan Arkadyevitch was a great connoisseur in such matters. The Marie-Louise soup was perfect, the little *pirogi* or pasties which melted in the mouth were irreproachable; and Matve, with two waiters in white cravats, skilfully and noiselessly served the roast and the wine.

On the material side the dinner was a success; it was not less so on the non-material side. The conversation was sometimes general, sometimes special, but it never lagged; and toward the end of the dinner it had grown so animated that when they left the table the men could not drop their interesting topics, and even Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was thawed out.

## CHAPTER X

Pestsof, who liked to discuss a question thoroughly, was not satisfied with what Koznuishef had said; he felt that he had not been allowed to express his thought sufficiently.

"In speaking of the density of the population," said he, after the soup, addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "I did n't intend to make it the principle of an assimilation, but only a means."

"It seems to me that that amounts to the same thing," replied Karenin, slowly and indolently. "In my judgment, a people can have no influence over another people unless it has the highest development which...."

"That is precisely the question," interrupted Pestsof, who always spoke with so much ardor that he seemed to put his whole soul into defending his own opinions.

"How is one to decide on what is the highest development? Which stands on the highest plane of civilization, the English, the French, or the Germans? Which nation is to naturalize the others? We have seen the Rhine made French; but are the Germans inferior? No; there is some other law," he cried in his bass voice.

"I believe that the balance will always turn in favor of true civilization," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, slightly raising his brows.

"But what are the signs of this true civilization?" demanded Pestsof.

"I suppose these signs are known," replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"But are they really known?" suggested Sergyeï Ivanovitch, with a subtle smile. "It is now admitted that our present civilization can't be anything else than classical, but we have furious debates on this point, and it cannot be denied that each side brings forward strong proofs in its favor."

"Are you in favor of the classics, Sergyeï Ivanovitch?" said Oblonsky. .... "Shall I give you some claret?"

"I am not expressing my personal opinions regarding either form of civilization," replied Koznuishef, with a smile of condescension such as he would have shown a child, as he reached out his glass. "I only say that both sides have strong arguments," continued he, addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "My education was classical; but in this controversy I personally cannot find any room to stand. I do not see any clear proofs that the classics must take precedence over the sciences."

"The natural sciences tend just as much to the pedagogical development of the human mind," replied Pestsof. "Take astronomy, take botany, and zoölogy, each with its system of general laws!"

"It seems to me impossible to deny that the very process of learning the forms of languages has a specially beneficial influence on mental development. Moreover, it must be admitted that the influence of the classic writers is eminently moral; while, unfortunately

for us, the study of the natural sciences has been complicated with false and fatal doctrines, which are the bane of our time."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch was going to reply, but Pestsof interrupted him in his deep voice. He began heatedly to demonstrate the incorrectness of this statement. Koznuishef calmly waited his chance to speak, evidently feeling that it would be a victorious rejoinder.

"But," said he, smiling shrewdly, and addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "it cannot be denied that it is a difficult matter completely to balance all the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems of science, and that the question which is preferable could not be decided so quickly and definitely if there were not on the side of the classical civilization that advantage which you just called the moral — *disons le mot* — the anti-nihilistic influence."

"Undoubtedly."

"If it were not for this advantage of the anti-nihilistic influence wielded by classic education, we should rather hesitate, we should weigh the arguments of both sides," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, with his shrewd smile. "We should give scope to both tendencies. But now we know that in classical education lies the medical power of anti-nihilism and we boldly administer it like a pill to our patients. .... But are we perfectly sure of the healing properties of these pills?" he said in conclusion, pouring out his Attic salt.

Sergeï Ivanovitch's "pills" made every one laugh, Turovtsuin more boisterously and heartily than the rest; for he had been on the lookout for something amusing to laugh at ever since the conversation began.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had made no mistake in counting on Pestsof. Pestsof never allowed an intellectual conversation to flag for a moment. Koznuishef had hardly finished with his jest when Pestsof began again: —

"One cannot even agree with this idea," said he, "that morality has this aim. Morality is evidently controlled by general considerations and remains indifferent to the influences of the measures which may be

taken. For example, the question of higher education for women should be regarded as dangerous, yet the government opens the public lectures and the universities to women."

And the conversation immediately leaped to the new theme of the education of women.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch expressed the thought that the education of women was too much confused with the question of the emancipation of women, and could be considered dangerous only from that point of view.

"I believe, on the contrary, that these two questions are intimately connected," said Pestsof. "It is a vicious circle! Woman is deprived of rights because she is deprived of education, and her lack of education comes from the absence of rights. Let us not forget that the bondage of woman is so ancient, so interwoven with our customs, that we are very often incapable of understanding the legal abyss that separates her from us."

"You speak of rights," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, as soon as he had a chance to put in a word; "is it a right to fulfil the functions of juror, of municipal counselor, of president of the tribunal, of public functionary, of member of parliament?" ....

"Without doubt."

"But if women can exceptionally fill these functions, then it seems to me we make a mistake in using the word *rights*. It would be fairer to say *duties*. Every one agrees that in fulfilling the functions of a juror, of town counselor, of telegraph employer, we are fulfilling a duty. Let us say, then, that women are seeking for *duties*, and legitimately enough; in this case we may sympathize with their desire to take part in man's work."

"That is perfectly fair," affirmed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; "the question, I suspect, consists in deciding whether they are capable of fulfilling these duties."

"They will be, certainly, as soon as they have been generally educated," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "We see it ...."

"And the proverb?" asked the old prince, whose little, scornful eyes shone as he listened to this conver-

sation. "I may repeat it before my daughters: 'Long hair ....'"[1]

"That is the way we judged the negroes before their emancipation!" said Pestsof, with dissatisfaction.

"What astonishes me," said Sergyeï Ivanuitch, "is that women are seeking new duties, when we see, unfortunately, that men generally shirk theirs."

"Duties are accompanied by rights; honor, influence, money, these are what women are after," said Pestsof.

"Exactly as if I solicited the right to become a wet nurse, and found it hard to be refused, while women are paid for it," said the old prince.

Turovtsuin burst out laughing, and Sergyeï Ivanovitch regretted that he had not said that. Even Alekseï Aleksandrovitch smiled.

"Yes, but a man can't be a wet nurse," said Sergyeï Ivanuitch. "But a woman...."

"But what is a young girl without any family going to do?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, who found reason to sympathize with Pestsof, as he thought of his little ballet girl, Chibisovaya.

"If you look closely into the lives of these young girls," said Darya Aleksandrovna, unexpectedly taking part in the conversation and showing some irritation, for it was evident that she suspected what sort of women Stepan Arkadyevitch meant, "you will doubtless find that they have left a family or a sister, and that women's work was within their reach."

"But we are defending a principle, an ideal," answered Pestsof, in his ringing bass. "Woman claims the right to be independent and educated; she suffers from her consciousness of being unable to accomplish this."

"And I suffer from not being admitted as nurse to the foundling asylum," repeated the old prince, to the great amusement of Turovtsuin, letting the large end of a piece of asparagus fall into his sauce.

[1] *Volos dolog, da um korotok:* where the hair is long, the intellect is short; said of women.

## CHAPTER XI

All took part in the general conversation except Kitty and Levin.

At first, when they were talking about the influence of one people over another, Levin recalled what he had to say on this subject; but his thoughts, which at one time had seemed to him very important, simply flashed through his mind like notions in a dream, and now had not the least interest for him; he even thought it strange that people could trouble themselves about such useless questions.

Kitty, for her part, ought to have been interested in what was said about women's rights and education. How many times had she pondered over these subjects as she remembered her friend Varenka, whose dependence was so hard to bear! How many times had she thought what she herself would do in case she should not marry! How often had she disputed with her sister on the subject! But now it did not interest her in the least.

She and Levin had their own talk, and yet it was not a conversation so much as it was a mysterious affinity, which brought them nearer and nearer to each other, and filled them with a joyful timidity before the unknown which they were about to enter.

At first Kitty asked how he happened to see her in the summer, and Levin told her that he was returning from the hay-fields by the highway after the mowing:—

"It was very early in the morning. You had probably just waked. Your *maman* was asleep in her corner. It was a marvelous morning. I was walking along, saying to myself, 'A carriage with four horses! Whose can it be?' They were four fine horses with bells. And quick as a flash you passed by. I saw you through the door; you were sitting like this, holding the ribbons of your bonnet in your hands, and you seemed awfully deep in thought. How I wished I could know," he added with a smile, "what you were thinking about! Was it something very important?"

"Was n't my hair in disorder?" thought Kitty, but seeing the enthusiastic smile that lighted up Levin's face, she felt that on the contrary the impression she had produced was good, and she replied, blushing and laughing merrily: —

"Truly, I don't remember."

"How heartily Turovtsuin laughs!" said Levin, looking at his moist eyes and his sides shaking with laughter.

"Have you known him long?" asked Kitty.

"Who does n't know him?"

"And I see that you think that he is a bad man."

"Not bad; but he does n't amount to much."

"That is unjust. I beg you not to think so any more," said Kitty. "I, too, once had a very poor opinion of him; but he is a sweet-tempered and wonderfully good man. His heart is gold."

"How can you know what kind of a heart he has?"

"We are great friends. I know him very well. Last winter, a short time after — after you were at our house," said she, rather guiltily, but with a confiding smile, "Dolly's children had the scarlatina, and one day Turovtsuin happened to call on my sister. Would you believe it?" she said, lowering her voice: "he was so sorry for her that he stayed to take care of the little invalids. For three weeks he played nurse to the children. .... I am telling Konstantin Dmitritch of Turovtsuin's kindness at the time of the scarlatina," said she, turning to her sister.

"Yes, it was remarkable; it was lovely!" replied Dolly, looking with a grateful smile at Turovtsuin, who was conscious that they were talking about him. Levin also looked at him, and was surprised that he had never understood him till then.

"I plead guilty, and I will never again think ill of people," said he, gayly, speaking honestly, exactly as he thought at the time.

## CHAPTER XII

The discussion about the emancipation of women led to talk about the inequality of rights in marriage, and this was a ticklish subject to speak about in the presence of the ladies. Pestsof during the dinner several times touched on this question, but Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Stepan Arkadyevitch warily diverted him from it. But as soon as dinner was over and the ladies had retired, Pestsof addressed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and attempted to explain the chief cause of this inequality. The inequality of rights between husband and wife in marriage depended, in his opinion, on the fact that the infidelity of a wife and that of a husband was unequally punished, both by law and by public opinion.

Stepan Arkadyevitch hastened over to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and offered him a cigar.

"No, I do not smoke," replied Karenin, calmly; and as if to prove that he was not afraid of this conversation, he turned toward Pestsof with his icy smile: —

"I imagine that such a view is based on the very nature of things," said he, and he started to go to the drawing-room; but here Turovtsuin suddenly spoke up, addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"Have you heard the story about Priatchnikof?" he asked. He was animated by the champagne, and had been impatiently waiting for a chance to break a silence which weighed heavily on him. "Vasia Priatchnikof?" he repeated, with a good-natured smile on his thick lips, red and moist, and he addressed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, as the most important guest. "I was told this morning that he fought a duel at Tver, with Kvitsky, and killed him."

As it always seems as if a sore spot were peculiarly liable to be hit, so now Stepan Arkadyevitch thought the conversation was fated every moment to touch Alekseï Aleksandrovitch on the sore spot. He was on the point of going to his brother-in-law's assistance; but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch asked, with curiosity: —

"Why did Priatchnikof fight a duel?"

"On account of his wife; he behaved bravely about it, — he challenged the other man, and killed him."

"Ah!" said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with unconcern; and, raising his eyebrows, he went to the drawing-room.

Dolly met him in a little parlor leading into the drawing-room, and said, smiling timidly: —

"How glad I am that you came! I want to talk with you. Let us sit down here."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, preserving the air of indifference caused by his elevated eyebrows, sat down near her, pretending to smile.

"All the more willingly," said he, "as I wish to ask you to excuse me for leaving you as soon as possible. I have to go away to-morrow morning."

Darya Aleksandrovna was firmly convinced of Anna's innocence, and she was conscious of growing pale and trembling with anger before this heartless, unfeeling man, who coolly proposed to ruin her innocent friend.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," she said with desperate firmness, looking him full in the face, "I asked you about Anna, and you did not reply; how is she?"

"I think that she is well, Darya Aleksandrovna," replied Karenin, without looking at her.

"Pardon me, if I have no right to insist on it .... but I love Anna like a sister; tell me, I beseech you, what has happened between you and her, and what do you accuse her of."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch frowned, and bent his head, almost closing his eyes: —

"Your husband must have told you, I think, the reasons which oblige me to break my relations with Anna Arkadyevna," said he, avoiding her eyes but casting a glance of annoyance at Shcherbatsky, who was passing through the room.

"I do not believe it, I do not believe it! and I cannot believe it!" murmured Dolly, pressing her thin hands together energetically. She rose quickly, and, touching

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch's arm, said, "We shall be disturbed here; let us go in there, please."

Dolly's emotion communicated itself to Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch; he arose, and submissively followed her into the children's schoolroom. They seated themselves at a table covered with an oil-cloth, hacked with penknives.

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it!" repeated Dolly, trying to catch his eye, which avoided hers.

"One cannot deny *facts*, Darya Aleksandrovna," said he, dwelling on the word *facts*.

"But what has she done?" insisted Darya Aleksandrovna, "precisely what has she done?"

"She has failed to do her duty, and been false to her husband. That is what she has done," said he.

"No, no! it is impossible! no, thank the Lord, you are mistaken!" cried Dolly, putting her hands to her temples, and closing her eyes.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch smiled coldly with his lips only; he wished to prove to Dolly, and to prove to himself, the firmness of his conviction. But this heated defense of his wife, though it did not shake him, irritated his wound. He spoke with more animation:—

"It is difficult to make a mistake when a woman herself declares to her husband that eight years of married life and a son count for nothing, and that she wishes to begin life over again," he replied angrily, dilating his nostrils.

"Anna and vice! I cannot associate the two ideas; I cannot believe it."

"Darya Aleksandrovna!"—said he, angrily, now looking straight at Dolly's distressed face, and feeling his tongue involuntarily unloosed,—"I would give a great deal to be able still to have any doubts! When I was in doubt about it, it was hard for me, but easier than it is now. When I doubted, there was still hope. Now there is no hope, and I have doubted everything. I am so full of doubt that I detest my son, and sometimes I do not believe that he is my son. I am very unhappy!"

He had no need to say that. Darya Aleksandrovna understood it as soon as she looked into his face. She pitied him, and her faith in her friend's innocence was shaken.

"Oh! it is terrible, terrible! but is it true that you are really decided about the divorce?"

"I have decided to take this last measure. There was nothing else for me to do."

"Don't do it! Don't do it!" cried Dolly, with tears in her eyes. "No, don't do it!"

"The most dreadful thing about a misfortune of this kind is that one cannot bear his cross as in any other, — a loss or a death, — and here one must do something," said he, apparently divining Dolly's thought. "One must escape from the humiliating position in which one is placed; *on ne peut vivre à trois!*"

"I understand, I understand perfectly," replied Dolly, bowing her head. She was silent, thinking of herself, of her own domestic troubles; but suddenly with an energetic movement she raised her head, and with a supplicating gesture she folded her hands.

"But wait," she said; "you are a Christian, think of her! What will become of her if you abandon her?"

"I have thought of it, Darya Aleksandrovna. I have thought a great deal about it," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. His face was covered with red blotches and his troubled eyes looked straight at her. Darya Aleksandrovna pitied him now from the bottom of her heart. "I did this very thing after she herself had told me of her disgrace. I put everything on the old footing. I gave her the chance of reformation. I tried to save her. What did she do then? She paid no attention to the easiest of demands, — observance of propriety!" he added, choking. "One can save a man who does not want to perish; but if his whole nature is so corrupt, so rotten, that ruin itself seems salvation, what can be done?"

"Everything, except divorce," replied Darya Aleksandrovna.

"What do you mean by everything?"

"No, that is horrible! She will no longer be any one's wife. She will be lost!"

"What can I do?" replied Karenin, raising his shoulders and his eyebrows; and the memory of his wife's last offense so angered him that he became as cool as at the beginning of the conversation. "I am very grateful to you for your sympathy, but I must go," he added, rising.

"No, wait a moment! you must not give her up: listen to me; I speak from experience. I, too, was married, and my husband deceived me: in my jealousy and indignation, I wished to abandon everything; but I considered the matter, and who saved me? Anna! Now I am living again. Now my children are growing up, my husband has returned to his family, regrets his wrong-doing, is growing better, nobler. I live, I have forgiven him; and you ought to forgive her!"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch listened; but Dolly's words had no effect on him. Again in his soul arose the anger of that day when he decided on a divorce. He shook himself and spoke in a loud, penetrating voice:—

"I cannot, nor do I wish to forgive her. It would be unjust. I have done what was next to impossible for this woman, and she has trampled everything into the mire, which seems to be her element. I am not a bad man, and I have never hated anybody before; but her I hate with all the strength of my soul, and I cannot forgive her, for I hate her too much for all the wrong she has done me!" and tears of anger trembled in his voice.

"Love them that hate you," murmured Dolly, almost ashamed.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch smiled scornfully. He was familiar with these words, but they did not apply to his case.

"We can love those who hate us, but to love those whom we hate is impossible. I beg your pardon for having troubled you: sufficient unto every man is his own burden." And having recovered his self-possession, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch calmly took leave of Dolly, and went away.

## CHAPTER XIII

When the company arose from dinner Levin wanted to follow Kitty into the drawing-room, but he was afraid, not that it would be disagreeable to her, but that it would be too obvious a wooing of her. So he remained with the men, and took part in the general conversation. And without looking at Kitty, he was conscious of her motions, of her glances, and of the place where she was in the drawing-room. Without the least effort he immediately began to fulfil the promise that he had made her to love all men, and to think nothing but good of them.

The conversation turned on the commune in Russia, which Pestsof considered as the beginning of what he called a new order of things. Levin agreed as little with him as he did with Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, who it seemed to him recognized, and at the same time denied, the value of this institution; but he talked with them, trying only to reconcile them and tone down their excitability. He was not in the least interested in what he himself said and was still less interested in what they said, but his one desire was, to see all of them happy and contented. He now realized what one thing was important. And that one was at first yonder in the drawing-room and afterward moved about and was now near the door. Without turning around he was conscious of a look and a smile fixed on him, and he could not help looking. She was standing there with Shcherbatsky, and looking at him.

"I thought you were going to the piano," said he, approaching her. "Music is what I have to do without in the country."

"No, we merely came to find you; and I thank you for coming to us," she replied, recompensing him with a smile. "What pleasure can there be in discussing? Really, no one ever convinced another."

"Yes; that is true!" said Levin. "It generally happens that you get excited in a discussion simply from

the fact that you can never tell exactly what your opponent is trying to show."

Levin had many times noticed that in discussions among clever people, after an immense output of energy, an immense array of logical terms and subtleties, the disputants came at last to an acknowledgment that what they had been so interminably striving to prove to each other, was a matter of common knowledge from the very beginning, but that they liked something different and therefore were not willing to acknowledge what they liked, so as not to be controverted. He had often met with the experience that in the midst of a dispute you find what your opponent likes, and suddenly you find that you yourself like the same thing, and you immediately agree, and then all your arguments fall to the ground as useless. But sometimes he had had the opposite experience: you at last say what you like and evolve your arguments and if perchance you speak well and sincerely, suddenly your opponent assents and ceases to uphold the other side. This is exactly what he meant.

She wrinkled her brows, trying to comprehend. But as soon as he began to explain, her mind grasped his meaning. "I understand: one must make sure why he is disputing, what he likes .... if possible .... "

She had fully grasped and expressed his badly phrased idea.

Levin smiled with rapture; so striking was the transition from the complicated prolix discussion between Pestsof and his brother to this clear, laconic, almost wordless communication of the most abstruse thoughts!

Shcherbatsky stepped away; and Kitty, going to a card-table, sat down, and taking a piece of chalk in her hand began to draw circles on the green cloth.

They took up the topic which was under discussion at dinner: as to the emancipation and occupation of women. Levin was inclined to agree with Darya Aleksandrovna, that a girl who was not going to marry would find feminine occupations in some family. He urged that not a single family can get along without some female help;

that every family, however poor or rich, has and must have some one to look after the children.

"No," said Kitty, blushing but looking at him frankly with her honest eyes; "a girl may be so situated that she cannot without humiliation go into a family, but she herself...."

He understood what she hinted at.

"Oh, yes," he said; "yes, yes, yes, you are right."

And he realized all that Pestsof was trying to prove at dinner about the freedom of women merely by the fact that he saw in Kitty's heart a maiden's dread of humiliation, and, loving her, he experienced this dread and this humiliation, and immediately renounced his former arguments.

A silence ensued. She went on making designs with the chalk on the table. Her eyes shone with a gentle gleam. Submitting to her mood, he felt in his being all the increasing tension of happiness.

"Akh! I have covered the table with my scrawls," said she, laying down the chalk, with a movement as if she were going to rise.

"How can I stay alone without her?" thought Levin, terrified, and picking up the chalk.

"Wait," said he, sitting down at the table. "I have wanted for a long time to ask you something."

He looked straight into her affectionate but nevertheless startled eyes.

"Please, what is it?"

"This is it," said he, taking the chalk, and writing the letters *w, y, s, i, i, i, w, i, i, t, o, a?* These letters were the initials of the words, "When you said, 'It is impossible,' was it impossible *then*, or *always?*"

It was not at all likely that Kitty would be able to make out this complicated question. Levin looked at her, nevertheless, as if his life depended on whether she could guess these words or not.

She looked at him gravely, then rested her forehead on her hand and tried to decipher it. Occasionally she would look up at him, asking him with her eyes: "Is what I think right?"

"I know what it is," said she, blushing.

"What is this word?" he asked, pointing to the *i* of the word *impossible.*

"That letter stands for *impossible.* The word is not right," she replied.

He quickly rubbed out what he had written, gave the chalk to her, and stood up.

She wrote: *t, I, c, n, a, d.*

Dolly, seeing her sister with the chalk in her hand, a timid and happy smile on her lips, raising her eyes to Levin, who was leaning over the table, beaming now at her, now at the cloth, felt consoled for the grief caused by her conversation with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. His face suddenly grew radiant; he had understood the reply: "*Then I could not answer differently.*"

He looked at Kitty timidly and inquiringly.

"Only *then?*"

"Yes," replied the young girl's smile.

"*B, n* — but now?" he asked.

"Read this. I will tell you what I wish, what I wish very much;" and she quickly traced the initials, *t, y, m, f, a, f, w, t, p.*

This meant: "*That you might forgive and forget what took place.*"

He seized the chalk in turn, with his excited, trembling fingers, and crushing it wrote down the initials of these words: "*I have nothing to forgive and forget. I have never ceased to love you.*"

Kitty looked at him, and her smile died away.

"I understand," she murmured.

He sat down and wrote a long phrase. She comprehended it and without even asking is it thus and so, took the chalk and instantly replied.

It was some time before he made out what she wrote and had to keep looking into her eyes. His wits were dulled by his happiness. He could not supply the words which she intended; but in her lovely eyes, radiant with joy, he understood all that he needed to know. And he wrote three letters. But he had not finished

writing them ere she read them under his hand and herself finished the sentence and answered it!

"Yes."

"You are playing *secrétaire*, are you," said the old prince, coming up to them. "Well, if you are going to the theater it is time to start."

Levin rose and accompanied Kitty to the door.

This conversation decided everything; Kitty had acknowledged her love for him, and had given him permission to come the next morning to speak to her parents.

## CHAPTER XIV

After Kitty had gone and Levin was left alone, he felt such a restlessness and such an unendurable longing for the morning to come when he might see her again and settle his destiny forever, that he dreaded, as he dreaded death, the fourteen hours which he should have to endure without her. He felt it absolutely necessary to be with and to talk with some one so as not to remain alone, so as to cheat the time. Stepan Arkadyevitch, whom he would have liked to keep with him, was going, so he said, to a reception, but in reality to the ballet. Levin could only tell him that he was happy, and should never, never forget what he owed to him. Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes and smile showed Levin that he suitably appreciated his feelings.

"What! Then you have nothing more to say about dying?" said Oblonsky, pressing his friend's hand affectionately.

"N-n-n-no," replied the latter.

Darya Aleksandrovna, too, almost congratulated him when she bade him good night. She said, "How glad I am that you have made up with Kitty; we ought to prize old friends!" and her words displeased Levin. She could not comprehend how lofty and inaccessible to her all this was for him, and she should not have dared to refer to it. Levin took his departure, but, to avoid being alone, he joined his brother.

"Where are you going?"

"To a meeting."

"Well! I 'll go with you. May I?"

"Why not?" said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, smiling. "What has happened to you to-day?"

"What has happened? Good fortune," said Levin, letting down the carriage-window. "Have you any objection? I am suffocating. Good fortune has happened to me! Why have you never been married?"

Sergyeï Ivanovitch smiled.

"I am delighted; she seems like a splendid gi...." he began.

"No, don't say anything about it, don't say anything about it!" cried Levin, clutching the collar of his shuba with both hands, and covering his face with the fur. A splendid *girl;* what commonplace words! and how feebly they corresponded to his feelings!

Sergyeï Ivanovitch laughed a gay laugh; this was a rare occurrence with him.

"I should think I might say that I am very glad of this!"

"To-morrow, to-morrow you may speak; but not another word now, not another word, not another word! Be silent," said Levin, and pulling his shuba still higher round his face, he added: "I love you very much. But tell me, may I go to your meeting?"

"Of course you may."

"What is your subject for discussion to-night?" asked Levin, still smiling.

They reached their destination. Levin heard the secretary stammer through the report, which evidently he did not understand; but he could see, from this secretary's face, that he was a good, amiable, sympathetic fellow; it was evident from the way that he hesitated and became confused while reading.

Then came the debates. They discussed about the disposal of certain sums of money, and the laying of certain sewer-pipes. Sergyeï Ivanovitch attacked two members of the commission, and made a long, triumphant speech against them; after which another mem-

ber, reading from a paper, after some timid hesitation, replied briefly in a charming though bitter fashion; and then Sviazhsky, — he too was there, — in his turn, expressed his opinions nobly and eloquently.

Levin listened and clearly saw that neither the money to be expended nor the sewer-pipes were of serious importance; and that they were not really quarreling but were all such pleasant, congenial people, and consequently all was serene among them. They interfered with no one and all seemed happy. Levin noticed with surprise that they all seemed to him to-day transparent, that — from some trifling incidents which once would have entirely escaped his notice — he could read their souls, and see how good they all were. Especially did they seem to like him, Levin. This was shown by the way they talked with him, and even those who did not know him looked at him pleasantly and in a friendly manner.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"Very much; I never should have believed that it would be so interesting. It is splendid."

Sviazhsky approached Levin and invited him to come and take a cup of tea at his house. Levin could not for the life of him comprehend or remember why he had been prejudiced against Sviazhsky, or what he had seemed to him to lack. He was a clever and wonderfully good fellow.

"I should be delighted," replied Levin, and he immediately inquired after Madame Sviazhsky and her sister. By a strange association of ideas, as Sviazhsky's sister-in-law suggested marriage, he concluded that nobody would be more interested than she and her sister to hear of his happiness. So he was very much pleased with the idea of going to see them.

Sviazhsky questioned him about his affairs, always refusing to admit that anything could be discovered which had not already been discovered in Europe; but now his theory did not arouse Levin's opposition. On the contrary, he felt that Sviazhsky was right, and Levin admired the gentleness and delicacy with which he avoided the expression of his arguments.

The ladies were especially charming. It seemed to Levin that they knew all, and that they shared his joy, but that they avoided speaking of it from discretion. He remained for three hours, talking on various subjects, and continually alluding to what filled his soul, without noticing that he was mortally tiring his friends, and that they were falling asleep.

At last, Sviazhsky, yawning, accompanied him to the vestibule, very much surprised at the strange state of mind in which his friend seemed to be. It was two o'clock! Levin reached his hotel and was aghast at the thought of passing the next ten hours alone, a prey to his impatience. The watchman who was on duty in the corridor lighted his candles, and was about to withdraw when Levin stopped him. This fellow, who was called Yegor and whom Levin had never before noticed, seemed like a good, intelligent man, and, above all, kind-hearted.

"Tell me, Yegor, don't you find it hard to go without your sleep?"

"What can I do about it? It is our calling. We have an easier time in gentlemen's houses, but here we get larger wages."

It seemed that Yegor was the father of a family of four children, — three boys, and a girl trained as a seamstress, whom he hoped to marry to a harness-maker's clerk.

Levin seized this opportunity to communicate his ideas about love in marriage to Yegor, remarking that people are always happy where there is love, because their happiness is in themselves.

Yegor listened attentively, and evidently understood Levin's meaning; but he confirmed it by an unexpected reflection, — that when he, Yegor, had served good masters, he had always been satisfied with them, and that he was contented with his master now, although he was a Frenchman.

"What a wonderfully good fellow!" thought Levin. "Well, and did you love your wife, Yegor, when you married her?"

"Why should n't I have loved her?" replied Yegor.

And Levin noticed Yegor also grew very enthusiastic and was eager to confide to him his inmost thoughts.

"My life, too, has been extraordinary," he began, his eyes shining, overcome by Levin's enthusiasm as one catches a yawning fit. "From my childhood...."

But the bell rang; Yegor departed, and Levin was left alone.

He had eaten scarcely anything at dinner. He had refused to take any tea or supper at Sviazhsky's, yet even now he could not think of eating. He had not slept the preceding night, yet he did not think of sleeping now. His room was cold, but it seemed so stifling that he could not breathe. He opened both casements, and sat down on a table in front of one. Above the roofs covered with snow rose the carved cross of a church, and higher still were the triangular constellation of the Charioteer and the bright yellow Capella. He breathed in the cold air which filled his room, and looked now at the cross, now at the stars, rising as in a dream among the figures and memories called up by his imagination.

Toward four o'clock in the morning he heard footsteps in the corridor; he opened his door, and saw a gambler named Miaskin, whom he knew, returning from his club. He walked along, coughing, gloomy, and scowling.

"Poor, unfortunate fellow!" thought Levin, and his eyes filled with tears of pity and love for that man. He wanted to stop him, to speak to him, and console him; but, remembering that he was undressed, he thought better of it, went back, and sat down to bathe himself in the icy air, and to look at the silent, foreign-looking cross, so full of meaning to him, and at the brilliant, yellow star poised above it.

Toward seven o'clock the men polishing the floors began to make a noise, the bells rang for early morning service, and Levin began to feel that he was taking cold. He closed the window, made his toilet, and went out.

## CHAPTER XV

The streets were still deserted. Levin walked to the Shcherbatskys' house. The principal entrance was still closed, and every one was asleep.

He returned to the hotel, went to his room, and asked for coffee. The day watchman, and not Yegor, brought it to him. Levin wished to enter into conversation with him; but some one rang for him, and he went out.

Then Levin tried to take his coffee, and put a piece of kalatch into his mouth, but his mouth did not know what to do with the bread! He eschewed it and put on his overcoat, and went out to walk again. It was just ten o'clock when he reached the Shcherbatskys' steps for the second time. They were beginning to get up; the cook was going to market. He would have to wait at least two hours longer.

Levin had passed the whole night and the morning completely oblivious of the material conditions of existence: he had neither eaten nor slept; had been exposed, with almost no clothing, to the cold for several hours; and he not only was fresh and hearty, but he was unconscious of his body; he moved without using his muscles, and felt capable of doing anything. He was persuaded that he could fly through the air or jump over the top of a house if it were necessary. He roamed about the streets to pass away the time, consulting his watch every moment or two, and looking about him.

What he saw that day he never saw again. He was particularly struck by the children on their way to school; the dark blue pigeons flying from the roof to the sidewalk; the *saïkas* or little cakes powdered with flour that an invisible hand was arranging in a window. These cakes, these pigeons, and two little lads were celestial objects. All this happened at once: one of the little lads ran toward a pigeon, and looked at Levin, smiling; the pigeon flapped its wings, and flew off glittering in the sunlight through a cloud of fine snow; and the smell of hot bread came through the

window where the saŭkas were displayed. All these things, taken as a whole, produced so lively an impression on Levin that he laughed aloud until the tears came. After going around by the Gazetnaya and Kislovka streets, he went back to the hotel, sat down, placed his watch before him, and waited till the hands pointed to the hour of noon.

In the next room some one was talking about machines and hoaxes, and some one coughed a morning cough. The person did not know that the hour hand was approaching twelve.

The hour pointed to twelve. Levin went to the steps of the hotel. The izvoshchiks evidently knew all about it. With happy faces they surrounded him, with eager emulation offering their services; striving not to offend the others and promising to take them some other time, he made his choice and ordered the man to drive to the Shcherbatskys'. The izvoshchik was charming, with his white shirt-collar above his kaftan surrounding his strong, red neck. He had a comfortable sleigh, more comfortable than ordinary sleighs, — such a sleigh as Levin had never seen before, and the horse was good, and did his best to run, but did not stir from the spot! The izvoshchik knew the Shcherbatsky house; he stopped before the door flourishing his arms, and turned respectfully toward Levin, saying "tprru" to his horse.

The Shcherbatskys' Swiss knew all about it, surely; that was plain from the look in his eyes and the way he said: —

"Well! it is a long time since you have been here, Konstantin Dmitritch."

Not only did he know what had happened, but he was full of delight, and tried to conceal his joy. Levin felt a shade happier when he caught the old man's good-natured eyes.

"Are they up?"

"Please come in. Leave that here," added the Swiss as Levin was turning back to get his cap. That surely had some significance.

"To whom shall I announce you, sir?" asked a lackey.

This lackey, though young, new in the house, and with some pretension to elegance, was very obliging, very attentive, and he, too, seemed to understand the situation.

"To the princess.... I mean the prince.... no, the young princess,"[1] replied Levin.

The first person whom he met was Mademoiselle Linon. She was passing through the "hall," radiant in her little curls and her shining face. He had hardly spoken to her when the rustling of a dress was heard at the door. Mademoiselle Linon disappeared from before his eyes, and a joyous trepidation at the thought of the happiness so near took possession of him. Mademoiselle Linon hastened away and vanished through another door. She had hardly gone when swift light steps were heard pattering on the inlaid floor, and his happiness, his life, the better part of himself, that which he had yearned for so long, drew near. She did not walk; some invisible power seemed to bring her toward him.

He saw only her bright, truthful eyes, filled with the same timid joy of love that filled his own heart. These eyes, shining nearer and nearer to him, almost blinded him with their light of love.

She stood before him, almost touching him; then she placed her two hands gently on his shoulders.

She did all that she could: she went to him; she gave herself to him, trembling and happy. He folded her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers, expectant of his kiss.

She, too, had not slept at all that night, and she had been waiting for him all the morning.

Her parents were perfectly agreed, and happy in her happiness. She had been on the watch for his coming.

[1] *Knyaginya*, *knyaz'*, *knyazhna*. *Knyaginya* is the Russian title of a married princess; it also means in popular usage a bride, as *knyaz'* means prince and bridegroom; *knyazhna* is applied to an unmarried princess.

She wanted to be the first to tell him of their happiness. She was prepared to meet him alone, and she was full of joy at the thought, and yet she was shy and confused, and hardly knew what she was going to do. She had heard his steps and voice, and hid herself behind the door to wait till Mademoiselle Linon had gone. Mademoiselle Linon went. Then without any delay, without questioning further, she came to him and did as she did.

"Now, let us find mamma," said she, taking his hand.

For a long time he could not utter a word, not so much because he was afraid of lessening the intensity of his joy by words, but because every time he tried to say anything he felt that instead of words, tears of joy burst forth; his tears choked him. He took her hand, and kissed it.

"Is it really true?" he said at last in a husky voice. "I cannot believe that you love me."

She smiled at the way he used the second person singular, and at the timidity with which he looked at her.

"Yes," she replied, slowly lingering on this word. "I am so happy!"

Without letting go his hand, she went with him into the drawing-room. As soon as the princess saw them, she began to breathe fast and then she burst into tears, and then she laughed, and with an energetic movement which Levin was not prepared for she ran to him, seized his head, and kissed him, bedewing his face with her tears.

"So all is settled? I am delighted. Love her. I am so glad .... for you .... Kitty!"

"It did n't take you long to arrange matters," said the old prince, trying to appear calm; but Levin saw his eyes were full with tears, as he looked at him.

"It is something I have long been anxious for," said the prince, taking Levin's hand and drawing him toward him. "And even when this little giddy-pate thought .... "

"Papa!" cried Kitty, putting her hand over his mouth.

"Well, I won't say anything," said he. "I am very .... very .... hap .... Akh! how stupid I am!"

And he took Kitty in his arms, kissed her face, her hands, and then her face again, blessing her with the sign of the cross.

And Levin was filled by a new feeling of affection for the old prince when he saw how tenderly and fervently Kitty kissed his great, strong hand.

## CHAPTER XVI

The princess was sitting in her easy-chair, silent and beaming; the prince was sitting beside her; Kitty was standing near her father, holding his hand. All of them were silent.

The princess was the first to bring their thoughts and feelings back to the affairs of real life; and the transition gave each of them, for a moment, a strange and painful impression.

"When shall the wedding be? We must announce the marriage, and have them betrothed. But when shall the wedding be? What do you think about it, Aleksandr?"

"There is the person most interested," said the prince, pointing to Levin.

"When?" replied the latter, reddening. "To-morrow! If you wish my opinion; to-day, the betrothal; to-morrow, the wedding."

"There, there, that 'll do, *mon cher;* no nonsense!"

"Well, in a week, then."

"One would really suppose that you had lost your senses."

"But why not?"

"Mercy on us!" said the mother, smiling gayly at his impatience. "And the *trousseau?*"

"Is it possible that a *trousseau* and all the rest are indispensable?" thought Levin, with alarm. "However, neither the *trousseau*, nor the betrothal, nor anything else, can spoil my happiness! Nothing can do that!"

He looked at Kitty, and noticed that the idea of the *trousseau* did not offend her at all. "It must be very necessary," he said to himself. "I admit that I know nothing about it. I have merely expressed my desire," said he, excusing himself.

"We will consider the matter; now we will have the betrothal, and announce the marriage. That is what we will do."

The princess stepped up to her husband, kissed him, and was about to move away again; but he held her, and kissed her again and again, like a young lover. The two old people seemed agitated, and ready to believe that it was not their daughter who was to be married, but themselves.

When the prince and princess had gone out, Levin approached his *fiancée*, and took her hand; he had regained his self-possession, and could speak; he had many other things on his mind to tell her, but he did not say at all what he intended to say.

"I knew that it would be like this; at the bottom of my heart I was sure of it, without ever daring to hope. I believe that it was predestined."

"And I," replied Kitty, "even when," — she hesitated, then continued, looking at him resolutely out of her sincere eyes, — "even when I rejected my happiness. I never loved anybody but you; I was led away. I ought to tell you .... I must ask you, can you forget it?"

"Perhaps it was best that it should be so. You, too, will have to pardon me, for I must confess to you." ....

This was one of the things he had on his mind to tell her. He had decided to confess everything to her, from his earliest life, — first, that he was not so pure as she, and then that he was not a believer. This was cruel, but he thought it his duty to make these confessions to her.

"No, not now; later," said he.

"Very well, later, but be sure to tell me. I am not afraid of anything. I want to know all, everything, now it is decided!"

"Is it decided," he interrupted, "that you take me just as I am? you do not take back your word!"

"No, oh, no!"

Their conversation was interrupted by Mademoiselle Linon, who, trying to look properly serious, came to congratulate her favorite pupil. She had not left the drawing-room before the servants came to offer their congratulations. Next came the relatives and friends; and this was the beginning of that absurdly happy period, from which Levin did not emerge till the day after his marriage.

Although he felt constrained and ill at ease all the time, yet the force of his happiness kept increasing. He felt all the time that much which he knew nothing about would be required of him, and he did everything that he was told to do, and all this served to increase his joy. He imagined that his engagement would not be in the least like others; that the ordinary conditions of an engagement would destroy his especial happiness. But it came about that he did exactly as everybody else did in such cases, and his happiness for this very reason kept increasing and grew more and more peculiar and did not change, and was in no respect like that of other men.

"Now," said Mademoiselle Linon, "we shall have all the candy we wish for;" and Levin ran to buy candy.

"Well, very glad!" said Sviazhsky. "I advise you to get your bouquets at Fomin's."

"Do you?" said Levin; and he went to Fomin's.

His brother told him he would have to borrow money, because there would be many expenses for presents and other things.

"For presents? Really?" and he started off on the run to buy jewelry at Fulda's.

At the confectioner's, at Fomin's, at Fulda's, he found that every one expected him, and every one seemed glad and rejoiced in his happiness, as did every one with whom he had to do those days. It was an extraordinary thing that not only did they all love him, but, strange as it may seem, even those who before had

seemed cold, unsympathetic, and indifferent approved of him in every way, treated his feelings with delicacy and gentleness, and shared his convictions that he was the happiest man in the world, because his "bride" was the pink of perfection.

Kitty also had the same feeling.

When the Countess Nordstone alluded to the more brilliant hopes that she had conceived for her friend, Kitty became angry, and declared so vehemently that no one in the world could be better than Levin, that the countess had to confess it, and when Kitty was present she never met Levin without smiling enthusiastically.

The confession which he had promised was a very trying incident of this period. He consulted the old prince, and, acting on his advice, Levin gave Kitty his journal in which were written out all the matters that troubled him. He had written this diary purposely to show to the one whom he should marry. Two things tormented him: his sins against virtue and his unbelief.

The confession of his unbelief passed almost unnoticed. She was religious and had never doubted the truths of her religion, but her lover's superficial skepticism did not trouble her very much. She knew through love his whole soul and in his soul she found all that she wanted. It was of little importance to her that he termed the state of his soul incredulity. But the second acknowledgment caused her to shed bitter tears.

Levin had a great struggle with himself before he decided to let her read his diary. He knew that between him and her there could be and should be no secrets, and therefore he resolved that he must do it; but he did not realize what an effect it would have on a young girl.

Only when, as he entered Kitty's room one evening before going to the theater, and saw her lovely face bathed in tears and unhappy with the irreparable woe that he had caused, did he perceive the abyss that separated his shameful past from her dovelike purity, and he was horror-stricken at what he had done.

"Take back these terrible papers, take them back!" she said, pushing away the sheets lying on the table. "Why did you give them to me? However, perhaps it was for the best," she added, seized with pity at the sight of Levin's despairing face. "But it is terrible, terrible!"

He hung his head, and had nothing to say.

"You will not forgive me!" he murmured.

"Yes, I have forgiven you; but it is terrible!"

However, his happiness was so immense that this confession did not diminish it, but only served to add a shade more to it. She forgave him. From that time he counted himself still more unworthy of her; morally, he bowed down still lower before her and treasured the happiness that he had gained still higher. He understood the worth of it still better after this pardon.

## CHAPTER XVII

When he returned to his lonely room, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch involuntarily recalled, little by little, the conversations that had taken place at the dinner and in the evening. Darya Aleksandrovna's words about pardon merely aroused his vexation. Whether he should apply the Christian rule to his case or not, was a question too difficult to be lightly decided; besides, he had already considered this question, and decided it in the negative. Of all that had been said that day, the remark of that good stupid Turovtsuin had made the liveliest impression on his mind: —

*He did bravely, for he challenged the other man and killed him.*

Evidently all approved this conduct; although out of politeness they had not said so openly.

"However, this matter is ended; it is useless to think about it," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch to himself; and giving no more thought to anything except the preparations for his departure and his tour of inspection, he went to his room and asked of the Swiss who showed

him the way if he had seen his valet. The Swiss said his valet had only just gone out. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch ordered tea to be brought, and sitting down at the table opened a railway guide and began to study the departure of trains for his journey.

"Two telegrams," said his valet, returning and coming into the room. "Will your Excellency please excuse me, I have only just stepped out?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch took the telegrams and opened them; the first announced the nomination of Stremof to the place for which he had been ambitious.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch threw down the despatch, and with a flushed face began to walk back and forth through the room.

"*Quos vult perdere dementat*," said he, applying *quos* to all those who had taken part in this nomination. He was not disturbed by the fact that he himself had not been nominated, that he had evidently been outwitted; but it was incomprehensible to him — amazing — that they could not see that Stremof, that babbler, that speechifier, was the least fitted of all men for the place. Could they not understand that they were ruining themselves, that they were destroying their prestige, by such a choice?

"Some more news of the same sort," he thought with bitterness as he opened the second telegram. It was from his wife; her name, "Anna," in blue pencil, was the first thing that struck his eyes.

I am dying. I beg you to come; I shall die easier if I have your forgiveness.

He read these words with scorn, and threw the paper on the floor.

That there was some piece of trickery, some deception, in this, admitted of no doubt in his mind at first thought.

"There is no deceitfulness of which she is not capable. She must be on the eve of her confinement, and it is her sickness. But what can be her object? To legalize the child? to compromise me? to prevent the divorce? But what does it mean, 'I am dying'?"

He re-read the telegram, and suddenly realized its full meaning.

"If it is true, — if the suffering, the approach of death, have caused her to repent sincerely, and if I should call this pretense, and refuse to go to her, that would not only be cruel, but foolish, and all would blame me."

"Piotr, order a carriage; I am going to Petersburg!" said he to the valet.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch decided to go to Petersburg and to see his wife. If her illness was a pretense, he would say nothing and go away again; on the other hand, if she were really ill unto death, and wanted to see him before she died, he would forgive her; and, if he reached her too late, he could at least pay his last respects to her.

During the journey he gave no more thought of what he should do.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, tired and dusty with his night in the coach, reached Petersburg in the mist of the early morning. He rode along the still deserted Nevsky Prospekt, looking straight before him, without thinking of what was awaiting him at home. He could not think about it, because as soon as he tried to imagine what might be, he could not drive away the suggestion that his wife's death would put a sudden end to all difficulties of his situation.

The bakers, the closed shops, the night izvoshchiks, the dvorniks sweeping the sidewalks, — all passed like a flash before his eyes; he noticed everything, in his endeavors to stifle the thought of what was before him — of what he dared not hope for and yet hoped for.

He reached his house; an izvoshchik and a carriage with a coachman asleep were standing before the door.

As he entered the vestibule Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, as it were, snatched at a decision from the most hidden recess of his brain, and succeeded in mastering it. It was to this effect: "If she has deceived me, I will be calm and go away again; but if she has told the truth, I will do what is proper."

The Swiss opened the door even before Alekseï Alek-

sandrovitch rang the bell; the Swiss Petrof, known as Kapitonuitch, presented a strange appearance, dressed in an old coat and slippers without any cravat.

"How is the baruinya?"

"In the night there was a change for the better."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch stopped short and turned very pale; he now realized how deeply he had hoped for her death.

"And how is she?"

Karneï, the servant in morning dress, came quickly down the stairs.

"Very low," he said. "There was a consultation yesterday, and the doctor is here now."

"Take my things," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, a little comforted to learn that there was still hope of death; and he went into the reception-room.

A uniform overcoat hung in the hall. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch noticed it, and asked: —

"Who is here?"

"The doctor, the nurse, and Count Vronsky."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went through the inner rooms. There was no one in the drawing-room; but the sound of his steps brought the nurse, in a cap with lilac ribbons, out of the boudoir.

She came to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and, taking him by the hand, with the familiarity that the approach of death permits, led him into the sleeping-room.

"Thank the Lord that you have come! She talks of nothing but you; always of you," she said.

"Bring some ice quick!" said the imperative voice of the doctor from the chamber.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went into her boudoir. On a little low chair by her table, sat Vronsky weeping, his face covered with his hands. He started at the sound of the doctor's voice, uncovered his face, and saw Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. The sight of the husband disturbed him so much that he sat back in his chair, crouching his head down between his shoulders as if he wanted to disappear out of sight; then, making a great effort, he rose and said: —

"She is dying; the doctors say that there is no hope. I am in your power. Only allow me to remain here. .... I will conform to your wishes in every other respect. I...."

When he saw Vronsky in tears, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch felt the involuntary tenderness that the sufferings of others always caused him; he turned away his head without replying, and went to the door.

Anna's voice could be heard from the sleeping-room, lively, gay, and with clear intonations.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch went in and approached her bed. She was lying with her face turned toward him. Her cheeks were bright red, her eyes brilliant; her little white hands, coming out of the sleeves of her night-dress, were playing with the corner of the coverlet. Not only did she seem fresh and well, but in the happiest frame of mind; she talked fast and loud, accenting her words with precision and nicety.

"Because Alekseĭ — I am speaking of Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch — strange, is n't it, and cruel, that both should be named Alekseĭ? — Alekseĭ would not have refused me; I should have forgotten; he would have forgiven. .... Yes! why does he not come? He is good; he himself does not know how good he is. .... Akh! Bozhe moĭ! what agony! Give me some water, quick! Akh! but that is not good for her, .... my little daughter. Well! then, very good; give her to the nurse. I am willing; that will be even better. Now when he comes, she will be hateful in his sight; take her away."

"Anna Arkadyevna, he has come; here he is," said the nurse, trying to draw her attention to Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch.

"Oh, what nonsense!" continued Anna, without seeing her husband. "There! give the little one to me, give her to me! He has n't come yet. You pretend that he will not forgive me because you do not know him. No one knows him, I alone.... His eyes, one must know them. Serozha's are very like them; that is why I can no longer look at them. Has Serozha had his dinner? I know he will be forgotten. Oh, do not

forget him! Let Serozha be brought into the corner-chamber, and let Mariette sleep near him."

Suddenly she shrank back and was silent; and, with a look of terror, raised her arms above her head as if to ward off a blow. She had recognized her husband.

"No, no," she said quickly, "I am not afraid of him; I am afraid of dying. Alekseï, come here. I am in a hurry, because there is no time to be lost. I have only a few minutes to live; the fever will be upon me again, and I shall know nothing more. Now I am conscious; I understand everything and I see everything."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's wrinkled face expressed acute suffering; he took her hand, and he wanted to speak, but his lower lip trembled so that he could not utter a word, and his emotion hardly allowed him to glance at the dying woman. Every time that he turned his head toward her, he saw her eyes fixed on him with a humility and enthusiastic affection which he had never seen there before.

"Wait! you do not know.... Wait, wait!".... She stopped to collect her thoughts. "Yes," she began again, "yes, yes, yes, this is what I want to say. Do not be astonished. I am always the same.... but there is another I within me, her I fear: it is she who loved him, *him*, and hated you; and I could not forget what I had once been. That was not I! Now I am myself, entirely, really myself, and not another. I am dying, I know that I am dying; ask him if I am not. I feel it now; there are those terrible weights on my hand and my feet and on my fingers.... My fingers! they are enormous, but all that will soon be over.... One thing only is indispensable to me: forgive me, forgive me wholly! I am a sinner; but Serozha's nurse told me that there was a holy martyr — what was her name? — who was worse than I. I will go to Rome; there is a desert there. I shall not trouble anybody there. I will only take Serozha and my little daughter.... No, you cannot forgive me; I know very well that it is impossible. Go away, go away! you are too perfect!"

She held him with one of her burning hands, and pushed him away with the other.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's emotion[1] had been all the time increasing, and now it reached such a degree that he could no longer control himself. He suddenly felt that what he had considered his spiritual discord was, on the contrary, a blessed state of the soul which imparted to him what seemed like a new and hitherto unknown happiness. He had not believed that the Christian law, which he had taken for a guide in life, ordered him to forgive and love his enemies; but now his soul was filled with joyous love and forgiveness to his enemies. He knelt beside the bed, he laid his forehead on her arm, the fever of which burned through the sleeve, and sobbed like a child. She bent toward him, placed her arm around her husband's bald head, and raised her eyes defiantly and proudly.

"There, I knew that it would be so. Now farewell, farewell all!.... They are coming back again. Why don't they go away?.... There! take off all these furs from me!"

The doctor disengaged her arms, laid her back gently on her pillows, and drew the covering over her. Anna made no resistance, looking all the while straight before her, with shining eyes.

"Remember that I have only asked your pardon; I ask nothing more.... Why does n't *he* come?" she said, suddenly looking toward the door, toward Vronsky. "Come! come here, and give him your hand."

Vronsky came to the side of the bed, and, when he saw Anna, he hid his face in his hands again.

"Uncover your face; look at him, he is a saint," said she. "Yes, uncover your face! look at him!" she repeated in an irritated manner. "Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, uncover his face; I want to see him."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch took Vronsky's hands and uncovered his face, disfigured by the expression of suffering and humiliation which it wore.

"Give him your hand; forgive him."

[1] *Dushevnoye razstroyeïstvo*, spiritual derangement or discord.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch held out his hand to him, without trying to keep back the tears.

"Thank the Lord! thank the Lord!" said she; "now everything is right. I will stretch out my feet a little, like that; that is better. How ugly those flowers are! they do not look like violets," she said, pointing to the hangings in her room. "Bozhe moĭ! Bozhe moĭ! when will this be over? Give me some morphine, doctor; some morphine. Bozhe moĭ! Bozhe moĭ!"

And she tossed about on the bed.

The doctors said that this was puerperal fever and that there was not one chance in a hundred of her living. All that day there was fever, with alleviations of delirium and unconsciousness. Toward midnight she lay unconscious and her heart had almost ceased to beat.

The end was expected every moment.

Vronsky went home, but he came back the next morning to learn how she was. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch came to meet him in the reception-room, and said to him, "Stay; perhaps she will ask for you." Then he himself took him to his wife's boudoir. In the morning the restlessness, the rapidity of thought and speech, returned; but soon unconsciousness intervened again. The third day was much the same, and the doctors began to hope. On this day Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch went into the boudoir where Vronsky was, closed the door, and sat down in front of him.

"Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch," said Vronsky, feeling that an explanation was at hand, "I cannot speak, I cannot think. Have pity on me! Hard as it may be for you, believe me, it is still more terrible for me."

He was going to rise; but Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch prevented him, and said:—

"Pray listen to me; it is unavoidable. I am forced to explain to you the feelings that guide me, and will continue to guide me, that you may avoid making any mistake in regard to me. You know that I had decided on a divorce, and that I had taken the preliminary steps

to obtain one? I will not deny that at first I was undecided, I was in torment. I confess that the desire to avenge myself on you and on her pursued me. When I received the telegram, and came home, I felt the same desire. I will say more; I wished for her death. But...." He was silent for a moment, considering whether he would wholly reveal his thoughts—"but I have seen her and I have forgiven her. The happiness I feel at being able to forgive clearly shows me my duty. I have absolutely forgiven her. I desire to offer the other cheek to the smiter; I wish to give my cloak to him who has robbed me of my coat. I only ask one thing of God,—that He will not take away from me this joy of forgiving."

Tears filled his eyes. Vronsky was amazed at the calm, luminous face.

"This is my position. You may drag me in the mire, and make me the laughing-stock of creation; but I will not give up Anna for that, nor will I utter a word of reproach to you," continued Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "My duty seems clear and plain to me: I must remain with her; I shall remain with her. If she wishes to see you, I shall inform you of it; but now I think it will be better for you to go away."

He rose; sobs choked his voice. Vronsky rose too, and, standing with bowed head and humble attitude, looked up at Karenin, without a word to say. He was incapable of understanding Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's feelings; but he felt that this was something too high for him, something even unapproachable for a person who looked on the world as he did.

## CHAPTER XVIII

After this conversation with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch Vronsky went out on the steps of the Karenin house and stopped, hardly knowing where he was and what he had to do. He felt humiliated, perplexed, and deprived of all means of washing away his shame; he

felt thrown out of the path where till now he had walked proudly and easily. All the rules which had been the guides of his life, and which he had believed irreproachable, proved false and untrue. The deceived husband, whom he had considered a melancholy character, an accidental obstacle, at times absurd, happily for him had suddenly been raised by *her* to a height inspiring respect; and this husband on this height appeared not ugly, not false, not ridiculous, but good, grand, and generous. Vronsky could not understand it; their *rôles* had suddenly been interchanged. He felt Karenin's grandeur and straightforwardness, and his own baseness and falsity. He felt that this husband was magnanimous in his grief, while he himself seemed little and miserable in his deception. But this consciousness of inferiority, in comparison to a man whom he had unjustly scorned, constituted only a small part of his grief.

He felt profoundly unhappy from the fact that his passion for Anna, which of late had as it seemed to him grown cool, was more violent than ever now that he knew he was to lose her. During her illness he had seen her as she was, had learned to know her very soul, and it seemed to him that he had never really loved her till now. He must lose her just as he had come to know her and love her truly, — lose her, and be left with the most humiliating recollections. More horrible than anything else was his ridiculous and odious position when Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had uncovered his face while he was hiding it in his hands. Standing motionless on the steps of the Karenin house, he seemed to be entirely unconscious of what he was doing.

"Shall I call an izvoshchik?" asked the Swiss.

"Yes, an izvoshchik."

When he reached home, after three sleepless nights, Vronsky, without undressing, threw himself down on a divan, folded his arms, and laid his head on them. His head was heavy. The strangest reminiscences, thoughts, and impressions succeeded one another in his mind with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. Now it was a

drink which he poured out and gave the invalid from a spoon; now he saw the nurse's white hands, then Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's singular attitude as he knelt on the floor by the bed.

"Sleep, and forget," he said to himself, with the calm resolution of a man in good health who knows that when he feels tired he can sleep if he will. His ideas became confused; he felt himself falling into the abyss of forgetfulness. The billows of the sea of unconscious life were already beginning to swell over his head, when suddenly something like a violent electric shock passed through him. He started up so abruptly that his body bounded upon the springs of the divan; and he found himself in his terror on his knees. His eyes were as wide open as if he had not slept at all. The heaviness of his head and the lassitude which he felt in all his members but a moment before had suddenly vanished.

"You may drag me in the mire."

These words of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch rang in his ears. He saw him standing before him; he saw, too, Anna's feverish face, and her brilliant eyes looking tenderly, not at *him*, but at Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; he saw the stupid, ridiculous figure he must have presented when Alekseï Aleksandrovitch drew away his hands from his face. Again he threw himself back on the divan, and closed his eyes.

"Sleep, and forget," he repeated to himself.

But though his eyes were closed he saw clearer than ever Anna's face, just as it looked on that memorable evening of the races.

"It's impossible, and will not be; how can she efface this from her memory? I cannot live without this! But how can we be reconciled? how can we be reconciled?"

He unconsciously pronounced these words aloud, and their mechanical repetition for some minutes prevented the recollections and forms which besieged his brain from returning. But the repetition of the words did not long deceive his imagination. Again, one after the

other with extraordinary swiftness, the sweet moments of the past and his recent humiliation began to arise in his mind. "Uncover his face," said Anna's voice. He took away his hands, and realized how humiliated and ridiculous he must have appeared.

He still lay there trying to sleep, though he felt that there was not the slightest hope of it, and repeating in a whisper some formula with the design of driving away the new and distressing hallucinations that kept arising. He listened to his own voice repeating, with a strange persistence: "*You did not know how to appreciate her, you did not know how to value her; you did not know how to appreciate her, you did not know how to value her.*"

"What is going to happen to me? Am I going mad?" he asked himself. "Perhaps so. Why do people go mad? and why do they commit suicide?"

And, while he was answering himself, he opened his eyes and was surprised to see at his head a cushion embroidered by Varia, his brother's wife. He lightly touched the tassel of the cushion and tried to fix the thought of Varia in his mind and how she looked the last time he saw her; but any idea foreign to what tormented him was still more intolerable.

"No, I must sleep." He placed the cushion under his head, but it required an effort to keep his eyes closed. He leaped to his feet and sat down. "All is over with me; what else can I do?" And his imagination vividly pictured what life without Anna would be.

"Ambition? Serpukhovskoï? the world? the court?" No more these had power to stop him. All this once had some meaning, but now it had none. He rose from the divan, took off his coat, loosened his necktie and bared his shaggy chest that he might breathe more freely, and began to stride up and down the room.

"This makes people insane," he repeated; "this causes suicide, .... to avoid disgrace," he added slowly.

He went to the door and closed it; then, with a look of determination, and with his teeth set, he went to the table, took his revolver, examined it, turned the loaded chamber round, and stopped to consider. He stood

motionless for two minutes, with the revolver in his hand, his head bowed in the attitude of intense thought. "Of course," he said to himself, as if a logical sequence of clear and exact ideas led him to this unquestionable decision; but in reality this to him conclusive *Of Course* was only the consequence of a continued circle of recollections and impressions which he had gone over for the tenth time in the last hour. There were the same recollections of a happiness lost forever, the conception of the meaninglessness of all that was now before him in life, the same consciousness of his shame. There was the same repetition of these impressions and thoughts.

"Of course," he repeated, when for the third time his mind directed itself to the same enchanted circle of thoughts and recollections; and holding the revolver to the left side of his breast, with an unflinching grip he pulled the trigger. He did not hear the sound of the report, but the violent blow that he received in the chest knocked him over. He tried to save himself by catching hold of the table; he dropped his revolver, staggered, and fell on the floor, looking about him with astonishment. He could not recognize his room; the twisted legs of the table, the waste-paper basket, the tiger-skin on the floor, — all seemed strange to him.

The quick steps of his servant running to the drawing-room obliged him to get control of himself; he collected his thoughts with an effort, and seeing that he was on the floor, and that blood was on his hands and on the tiger-skin, he realized what he had done.

"What stupidity! I missed my aim," he muttered, feeling round for his pistol. It was quite near him, but he could not find it. As he continued to grope for it, he lost his balance, and fell again, bathed in his own blood.

His valet, an elegant person with side-whiskers, who complained freely to his friends about his delicate nerves, was so frightened at the sight of his master lying on the floor that he let him lie bleeding, and ran for help.

In an hour Varia, Vronsky's sister-in-law, arrived, and

with the assistance of the three doctors whom she sent for in all directions, and who all came at once, she succeeded in putting the wounded man to bed, and established herself as his nurse.

## CHAPTER XIX

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, when he prepared to see his wife again, had not foreseen the contingency of her repentance being genuine, and then of her recovery after she had obtained his pardon. This mistake appeared to him in all its seriousness two months after his return from Moscow; but the mistake which he had made proceeded not only from the fact that he had not foreseen this eventuality, but also from the fact that not until the day when he looked on his dying wife had he understood his own heart. Beside the bed of his dying wife, he had given way, for the first time in his life, to that feeling of sympathy for the griefs of others, against which he had always fought as one fights against a dangerous weakness. His pity for her and remorse at having wished for her death, but above all the joy of forgiving, had made him suddenly feel, not only a complete alleviation of his sufferings, but also a spiritual calmness such as he had never before experienced. He suddenly felt that the very thing that had been a source of anguish was now the source of his spiritual joy; what had seemed insoluble when he was filled with hatred and anger, became clear and simple now that he loved and forgave.

He had pardoned his wife, and he pitied her because of her suffering and repentance. He had forgiven Vronsky, and pitied him too, especially after he heard of his desperate act. He also pitied his son more than before, because he felt that he had neglected him. But what he felt for the new-born child was more than pity, it was almost tenderness. At first, solely from a feeling of pity, he looked after this little new-born girl, who was not his daughter, and who was so neglected during her mother's

illness that she would have surely died if he had not taken her in charge; and, before he was aware of it, he became attached to her. He would go several times a day into the nursery, and sit there, so that the wet-nurse and the *bonne*, though they were a little intimidated at first, gradually became accustomed to his presence. He stayed sometimes for half an hour, silently gazing at the saffron-red, wrinkled, downy face of the sleeping child, following her motions as she scowled, and puckered her lips, watching her rub her eyes with the back of her little hands, curling up her round fingers. And at these moments especially, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch felt calm and at peace with himself, seeing nothing abnormal in his situation, nothing that he felt the need of changing.

However, as time went on, he felt more and more that he would not be permitted to remain in this situation, however natural it seemed to him, and that nobody would allow it.

He felt that, besides the holy and spiritual force that guided his soul, there was another force, brutal, equally if not more powerful, which directed his life, and that this power would not give him the peace that he desired. He felt that every one was looking at him, and questioning his attitude, not understanding it, and expecting him to do something. Especially he felt the unnaturalness and constraint of his relations with his wife.

When the tenderness which she felt at the expectation of death had passed away, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began to notice how Anna feared him, how she dreaded his presence, and did not dare to look him in the face; she seemed to be always pursued by a thought she dared not express, — and as if she had a presentiment that their present relations could not last; she, too, expected some move from her husband.

Toward the end of February, the little girl, who had been named Anna for her mother, was taken ill. In the morning Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had seen her in the nursery, and, after he had left orders about calling the doctor he went to the ministry meeting. Having

transacted his business he returned at four o'clock; as he entered the anteroom, he noticed an Adonis of a lackey, in livery and bearskin cloak, holding a white *rotonda*, or mantle, lined with American fox.

"Who is here?" he asked.

"The Princess Yelizavyeta Feodorovna Tverskaya," replied the lackey, with a smile, as it seemed to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

All through this painful period Alekseï Aleksandrovitch noticed that his society friends, especially the women, showed a very marked interest in him and in his wife. He noticed in them all that veiled look of amusement which he saw in the lawyer's eyes, and which he now saw in the lackey's. They all seemed delighted, as if they were going to a wedding. When people met him, and inquired after his health, they did so with this same half-concealed hilarity.

The presence of the Princess Tverskaya was not agreeable to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, both because he had never liked her, and because she called up unpleasant memories, and so he went directly to the nursery.

In the first room, Serozha, leaning on a table, with his feet in a chair, was drawing, and chattering merrily. The English governess, who had replaced the French woman soon after Anna's illness, was sitting near the child, with her fancy work in her hand; she rose, made a courtesy, and put Serozha's feet down.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch smoothed his son's hair, answered the governess's questions about his wife's health, and asked what the doctor said about *baby*.

"The doctor said that it was nothing serious. He ordered baths, sir."

"She is still in pain, nevertheless," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, hearing the child cry in the next room.

"I believe, sir, that the wet-nurse does not suit her," replied the Englishwoman, decidedly.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, as he paused on his way.

"It was the same at the Countess Pahl's, sir. They dosed the child with medicine, while it was merely suf-

fering from hunger, sir. The wet-nurse had not enough milk for it."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch considered for a few moments, and then went into the adjoining room. The child was crying as she lay in her nurse's arms, with her head thrown back, refusing the full breast that was offered her, and screamed, without yielding to the blandishments of the two women bending over her.

"Is n't she any better?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"She is very worrisome," replied the old nurse, in a whisper.

"Miss Edwards says that perhaps the nurse has n't enough milk for her," said he.

"I think so too, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch."

"Why have n't you said so?"

"Whom should I say it to? Anna Arkadyevna is still ill," replied the old nurse, discontentedly.

The old nurse had been in the family a long time, and these simple words struck Alekseï Aleksandrovitch as an allusion to his position.

The child cried harder and harder, losing its breath, and becoming hoarse. The old nurse threw up her hands in despair, took the little one from the wet-nurse, and rocked her as she walked back and forth.

"You must ask the doctor to examine the wet-nurse," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

The wet-nurse, a healthy-looking woman of fine appearance, sprucely dressed, who was afraid of losing her position, muttered to herself, as she fastened her dress over her great bosom, smiling scornfully at the doubt of her not having enough nourishment. In her smile Alekseï Aleksandrovitch also detected ridicule of his position.

"Poor little thing!" said the old nurse, trying to hush the child and still walking back and forth.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sat down in a chair, sad and crestfallen, and followed the old nurse with his eyes as she walked up and down with the child. When at last she had pacified it and placed it in the cradle, and, hav-

ing arranged the little pillow, had moved away, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch rose, and went up to it on tiptoe. For a moment he was silent, and looked with melancholy face at the little thing. But suddenly a smile which moved his hair and the skin on his forehead spread over his face, and he quietly left the room.

He went into the dining-room, rang the bell, and ordered the servant that answered it to send for the doctor again. He was displeased because his wife seemed to take so little interest in this charming baby, and in this state of annoyance he wished neither to go to her room, nor to meet the Princess Betsy; but his wife might wonder why he did not come as usual; he crushed down his feelings and went to her chamber. As he walked along toward the door on a thick carpet, he unintentionally overheard a conversation which he would not have cared to hear.

"If he were not going away, I should understand your refusal, and his also. But your husband ought to be above that," said Betsy.

"It is not for my husband's sake, but my own, that I don't wish it. So say nothing more about it," replied Anna's agitated voice.

"Yes, but you can't help wanting to say good-by to the man who shot himself on your account." ....

"That is the very reason I do not wish to see him again."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with an expression of fear and guilt, stopped, and started to go away without being heard; but, considering that this would lack dignity, he turned round again, and, coughing, went toward the chamber. The voices were hushed, and he went into the room.

Anna, in a gray khalat, with her thick dark hair cut short on her round head, was sitting in a reclining-chair. All her animation disappeared, as usual, at the sight of her husband; she bowed her head, and glanced uneasily at Betsy. Betsy, dressed in the latest fashion, with a little hat perched on the top of her head, like a cap over a lamp, in a dove-colored gown, trimmed with bright-col-

ored bands on the waist on one side, and on the skirt on the other, was sitting beside Anna. She sat up as straight as possible, and welcomed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch with a nod and a sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" she began, affecting surprise, "I am delighted to meet you at home. You never show yourself anywhere, and I haven't seen you since Anna was taken ill. I learned of your anxiety from others. Indeed! you are a wonderful husband!" said she, with a significant and flattering look, as much as to say that she conferred on him the "order" of magnanimity on account of his behavior toward his wife.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch bowed coldly, and, kissing his wife's hand, inquired how she was.

"Better, I think," she replied, avoiding his look.

"However, your face has a *feverish* look," he said, emphasizing the word "feverish."

"We have talked too much," said Betsy. "It was selfish on my part, and I am going now."

She rose; but Anna, suddenly flushing, seized her quickly by the arm.

"No, stay, I beg of you. I must tell you, .... no, *you*," she addressed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, while the color increased on her neck and brow. "I cannot, nor do I wish to, hide anything from you," said she.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch cracked his knuckles and bent his head.

"Betsy has told me that Count Vronsky wishes to come to our house to say good-by before he goes to Tashkend."

She did not look at her husband, and she evidently was in haste to get through with it, however hard it might be. "I have said that I could not receive him."

"You said, my dear, that it would depend on Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," corrected Betsy.

"Yes! No, I cannot see him, and it would not do any...." she stopped suddenly, and looked inquiringly at her husband's face; he was not looking at her. "In short, I do not wish...."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch approached, and wanted to take her hand.

Anna's first impulse was to withdraw her hand from her husband's clammy hand with its big, swollen veins; but she evidently controlled herself, and pressed it.

"I am very grateful to you for your confidence, but ...." he began, then stopped, awkward and annoyed, feeling that what he could easily and clearly decide when by himself, he could not settle in the presence of the Princess Tverskaya, who was the incarnation of that brutal force which he had to take as the guide of his life in the eyes of the world, and obliged him to renounce his feelings of love and forgiveness. He stopped as he looked at the Princess Tverskaya.

"Well, good-by, my treasure," said Betsy, rising. She kissed Anna, and went out. Karenin accompanied her.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, I know that you are an extraordinarily magnanimous man," said Betsy, stopping in the middle of the *boudoir* to press his hand again with unusual fervor; "I am a stranger, and I love her so much, and esteem you so highly, that I take the liberty of giving you a bit of advice. Let him come. Alekseï Vronsky is the personification of honor, and he is going to Tashkend."

"I thank you for your sympathy and your advice, princess; but the question whether my wife can or cannot receive anybody is for her to decide."

He spoke these words with dignity, raising his eyebrows as usual; but he felt at once that, whatever his words had been, dignity was inconsistent with the situation. The sarcastic and wicked smile with which Betsy greeted his remark proved it beyond a doubt.

## CHAPTER XX

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch took leave of Betsy in the "hall" and returned to his wife; she was lying down, but, hearing her husband's steps, she sat up

quickly in her former position, and looked at him in a frightened way. He saw that she had been crying.

"I am very grateful to you for your confidence in me," said he, gently, repeating in Russian the remark that he had just made in French before Betsy.

When he spoke to her in Russian, and used the familiar second person singular *tui*, this *tui* irritated Anna in spite of herself. "I am very grateful for your decision; for I agree with you that, since Count Vronsky is going away, there is no necessity of his coming here; besides...."

"Yes! but as I have said that, why repeat it?" interrupted Anna, with an annoyance which she could not control. "No necessity," she thought, "for a man to say farewell to the woman he loves, for whom he has wished to commit suicide, and who cannot live without him!"

She pressed her lips together, and fixed her flashing eyes on her husband's hands with their swollen veins, as he stood slowly rubbing them together.

"We will not say any more about that," she added, more calmly.

"I have given you perfect freedom to decide this question, and I am happy to see...." Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began again.

"That my desires are in conformity with yours," finished Anna, quickly, exasperated to hear him speak so slowly, when she knew beforehand what he was going to say.

"Yes," he affirmed; "and the Princess Tverskaya shows very poor taste to meddle in family affairs, she of all others."....

"I don't believe what they say about her," said Anna. "I only know that she loves me sincerely."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sighed, and was silent. Anna played nervously with the tassels of her khalat, and looked at him now and then, with that feeling of physical repulsion which she reproached herself for, without being able to overcome. All that she wished for at this moment was to be rid of his distasteful presence.

"Ah! I have just sent for the doctor," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"What for? I am well."

"For the baby, the little one cries so much; they think that the nurse has n't enough nourishment for her."

"Why did n't you let me nurse her, when I urged it so? All the same" (Aleksei Aleksandrovitch understood what she meant by *all the same*), "she is a baby, and they will kill her." She rang, and sent for the little one. "I wanted to nurse her, and you would n't let me, and now you blame me."

"I do not blame you for anything." ....

"Yes, you do blame me! Bozhe moï! why did n't I die!" She began to sob. "Forgive me: I am nervous and unjust," she said, trying to control herself. "But go away."

"No, this state of things cannot go on," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch to himself, as he left his wife's room.

Never before had he been so convinced of the impossibility of prolonging such a situation before the world: never had his wife's dislike of him, and the strength of that mysterious brutal force which had taken possession of his life, to rule it contrary to the needs of his soul and to make him change his relations to his wife, appeared to him with such clearness.

He saw clearly that the world and his wife exacted something from him which he did not fully understand. He felt that it aroused within him feelings of hatred, which disturbed his peace, and destroyed the worth of his victory over himself. Anna, in his opinion, ought to have nothing more to do with Vronsky; but if everybody considered this impossible, he was ready to tolerate their meeting, on condition that the children should not be disgraced, or his own life disturbed.

Wretched as this was — it was, nevertheless, better than a rupture whereby she would be placed in a shameful and hopeless position, and he himself would be deprived of all that he loved. But he felt his powerlessness in this struggle, and knew beforehand that all were against him and that he would be prevented from doing

what seemed to him wise and good, and that he would be obliged to do what was bad, but necessary to be done.

## CHAPTER XXI

Betsy had not left the "hall" when Stepan Arkadyevitch appeared on the threshold. He had come from Eliseyef's, where they had just received fresh oysters.

"Ah, princess! you here? What a fortunate meeting! I have just been at your house."

"The meeting is but for a moment; I am going," replied Betsy, smiling, as she buttoned her gloves.

"Wait just a moment, princess; allow me to kiss your little hand before you put on your glove. Nothing pleases me so much, in returning to ancient ways, as the custom of kissing a lady's hand."

He kissed Betsy's hand.

"When shall we meet again?"

"You don't deserve to see me," replied Betsy, laughing.

"Oh, yes, I do! for I have become a very serious man. I regulate not only my own family affairs, but also other people's," said he, with a significant expression in his face.

"Ah! I am delighted to hear it," replied Betsy, instantly knowing that he referred to Anna.

Going back into the "hall," they stood in a corner.

"He is killing her," she whispered, with conviction. "It is impossible, impossible...."

"I am very glad that you think so," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, shaking his head with sympathetic commiseration. "That is why I am in Petersburg."

"The whole town are talking about it," said she; "this situation is intolerable. She is fading away before our very eyes. He does n't understand that she is one of those women whose feelings cannot be treated lightly. One of two things, — either he ought to take her away, and act decidedly, or else be divorced. But this is killing her."

"Yes, yes.... exactly...." said Oblonsky, with a sigh.

"I have come for that; that is to say, not entirely for that .... I have just been made chamberlain, so I had to show my gratitude; but the main thing was to arrange this matter."

"Well! may the Lord help you!" said Betsy.

Stepan Arkadyevitch accompanied the Princess Betsy to the door, once more kissed her wrist just above her glove, where the pulse beats, and after paying her such an impudent compliment that she did not know whether to laugh or take offense, he left her to go to his sister. He found her in tears.

In spite of the exuberance of his lively spirits, Stepan Arkadyevitch fell instantly and with perfect genuineness into the tone of sympathetic and poetical tenderness which suited his sister's frame of mind. He asked how she felt, and how she had passed the day.

"Wretchedly, very wretchedly! Night and day, the future and the past, all .... wretched," she replied.

"It seems to me, you have yielded to the blues. You must have courage; look life in the face. It is hard, I know, but...."

"I have heard that some women love men for their very vices," began Anna, suddenly; "but I hate him for his virtue. I cannot live with him. Understand me, the sight of him has a physical effect on me which drives me out of my mind. I cannot, cannot live with him! What shall I do? I have been unhappy before, and I thought it impossible to be more so, but this horrible state of things surpasses all that I could have imagined. Can you believe that, though I know how good and perfect he is, and how unworthy of him I am, still I hate him! I hate him for his magnanimity. There is absolutely nothing left for me but to...."

She was going to add "die," but Stepan Arkadyevitch did not let her finish.

"You are ill and nervous, believe me; you exaggerate everything. There is really nothing so very terrible."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled. No one except Stepan Arkadyevitch, meeting such despair, would have

ventured to smile, — for it would have seemed rude, — but his smile was so full of kindness, and an almost effeminate sweetness, that, instead of irritating, it was calming and soothing; his gentle soothing words and smile acted like oil of sweet almonds. Anna at once felt the effect.

"No, Stiva," said she, "I am lost, lost! worse than lost. And yet, I am not yet lost: I cannot still say that all is over; on the contrary, I feel that all is not yet over. I seem like a cord too tightly stretched, which must break. But the end has not yet come, and it will be terrible."

"No, no; the cord can be carefully unstrung. There is no difficulty without some way out of it."

"I have thought it over, and thought it over, and I see only one...."

Again he saw by her look of dismay that the one way that she meant was death, and again he did not allow her to finish.

"No, listen to me; you cannot judge of your position so well as I. Let me tell you frankly my opinion." He smiled again cautiously, with his almond-oily smile. "I will begin at the beginning: you married a man twenty years older than yourself, and you married without love, — or, at least, without knowing what love was. It was a mistake — as well admit it."

"A terrible mistake!" said Anna.

"But, I repeat it, it was an accomplished fact. You then had, let us say, the misfortune to fall in love — not with your husband; that was a misfortune, but that, too, was an accomplished fact. Your husband knew it, and forgave it." After each sentence he stopped, as if to give her time to reply, but she said nothing. "Now, the question is, can you continue to live with your husband? do you wish it? does he wish it?"

"I know nothing about it, nothing."

"But you yourself have just said that you could no longer endure him."

"No, I did not say so. I deny it. I know nothing. I understand nothing."

"Yes! but allow me...."

"You cannot understand it. I feel that I am precipitated, head first, into an abyss, and I *may* not save myself. I *cannot*."

"You will see that we can prevent you from falling, and from being crushed. I understand you. I feel that you are not able to express your feelings, your desires."

"I desire nothing, nothing — only to end all this."

"He sees this, and knows it. Do you suppose that he doesn't feel the strain as much as you do? You suffer, he suffers; and what way of escape is there from all this torture? Then, when a divorce would settle everything...."

Stepan Arkadyevitch with difficulty expressed his principal idea, and looked to Anna to see what effect it would have.

She said nothing and shook her head disapprovingly. But by the expression of her face, which suddenly lighted up with something of her former beauty, he saw that, if she did not wish this, it was because the thought of its being realized was too enticing.

"I am awfully sorry for you! how happy I should be if I could arrange it for you!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Don't say a word! If God will only permit me to express all that I feel! I am going to find Alekseï Aleksandrovitch."

Anna looked at him out of her brilliant, thoughtful eyes, and did not reply.

## CHAPTER XXII

Stepan Arkadyevitch went into his brother-in-law's cabinet, with the solemn face which he tried to assume when he sat in his official chair at a council-meeting. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with his arms behind his back, was walking up and down the room, considering the same thing that Stepan Arkadyevitch had been discussing with his wife.

"Shall I disturb you?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

suddenly feeling an unwonted embarrassment. In order to conceal his embarrassment, he took a new cigar-case out of his pocket, smelt of the leather, and took out a cigarette.

"No. Do you wish to see me?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, reluctantly.

"Yes .... I would like .... I must .... yes, I must have a talk with you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, surprised at his confusion.

This feeling was so strange and unexpected to him, that he did not recognize in it the voice of conscience, warning him that what he hoped to do was evil. He recovered himself with an effort, and conquered the weakness which took possession of him.

"I hope that you believe in my love for my sister, and in my sincere sympathy and regard for you," said he, and his face grew red.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch listened, and made no reply; but his face struck Stepan Arkadyevitch by its expression of humility and pain.

"I intended, I came on purpose, to speak with you about my sister, and the situation in which you and she are placed," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, still struggling with his unusual embarrassment.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch smiled sadly, looked at his brother-in-law, and, without replying, went to the table, took up a half-written letter, and handed it to him.

"I can think of nothing else. This is what I began to write, thinking that I could express myself better in a letter, for my presence irritates her," said he, giving him the letter.

Stepan Arkadyevitch took the paper, and looked with perplexity and surprise at his brother-in-law's dull eyes, which were fixed on him; then he read: —

I see that my presence is disagreeable to you; painful as it is for me to recognize it, I know that it is so, and it cannot be otherwise. I do not blame you. God knows that, during your illness, I resolved to forget the past, and to begin a new life. I am not sorry, I never shall be sorry, for what I did then. I desired only one thing, — your salvation, the salvation of your

soul, and now I see that I have not succeeded. Tell me yourself, what will give you true peace and happiness, and I will submit to whatever you may deem just and right.

Stepan Arkadyevitch gave the letter back to his brother-in-law; and with the same perplexity, he simply stared at his brother-in-law, not knowing what to say. This silence was so uncomfortable to both that Stepan Arkadyevitch's lips trembled convulsively, while he did not take his eyes from Karenin's face.

"That is what I wanted to say to her," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, turning away.

"Yes, yes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, but he could not go on, the tears so choked his utterance. "Yes, yes, I understand you."

"I should like to know what she wishes," said he, at last.

"I am afraid that she herself does not realize her own situation. She is not a judge of the matter," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, trying to recover himself. "She is crushed, literally crushed, by your magnanimity; if she should read your letter, she would be unable to say a word, and could only bow her head still lower."

"Yes! But what is to be done in such a case? How can it be settled? How can I know what she wishes?"

"If you will allow me to express my opinion, I think it is for you to state clearly what measure you believe necessary to put an end to this situation at once."

"Consequently, you think it ought to be ended at once?" interrupted Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "But how?" he added, passing the back of his hand over his eyes in an unusual way. "I see no possible way out of it!"

"There is a way out of every difficulty, however serious it may be," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, rising, and growing more animated. "There was a time when you wished for a divorce .... if you are convinced now that you can never be happy together again .... "

"Happiness may be understood in different ways. Let us grant that I agree to everything, that I have no

wishes in the matter, what escape is there from our situation?"

"If you wish for my advice," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with the same smooth, almond-oily, affectionate smile with which he had spoken to his sister; and this smile was so persuasive that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, giving himself up to the weakness which overpowered him, was involuntarily inclined to believe what his brother-in-law said. "She will never say what her wishes are. But there is one thing possible, one thing that she may hope for," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, "and that is to break the bonds which are only the cause of cruel recollections. In my opinion, it is indispensable to put your relations on an entirely new footing, and that can only be done by both of you resuming your freedom."

"Divorce!" interrupted Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with disgust.

"Yes, I suppose that divorce .... yes, divorce," repeated Stepan Arkadyevitch, blushing. "Taking everything into consideration, that is the most sensible course when two married people find themselves in such a situation as yours. What is to be done, when husband and wife find that living together is impossible? This can always be brought about."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch drew a deep sigh, and covered his eyes.

"There is only one consideration, — whether one of the parties wishes to marry again. If not, it is very simple," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, recovering more and more from his feeling of constraint.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with his face distorted by emotion, muttered something to himself, but made no reply. What seemed so simple to Oblonsky, he had turned over a thousand thousand times in his mind, and, instead of finding it very easy, found it utterly impossible. Now that the conditions for divorce were known to him, it seemed to him impossible, because the sense of his personal dignity, as well as his respect for religion, prevented him from confessing to a fictitious accusation of

adultery and still less permitting his wife, whom he had once pardoned and still loved, to be disgraced and put to shame. Divorce seemed impossible from still other and even more important reasons.

What would become of their son? To leave him with his mother was impossible. The divorced mother would have her own illegitimate family, in which the child's position and training would be wretched. Should he keep the child for himself? But he knew that would be an act of vengeance, and vengeance he did not want.

But, above all, what made divorce impossible in his eyes was the thought that, in consenting to it, he himself would contribute to Anna's destruction. The words spoken by Darya Aleksandrovna, when he was in Moscow, remained graven in his heart, that in getting a divorce, he was thinking only of himself, and forgetting that it would be her irretrievable ruin. These words, now that he had forgiven her and had become attached to the children, had a very significant meaning to him. To consent to a divorce, to give Anna her liberty, was to cut away the last tie that bound himself to life, to her children whom he loved, and was to take away her last help in the way of salvation, and to push her over the precipice.

If she became a divorced woman, he knew very well that she would be united to Vronsky, and such a bond would be criminal and illegal; because a woman, according to the laws of the Church, cannot enter into a second marriage during the lifetime of her husband.

"And who knows but, after a year or two, either he might abandon her, or she might form a new liaison?" thought Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; "and I, having allowed an illegal divorce, should be responsible for her fall."

He had gone over all this a hundred times, and was convinced that divorce was not by any means so simple as his brother-in-law would make it out; that it was wholly impossible.

He did not admit a word of what Stepan Arkadyevitch said; he had a thousand arguments to refute such

reasoning; and, notwithstanding this, he listened, feeling that his words were the manifestation of that irresistible force which ruled his life, and to which he would finally submit.

"The only question is, how, on what conditions, you will consent to a divorce; for she will never dare to ask anything of you, and will give herself up entirely to your magnanimity."

"My God! my God! why has this come upon me?" thought Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; and, as he remembered the condition of divorce in which the husband assumed the blame, from shame he buried his face in his hands, as Vronsky had done.

"You are distressed; I understand it; but if you will consider...."

"'Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man would take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also,'" thought Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. — "Yes, yes!" he cried, in his piping voice. "I will take all the shame upon myself; I will even give up my son. .... But will it not be better to leave all that? However, do as you please." ....

And turning away from his brother-in-law, that he might not see his face, he sat down near the window. He was grieved; he was ashamed; but with this grief and shame he felt a sense of happiness and emotion in the consciousness of his own humility.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was touched.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, be assured that she will appreciate your generosity," said he, after a pause. "It is, without doubt, the will of God," he added; but he felt, as soon as the words were out of his mouth, what a foolish remark it was, and he could hardly restrain a smile at his own foolishness.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch would have replied, but tears prevented him.

"This trial comes by fate, and it must be accepted. I accept it as an accomplished fact, and I will try to help you and her," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

When Stepan Arkadyevitch left his brother-in-law's

cabinet, he was touched, but this fact did not prevent him from being delighted at having settled this matter; for he was certain that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch would not go back on his word. His satisfaction suggested a conundrum which he could ask his wife and intimate friends: —

"What is the difference between me and a field-marshal? The field-marshal makes divorces, and nobody is the better for it; while I make divorces, and three people are better off..... Or, rather, what resemblance is there between me and a field-marshal? Where.... but by and by I 'll improve on it," he said to himself with a smile.

## CHAPTER XXIII

Vronsky's wound was dangerous, although it did not reach the heart. He hung for several days between life and death. When for the first time he was in a condition to talk, only Varia, his brother's wife, was in his room.

"Varia!" said he, looking at her gravely, "I shot myself accidentally. Now please never speak to me about this, but tell every one so; otherwise it will seem too stupid!"

Varia bent over him without replying, examining his face with a happy smile. His eyes were bright, but no longer feverish, but their expression was stern.

"Well! Thank the Lord!" she replied. "Are you suffering?"

"A little on this side," said he, pointing to his chest.

"Let me change the dressing, then."

Squinting, he silently watched her change it, and when she had finished, he said: —

"I am not delirious now. See to it, I beg of you, that nobody says that I shot myself intentionally."

"Nobody says so. I hope, however, that after this you will not shoot yourself accidentally again," she said with a questioning smile.

"Probably I shall not; but it would have been better...."

And he smiled gloomily.

In spite of these words and this smile which so alarmed Varia, when the inflammation had subsided and he began to recover, he felt that he was free from a part of his misfortunes. By his action he had washed away, as it were, his shame and humiliation, which had weighed on him before. Henceforth he could think calmly of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. He recognized all his magnanimity without being crushed by it. Besides, he was able to be himself again, to look people in the face, and could live, governing himself by his customary habits. What he could not tear from his heart, in spite of all his efforts, was the regret, bordering on despair, at having lost Anna forever; since he was firmly resolved, now that he had redeemed his fault toward Karenin, not to place himself between the repentant wife and her husband. But he could not put out of his heart the regret at the loss of her love; he could not blot out the memory of happy moments which he had spent with her, and not half appreciated till now, and which pursued him continually in all their fascination.

Serpukhovskoï thought of sending him to Tashkend, and Vronsky accepted the proposition without the least hesitation. But the nearer the time for his leaving came, the more cruel seemed the sacrifice to what he considered his duty.

His wound was healed, and he had already gone out and was engaged in making his preparations for his journey to Tashkend.

"To see her once more, and then bury myself and die," he thought; and while paying his farewell visit to Betsy, he expressed his wish to her.

The latter set out at once as an ambassador to Anna, but brought back her refusal.

"So much the better," thought Vronsky, on receiving her reply; "this is a weakness which would have cost me my last strength."

The next morning Betsy herself went to Vronsky, announcing that she had had, through Oblonsky, positive information that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch consented to a divorce, and that consequently Vronsky might see Anna.

Without even pausing to show Betsy from his room, forgetting his resolutions, without finding out when he could see her, or where her husband would be, Vronsky immediately went to the Karenins'. He flew up the steps, not seeing anything or any one, and with hasty steps, almost running, entered Anna's room, and, without even noticing whether there might not be some one else in the room, he took her in his arms, and began covering her hands, her face, and her neck with kisses.

Anna was prepared to see him again, and had made up her mind what to say to him; but she had no time to speak. Vronsky's passion overpowered her. She wanted to calm him, to calm herself, but it was already too late. Her lips trembled so that for a long time she was unable to speak a word.

"Yes, you have conquered me; I am yours!" she succeeded in saying at last, pressing his hand to her breast.

"So it had to be!" said he, "and as long as we live, it must be so; I know it now."

"It is true," she replied, growing paler and paler as she put her arms around Vronsky's neck. "However, there is something terrible in this after what has happened."

"All that will be forgotten, forgotten; we shall be so happy! If there were any need of our love increasing, it would increase, because there is something terrible about it," said he, raising his head, and displaying his strong teeth as he smiled.

She could only reply with a smile, — not with words, — with her eyes which expressed such love for him.

"I do know you with your short hair. You are lovely so! Just like a little boy! But how pale you are!"

"Yes; I am still very weak," she replied, smiling; and her lips began to tremble again.

"We will go to Italy; you will grow strong there," said he.

"Is it possible that we could be like husband and wife, alone, by ourselves?" said she, looking him in the eye.

"I am only surprised at one thing, — that it has not always been so."

"Stiva says that *he* will consent to everything, but I will not accept his generosity," said she, looking thoughtfully above Vronsky's head. "I do not wish for a divorce. It is all the same to me now. I only wonder what he will decide with regard to Serozha."

Vronsky could not understand how, in these first moments of their reunion, she could think of her son and of divorce. How could it be all the same to her?

"Don't speak of that, don't think of it," said he, turning Anna's hand over and over in his, to draw her attention to him; but she did not look at him.

"Oh! why did I not die? it would have been so much better!" said she; and though she did not sob, the tears rolled down her pale cheeks; she tried, nevertheless, to smile, that she might not give him pain.

Once Vronsky would have thought it impossible and disgraceful to give up the flattering and perilous mission to Tashkend, but now he refused it without any hesitation; then, noticing that his refusal was misinterpreted by the authorities, he gave in his resignation.

A month later, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was left alone with his son, and Anna went abroad with Vronsky, without a divorce, and resolutely refusing to accept one.

# PART FIFTH

## CHAPTER I

THE Princess Shcherbatskaya found it would not be possible to have the wedding before Lent, which would come in five weeks, because the trousseau would not be half done; but she could not help agreeing with Levin that after Lent it might be too late, as an old aunt of the prince's was very ill and liable to die, and then mourning would still further postpone it. So having decided to divide the trousseau into two parts, — one large, the other small, — the princess agreed to have the wedding before Lent. She decided that she would prepare the smaller part of the trousseau at once, and send the larger part afterward, and she was very indignant with Levin because he would not answer her seriously whether this would suit him or not. This arrangement was all the more convenient because the young couple intended to set out for the country immediately after the ceremony, and would not need the larger part of the things.

Levin continued in the same condition of lunacy, in which it seemed to him that he and his happiness constituted the chief and only aim of creation, and that it was wholly unnecessary for him to think or to bother himself about anything but that his friends would arrange everything for him. He did not even make any plans or arrangements for his coming life, but left others to decide for him, knowing all would be admirable. His brother, Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch, Stepan Arkadyevitch, and the princess ruled him absolutely; he was satisfied to accept whatever they proposed.

His brother borrowed the money that he needed; the princess advised him to leave Moscow after the wed-

ding; Stepan Arkadyevitch advised him to go abroad. He consented to everything.

"Make whatever plans you please," he thought, "I am happy; and whatever you may decide on, my joy will be neither greater nor less."

But when he told Kitty of Stepan Arkadyevitch's suggestion about going abroad, he was surprised to see that she did not approve of it, and that she had her own very decided plans for the future. She knew that Levin's heart was at home in his work, and although she neither understood his affairs, nor tried to understand them, still they seemed to her very important; as their home would be in the country, she did not wish to go abroad where they were not going to live, but insisted on settling down in the country where their home was to be. This very firm determination surprised Levin; but as it seemed to him all right, he begged Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had excellent taste, to go to Pokrovsky and take charge of the improvements in his house. It seemed to him that that belonged to his friend's province.

"By the way," said Stepan Arkadyevitch one day, after his return from the country, where he had arranged everything for the young couple's reception, "have you your certificate of confession?"

"No; why?"

"You can't be married without it."

"Aï, aï, aï!" cried Levin; "but it is nine years since I have been to confession! I had n't even thought of it!"

"That is good!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing, "and you call me a nihilist! But that can't be allowed to go on; you must prepare for the sacrament!"

"When? there are only four days more!"

Stepan Arkadyevitch arranged this matter also, and Levin prepared for his devotions. For Levin as for any man who is an unbeliever, yet respects the faith of others, it was very hard to attend and participate in all religious ceremonies. Now in his tender and sentimental frame of mind, the necessity of dissimulating was not

only odious to him, it was well-nigh impossible. Now, he would be obliged either to lie or to mock at sacred things, at a time when his heart was bursting, when he felt at the height of bliss. He felt that he could do neither. But in spite of all his efforts to persuade Stepan Arkadyevitch that there must be some other way of obtaining a certificate without being forced to confess, Stepan Arkadyevitch declared that it was impossible.

"Yes, but what harm will it do you? only two days! and the priest is a capital, bright little old man. He will pull this tooth for you without your knowing it."

During the first mass that he attended Levin did his best to recall the strong religious impressions of his youth, when he was between sixteen and seventeen years old; but he found that this was perfectly impossible. He then tried to look on religious forms as an ancient custom, without any real meaning, something like the habit of making calls; this also he felt that he could never do. Like most of his contemporaries, Levin was completely undecided in regard to his religious views. He could not believe; at the same time he was not firmly convinced that all these things were unreasonable. And therefore not being in a condition to believe in the efficacy of what he was doing, or to look on it with utter indifference as on an empty formality, he experienced a sense of pain and annoyance during the time allotted to his devotions; his conscience cried out that to do what he himself did not understand was false and wicked.

During the time of the service, he listened to the prayers, striving to attribute to them some significance which should not be in too open contradiction with his convictions; but finding that he could not understand them, but was compelled to criticize them, he tried not to listen, but occupied himself with his thoughts — with the observations and recollections that arose in his mind with extraordinary vividness during the solemn night-office in the church. He stayed through mass, vespers, and evening prayers and on the next morning he rose earlier

than usual, and came at eight o'clock, without having eaten anything, to morning prayers and confession.

There was no one in the church except a mendicant soldier, two old women, and the officiating priests. A young deacon with a long, thin back clearly defined in two halves beneath his short cassock came to meet him, and going to a little table near the wall, began to read prayers. Levin, hearing him repeat in a hurried, monotonous voice, clipping his words, the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us," [1] felt that his thought was locked up and sealed, and that to touch it and stir it now was out of the question, since, if he did, confusion would ensue; and therefore he stood behind the deacon, not listening and not trying to fathom what he said, but thinking his own thoughts.

"What a wonderful amount of expression there is about her hands," he thought, recalling the evening before, which he had spent with Kitty at the table in one corner of the drawing-room. There had not been much to talk about, as was usually the case at this time; she had rested her hand on the table, opening and shutting it, and laughing as she made this motion. He remembered how he had kissed this hand and then examined the lines that crossed the pink palm.

"*Have merc' on us* again," thought Levin, making the sign of the cross, and bowing, while he noticed the deacon's supple movements, as he prostrated himself in front of him. "Then she took my hand, and in turn examined it. 'You have a famous hand,' she said to me." He looked at his own hand, and then at the deacon's, with its stubbed fingers. "Yes! Now it will soon be over. No; he is beginning another prayer. Yes; he is bowing to the ground; that always comes just before the end."

The deacon took the three-ruble note, discreetly slipped into his hand, under his rough shaggy cuff, and promised to register Levin's name; then quickly clacking in his new boots across the flagstones of the empty church, he went to the altar. In a moment he looked

[1] *Gospodi pomiluĭ*, shortened by his rapid speech into *pomilos, pomilos.*

out and beckoned to Levin. The thought till that moment locked up in Levin's brain began to stir, but he made haste to bring it to order. "It will be arranged somehow," he said to himself and went toward the ambo. He mounted several steps, turned to the right, and saw the priest, a little old man, whose thin beard was almost white, with kindly but rather weary eyes, standing near the reading-desk, turning over the leaves of a missal. After a slight bow to Levin, he began to read the prayers; having finished them, he kneeled and faced Levin: —

"Christ is here, invisible though, to hear your confession," said he, pointing to the crucifix. "Do you believe all that the Holy Apostolic Church teaches us?" he continued, turning his eyes from Levin's face and crossing his hand under his stole.

"I have doubted, I still doubt everything...." said Levin, in a voice which sounded disagreeable to his own ears, and he was silent.

The priest waited a few moments to see if he would say anything more, then closing his eyes and speaking rapidly with a Vladimirsky accent, he said: —

"To doubt is characteristic of human weakness; we must pray the Lord Almighty to strengthen you. What are your principal sins?"

The priest spoke without the least interruption, and as if he were afraid of losing time.

"My principal sin is doubt. I doubt everything, and I am generally doubting."

"To doubt is characteristic of human weakness," said the priest, using the same words; "what do you doubt principally?"

"Everything. I sometimes even doubt the existence of God," said Levin, in spite of himself, horrified at the impropriety of what he was saying. But his words seemed to make no impression on the priest.

"How can you doubt the existence of God?" he asked, with an almost imperceptible smile.

Levin was silent.

"What doubts can you have about the Creator when

you contemplate His works?" pursued the priest, in his quick habitual utterance. "Who ornamented the celestial vault with its stars? who decked the earth with all its beauty? How can these things exist without a Creator?" And he cast a questioning glance at Levin.

Levin felt that it would be out of place to enter into a philosophical discussion with the priest, and, therefore, in his reply said only what referred directly to the question: —

"I do not know."

"You do not know? Then how can you doubt that God has created everything?" asked the priest, with a light-hearted perplexity.

"I cannot understand it," replied Levin, blushing, and feeling that his words were stupid, and that in such a position they could not be other than stupid.

"Pray to God, have recourse to Him; the Fathers of the Church themselves doubted, and asked God to strengthen their faith. The devil has mighty power, and we should resist him. Pray to God, pray to God," repeated the priest, rapidly.

Then he kept silent for a moment, as if he were buried in thought.

"They tell me that you intend to marry the daughter of my parishioner and spiritual son, the Prince Shcherbatsky," he added with a smile. "She is a beautiful girl."

"Yes," replied Levin, blushing for the priest. "Why does he need to ask such questions at confession?" he said to himself.

And, as if replying to his thought, the priest continued: —

"You are preparing for marriage, and perhaps God may grant you offspring. Is n't that so? Now, what education will you give to your little children if you do not conquer the temptations of the devil, who causes you to doubt?" he asked with gentle reproach. "If you love your children as a good father, you will not only wish for them riches, luxury, and honor, but still more, their salvation and their spiritual enlightenment

by the light of truth; is this not so? How will you reply to the innocent child who asks you, 'Papasha, who made all that delights me on the earth, — the water, the sunshine, the flowers, the plants?' Will you answer, 'I know nothing about it'? Can you ignore what the Lord God in His infinite goodness has revealed to you? And if the child asks you, 'What awaits me beyond the tomb?' what will you say to him if you know nothing? How will you answer him? Will you give him up to the seductions of the world and the devil? That is not right!" said he, stopping, and turning his head on one side, looked at Levin out of his kindly, gentle eyes.

Levin was silent, not because he was afraid this time to enter into a discussion with the priest, but because nobody had ever put such questions to him before, and because he thought there was plenty of time to consider them before his children should be in a state to question him.

"You are about to enter upon a phase of life," continued the priest, "where one must choose his path and keep to it. Pray God in His mercy to keep and sustain you; and in conclusion: May our Lord God, Jesus Christ, pardon you, my son, in His goodness and loving-kindness to all mankind." And the priest, ending the formulas of absolution, took leave of him, after giving him his blessing.

Levin, returning home that day, felt happy enough at the thought of being free from a false situation without having been obliged to lie. Besides, there remained with him a vague idea that what that good and gentle little old man said to him was not altogether so stupid as he at first had thought it was going to be, and that he really had something worth clearing up sometime.

"Not now, of course," he thought, "but later on."

Levin felt more than ever at this time that there were troubled and obscure places in his soul, and that, concerning his religion, he was in exactly the same position which he so clearly saw others occupying, and disliked, and which he blamed his friend Sviazhsky for.

Levin spent that evening with his betrothed at Dolly's, and in trying to explain to Stepan Arkadyevitch the excitable condition in which he found himself, was very gay; he said that he was like a dog being trained to jump through a hoop, which, delighted at having learned his lesson, wags his tail, and is eager to leap over the table and through the window.

## CHAPTER II

The princess and Darya Aleksandrovna insisted on strictly observing the established customs; so Levin was not to see his "bride" on the day of the wedding, and he dined at his hotel with three bachelors, who met in his room by chance: they were Sergyeï Ivanovitch; Katavasof, an old university friend, now professor of natural sciences, whom Levin had met on the street and brought home to dinner; Chirikof, his *shafer* or best man, justice of the peace at Moscow, and Levin's companion in bear-hunting.

The dinner was very lively. Sergyeï Ivanovitch was in the best of spirits, and greatly enjoyed Katavasof's originality. Katavasof, feeling that his originality was appreciated and understood, made a great display of it and Chirikof added his share of gayety to the conversation.

"So, here is our friend Konstantin Dmitrievitch," said Katavasof, with the slow speech of a professor accustomed to talk *ex cathedra;* "what a talented fellow he was! I speak of him in the past, for he no longer exists. He loved science when he left the university; he took an interest in humanity; now he employs half his faculties in deceiving himself, and the other half in apologizing for the deception."

"I never met a more confirmed enemy of marriage than you," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"No, I am not its enemy; I am a friend of the distribution of labor. People who cannot do anything ought to be the ones to propagate the race. All the

rest should devote themselves to their intellectual development and welfare. That is my opinion. I know a great many people are inclined to confound these two, but I am not of the number."

"How delighted I should be to hear that you were in love!" exclaimed Levin. "Pray invite me to your wedding."

"But I am already in love."

"Yes, with some cuttlefish. You know," said Levin, turning to his brother, "Mikhaïl Semyonuitch has written a work on the nutrition, and...."

"Now, I beg of you not to confuse matters! It is of no consequence what I have written; but it is a fact that I love a cuttlefish."

"That need not prevent your loving a wife."

"No; but my wife would object to my loving the cuttlefish."

"Why so?"

"You will see how it will be. Now, you love your farming, hunting..... Well! just wait awhile!"

"I met Arkhip to-day," said Chirikof; "he says that there are quantities of elk at Prudnoye, and two bears."

"Well! you may hunt them without me."

"You see how it is," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "You may as well say good-by to bear-hunting; your wife won't allow it."

Levin smiled. The idea that his wife would object to his hunting seemed so delightful that he was ready to renounce the pleasure of ever meeting a bear again.

"However, I am sorry to hunt those two bears without you," said Chirikof. "Do you remember the last time at Khapilovo? The hunting was marvelous."

Levin did not care to spoil his friend's illusion that life would be worth nothing without hunting, and so he made no reply.

"The custom of saying good-by to one's bachelor life is not without meaning," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "However happy one may be, a man regrets his liberty."

"Confess that, like Gogolevsky, when he was engaged, you feel like jumping out of the window."

"Certainly; but he won't confess it," said Katavasof, with a loud laugh.

"The window is open. .... Come now, let us go to Tver! We might find one bear in her lair. Indeed, we have still time to catch the five o'clock train," said Chirikof, smiling. "Hear them laugh!"

"Well, upon my honor," replied Levin, smiling, too, "I cannot discover the least trace of regret in my soul for my lost liberty."

"Yes! your soul is in such a chaos now that you cannot find anything in it," said Katavasof. "Wait till it becomes calmer; then you will see."

"No, if I felt in the least degree that there was nothing beyond my feeling of" — he did not like to speak of love before Katavasof — "of happiness, I should regret my lost freedom. But it is not so at all; I am even delighted at my loss of freedom."

"You are a hopeless case," exclaimed Katavasof. "However, let us drink to his recovery, or let us at least hope for him that one per cent of his illusions may be accomplished. And even that would be such happiness as was never known on this earth!"

Shortly after dinner the guests separated, to dress for the wedding.

When he was left alone, and had a chance to think over the conversation of these bachelors, Levin again asked himself whether he really regretted the liberty of which his friends had just been talking, and he smiled at the idea.

"Liberty? why liberty? Happiness for me consists in loving, in thinking her thoughts, in wishing her wishes, without any liberty. That is happiness!"

"But can I know her thoughts, her wishes, her feelings?" whispered some voice. The smile disappeared from his face and he fell into a deep study. And suddenly a strange feeling came over him: fear and doubt came over him — doubt about everything.

"Suppose she does not love me? What if she is

marrying me merely for the sake of being married? What if she does not herself know what she is doing?" he asked himself. "Will she, perhaps, see her mistake, and discover, after we are married, that she does not love me, and that she never can love me?"

And strange, even painful, thoughts about Kitty came to his mind; he began to be violently jealous of Vronsky, just as he had been the year before; there came up before him, like the memory of yesterday, that evening when he had seen them together, and he suspected her of not having confessed everything to him.

He quickly sprang up.

"No," said he, in despair. "I cannot let this remain so! I will go and find her, — I will talk with her, and say to her again, for the last time: 'We are free; is it not better to stop just where we are? Anything is better than lifelong unhappiness, shame, distrust!'"

And with despair in his heart, full of hatred toward all mankind, toward himself and Kitty, he left the hotel and hastened to her house.

He found her in one of the rear rooms sitting on a large chest, busy with her maid, looking over dresses of all colors, spread out over the backs of the chairs and on the floor.

"Akh!" she exclaimed, beaming with joy at seeing him. "What brings thee? What brings you?" Even up to this last day she sometimes said *tui*, sometimes *vui*. "I was not expecting you! I am just disposing of my maiden wardrobe."

"Ah! that is good!" he replied, frowning at the maid.

"Run away, Duniasha; I will call you," said Kitty; and as soon as she had gone she asked, using the second person of the pronoun, "What is the matter with thee?" this time resolutely. She remarked her lover's strange, excited, and gloomy face, and was seized with fear.

"Kitty, I am in torture, and I cannot suffer alone!" he said to her with despair in his voice, stopping in front of her and looking into her eyes in a beseeching

way. He at once saw by her face, so sincere and loving, that nothing whatever would result from his determination; yet he felt an urgent need of being reassured from her own lips.

"I came to tell you that it is not yet too late; that everything can even now be taken back."

"What? I do not understand. What is the matter with thee?"

"I am — as I have said and thought a thousand times before — I am not worthy of you. You once could not consent to marry me. Think of it! Perhaps you are mistaken now. Think of it well. You cannot love me .... if .... it is better to acknowledge it," he continued, without looking at her. "I shall be miserable, but no matter; let people say what they please; anything is better than unhappiness! .... But anything is better now, while there is yet time .... "

"I do not understand you," she replied, frightened. "You mean you want to take back your word .... break off our .... "

"Yes, if you do not love me."

"You must be insane!" she exclaimed, red with vexation. But the sight of Levin's piteous face arrested her anger; and pushing the frocks from one of the chairs, she sat down near him.

"What are you thinking of? Tell me all."

"I think that you cannot love me. Why should you love me?"

"Bozhe moï! what can I do?" .... said she; and she burst into tears.

"Akh! what have I done?" he cried instantly, and throwing himself on his knees, he covered her hands with kisses.

When the princess came into the room five minutes later, she found them completely reconciled. Kitty had not only convinced him of her love, but in answer to his question she had explained to him why she loved him. She said that she loved him because she understood him perfectly; because she knew that he could love, and that all he loved was good and beautiful.

Levin found the explanation perfectly satisfactory. When the princess came in, they were sitting side by side on the big chest, looking over the frocks, and discussing their fate. Kitty wanted to give Duniasha the brown frock that she wore the day Levin proposed to her; and he insisted that it should not be given to any one, and that Duniasha should have the blue frock.

"But don't you see that she is a brunette, and the blue frock will not be becoming to her? .... I have thought it all over." ....

When she learned why Levin was there, the princess was half vexed at him, and sent him home to make his own toilet and leave Kitty in peace, as Charles was going to dress Kitty's hair.

"She is quite excited enough," said she; "she has eaten nothing for days, and is losing all her beauty; and here you come to trouble her with your foolishness. Come, go away now, my dear."

Levin went back to the hotel, guilty and ashamed, but reassured. His brother, Darya Aleksandrovna, and Stepan Arkadyevitch, in full dress, were already waiting with holy images to bless him. There was no time to be lost. Darya Aleksandrovna had to go home again to get her son perfumed and curled for the occasion; the child was to carry the sacred image before the bride. Then one carriage must be sent for the *shafer* or best man, while another was to come to the hotel for Sergyeï Ivanovitch. .... This day was full of complications. One thing was certain, that no delay was permissible, for it was already half-past six.

The ceremony of the benediction was anything but solemn. Stepan Arkadyevitch assumed a comically grave attitude beside his wife, raised the sacred image, and obliged Levin to kneel before it, while he blessed him with an affectionate and wicked smile; at last he kissed him three times; and Darya Aleksandrovna did the same very hastily, for she was in a great hurry to get away, and in great perplexity about the carriage arrangements.

"Well! This is what we will do: you go for him in

our carriage, and perhaps Sergyeï Ivanovitch will be so good as to come immediately, and to send back his." ....

"Certainly, with pleasure."

"We will come back together. Has the luggage been sent?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Yes," replied Levin; and he called Kuzma to help him dress.

## CHAPTER III

A THRONG of people, principally women, surrounded the church, brilliantly lighted for the wedding; those who could not get inside were pushing up around the windows and elbowing one another as they strove to look through the gratings.

Already more than twenty carriages stood in a line in the street, under the supervision of policemen. A police officer stood at the entrance in brilliant uniform, unmindful of the cold. Carriages kept driving up and departing; now ladies in full dress, holding up their trains; now men taking off their hats, or *képis*. In the church itself both chandeliers and all the candles before the images were already burning. The golden gleam on the red background of the ikonostas, and the gilded chasing of the ikons, and the silver of the candelabra and of the censers, and the flaggings of the floor, and the tapestries and the banners suspended in the choir and the steps of the pulpit, and the old dingy missals, and the priestly robes, were all flooded with light.

On the right-hand side of the warm church, amid the brave array of dress-coats, uniforms, and white neckties, and satin, silk, and velvet robes; of coiffures, flowers, and bare necks and arms, and long gloves, there was a constant flow of restrained but lively conversation, which echoed strangely beneath the high, vaulted roof.

Whenever the door opened with a plaintive creak the murmur ceased, and every one turned around, hoping

at last to see the bridal pair. But the door had already opened more than ten times, and each time it proved to be some belated guest, or guests, admitted among the number of the friends on the right, or some spectator who had been clever enough to deceive or elude the police officer, and sat down among the strangers on the left.

The friends and strangers had passed through every phase of waiting; at first they supposed that the bride and bridegroom would be there any minute, and did not attach any importance to the delay; then they began to look around at the door more and more frequently, wondering what could have happened; at last the delay began to be awkward, and the relatives and invited guests tried to assume an air of indifference, as if they were absorbed in their conversation.

The archdeacon, as if to let people know that his time was precious, every now and then gave an impatient cough, which made the windows rattle; in the choir the singers, tired of waiting, could be heard, now trying their voices, and now blowing their noses; the priest kept sending, now a sacristan, now a deacon, to find out if the bridegroom was coming, and appeared himself more and more frequently at the side doors in his lilac cassock with its embroidered sash.

Finally a lady looked at her watch, and said to the one sitting next her, "This is very strange!" And immediately all the invited guests began to express their surprise and discontent aloud. One of the *shafers*, or best men, went to see what had happened.

During all this time Kitty, in her white dress, long veil, and wreath of orange blossoms, was standing in the "hall" of the Shcherbatsky mansion with her sister, Madame Lvova, and her nuptial godmother,[1] looking out of the window, and had been waiting for half an hour for the shafer to announce the bridegroom's arrival at the church.

Levin, meanwhile, in black trousers, but without either coat or waistcoat, was walking up and down his

[1] *Posazhonaya mat'.*

room at the hotel, opening the door every minute to look out into the corridor. But in the corridor nothing like what he wanted was to be seen, and, wringing his hands in despair, he would pour forth his complaints to Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was calmly smoking.

"Did you ever see a man in such a horribly absurd situation?"

"Yes, abominable!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his tranquil smile. "But be calm; they will have it here very soon."

"No, hang it!" said Levin, with restrained fury. "And these idiotic open waistcoats. Absolutely useless!" he added, looking at his tumbled shirt-bosom. "And what if my trunks have already gone to the railway station?" he exclaimed in despair.

"Then you can wear mine."

"I might have done that in the first place."

"Don't be ridiculous.... wait; it is sure to come all right."

The fact was that when Levin began to dress, Kuzma, his old servant, was supposed to have taken out his dress-coat, his waistcoat, and all that was necessary.

"But the shirt!" cried Levin.

"You have your shirt on," replied Kuzma, with an innocent smile.

Kuzma had not thought to provide a clean shirt, and, having received his orders to pack everything up and take them to the Shcherbatskys' house, from which the young couple was to start away that same evening, he had done so, leaving out only his dress-suit. The one that Levin had worn all day was tumbled, and unfit to wear with his open waistcoat; it would take too long to send to the Shcherbatskys'. They sent out to buy one; the lackey returned empty-handed — everything was shut up: it was Sunday. A shirt was brought from Stepan Arkadyevitch's house — it was ridiculously broad and short; at last, in despair, he had to send to the Shcherbatskys' to have his trunks opened. So, while the people were waiting in the church, the unfortunate groom, like a wild beast in a cage, was ramping with despair up and down his room, looking out into the

corridor, and in his horror and despair imagining what Kitty might be thinking all this time.

Finally the guilty Kuzma rushed into the room all out of breath, with the shirt in his hand.

"I got there just in time, as they were carrying off the trunks!" he exclaimed.

In three minutes Levin rushed through the corridor, without daring to look at his watch, for fear of increasing his agony of mind.

"You can't change anything," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile, following leisurely. "I told you it would come out all right."

## CHAPTER IV

"HERE they come! — There he is! — Which one? Is it the youngest? Just look at her! Poor little matushka, more dead than alive!" was murmured through the crowd, as Levin, having met the bride at the entrance, came into the church with her.

Stepan Arkadyevitch told his wife the reason of the delay, and a smile passed over the congregation as it was whispered about. Levin neither saw any one nor anything, but kept his eyes fixed on his bride.

Every one said that she had grown very homely during these last days, and certainly she did not look so pretty under her bridal wreath as usual; but such was not Levin's opinion. He looked at her high coiffure, with the long white veil attached, and white flowers, at her high plaited collar encircling her slender neck in a peculiarly maidenly fashion, and just showing it a little in front, — her remarkably graceful figure; and she seemed more beautiful to him than ever. But it was not because the flowers or her veil or her Paris gown added anything to her beauty, but because of the expression of her lovely face, her eyes, her lips, with their innocent sincerity, preserved in spite of all this adornment.

"I was beginning to think that you had made up your mind to run away," she said to him with a smile.

"What happened to me was so absurd that I am ashamed to tell you about it," he replied, reddening, and he was compelled to turn to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, who came up at that moment.

"The tale of the shirt is a good one," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, throwing back his head with a laugh.

"Yes, yes," replied Levin, without understanding a word which had been said.

"Well, Kostia, now is the time to make a serious decision," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pretending to look greatly scared. "The question is a grave one, and you must appreciate its full importance. I have been asked whether the candles shall be new ones, or those that have been partly burned; the difference is ten rubles," he added, pursing his lips in a smile. "I have decided about it, but I am afraid that you will not approve of it."

Levin knew that there was some joke about it, but he could not smile.

"What will you decide on? new ones, or old ones? — that is the question."

"Yes, yes; new ones."

"Well, I am very glad. The question is settled," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Of how little importance a man is at such a time as this!" he murmured to Chirikof, while Levin drew near to his bride, after looking at her in a bewildered way.

"Notice, Kitty, who first sets foot on the carpet!" said the Countess Nordstone, stepping up to her. — "You look your best," she added, addressing Levin.

"Are you frightened?" asked Marya Dmitrievna, an old aunt.

"You are n't cold, are you? You look pale. Bend forward a moment," said Madame Lvova, raising her beautiful round arms to repair some disarrangement of her sister's flowers.

Dolly came up, and tried to say something; but she could not speak, and burst into tears and laughed unnaturally.

Kitty looked at those around her as absent-mindedly as Levin.

During this time the officiating clergymen had put on their sacerdotal robes, and the priest, accompanied by the deacon, came to the lectern placed at the entrance of the sacred doors. The priest addressed a few words to Levin; but Levin failed to understand what he said.

"Take the bride's hand and go forward," whispered his best man to him.

For a long time he was unable to make out what was expected of him. For a long time they tried to coach him and were ready to give it up, because he did the opposite of what he was told. Finally, he comprehended that he was to take Kitty's right hand with his right hand, without changing his position. When at last he took his bride by her hand in the proper way, the priest advanced a few steps, and stopped in front of the lectern. The relatives and invited guests followed the young couple with a murmur of voices and a rustling of trains. Some one stooped down to arrange the bride's train; in the church, a silence so profound reigned that the drops of wax could be heard falling from the candles.

The old priest, in a calotte, his white hair shining like silver, drawn back behind his ears, drew forth his little wrinkled hands from beneath his heavy silver chasuble, ornamented with a cross of gold, approached the lectern, and turned over the leaves of the missal.

Stepan Arkadyevitch came softly and spoke in his ear, made a sign to Levin, and then stepped back.

The priest lighted two candles decorated with flowers, and, holding them slanting in his left hand, so that the wax slowly fell from them, turned toward the young couple. It was the same old man who had heard Levin's confession. He looked at the bride and bridegroom out of his sad, weary eyes, and then, with a sigh, blessed Levin with his right hand; then, with especial tenderness, placed his fingers on Kitty's bended head, gave them the candles, and taking the censer moved quietly away.

"Is this all real?" thought Levin, and he glanced at his bride. He looked down somewhat from above on her profile, and by the motion of her lips and her eye-

brows he knew that she felt his look. She did not raise her head; but the high-plaited collar which reached to her little pink ear trembled a little. He saw that she was stifling a sigh, and her hand, imprisoned in its long glove, trembled as it held the candle.

The whole affair of the shirt, his late arrival, his conversation with his relatives and friends, their displeasure, his ridiculous position, — everything at once vanished from his memory, and he was conscious of a mixed feeling of terror and joy.

The archdeacon, a tall, handsome man, his hair curling all around his head and wearing a *stikhar*, or surplice, of silver cloth, came briskly forward, and with the customary gesture raised his stole with two fingers, and stopped before the priest.

"Bless us, O Lord!"[1] slowly, one after the other, rocking the atmosphere into billows of sound, echoed the solemn syllables.

"May the Lord bless you now and through all ages," replied the old priest in a sweet and musical voice, still turning over the leaves.

And the response, chanted by the invisible choir, filled the church to the very roof of the vault with a deep, full sound, which increased, then ceased for a moment, and softly died away.

They prayed as usual for the eternal repose and welfare of their souls, for the synod, and the emperor, and then for the servants of God, Konstantin and Yekaterina, that day about to wed.

"Let us pray the Lord to send them His love, His peace, and His aid," the whole church seemed to say in the voice of the archdeacon.

Levin listened to these words, and was impressed by them.

"How did they know that aid was exactly what I need? Yes, aid. What can I know, what can I do, without aid?" he thought, recalling his recent doubts and fears.

When the deacon had ended the liturgy, the priest,

[1] *Bla-go-slo-vi vla-dúika!*

with a book in his hand, turned toward the bridal couple: —

"O God Eternal, who unitest by an indissoluble bond those who are separate," he read, in a strong melodious voice, "Thou who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca, and showest Thy mercy to their descendants, bless also these Thy servants, Konstantin and Yekaterina, and pour forth Thy benefits upon them. Because Thou art a merciful and beneficent God, we offer Thee the glory! To the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be...."

"Amen," again chanted the invisible choir.

"'Who unitest by an indissoluble bond those who are separate!' How those profound words respond to what one feels at such a time! Does she understand it as I do?" thought Levin.

And looking down he gazed into her eyes.

From the expression of Kitty's face he concluded that she did feel it as he did; but he was mistaken: she scarcely comprehended the words of the service, and during the time of the espousal did not even hear them. She could not hear them or comprehend them, so powerful was the single feeling which filled her heart and kept increasing all the time. This feeling was one of delight at the perfect fulfilment of what had been taking place in her heart during the past month and a half, and during those six weeks had made her happy and restless by turns.

From that day when, in her cinnamon-colored gown, in the "hall" of their house on the Arbatsky, she had silently approached Levin to give herself wholly to him, from that day, from that moment, she felt a complete rupture had been made with all her past life, and another existence, new and unknown, without, however, changing her outward life, had begun. These six weeks had been at once a very happy and very trying time. Her whole life, her hopes and desires, were all concentrated on this man, whom she did not even yet fully understand, to whom she was united by a sentiment which

she understood still less, and which attracted her and repelled her by turns, and at the same time she had gone on living in the conditions of her former life. Living this old life, she was horrified at herself, at her complete and invincible indifference toward her whole past: to things, to habits, even to her relatives, whom she loved, and who loved her, her mother, who was pained by her indifference, and her gentle father, whom she had loved more than any one else in the world. At one moment she was horrified at this indifference, at the next she was filled with joy at that which had brought her to such a feeling. She could not imagine or desire anything except life with this man; but this new life had not yet begun, and she could form no definite idea of it. It was only an expectation, a fear and joy of something new and unknown. And now this expectation, as well as her remorse for not regretting the past, were at an end, and the new life was beginning. This new and unknown future could not fail to be alarming, but whether it was alarming or not, it was only the fulfilment of what had taken place in her soul six weeks before, only the sanctification of what had been taking place in her soul for a long time.

The priest, turning to the lectern again, with difficulty took off Kitty's little ring, and passed it as far as the first joint of Levin's finger.

"I unite thee, Konstantin, servant of God, to Yekaterina, servant of God;" and he repeated the same formula in placing a large ring on Kitty's delicate little rosy finger, pathetic in its weakness.

The bridal pair tried to understand what was expected of them, but each time made a mistake, and the priest corrected them in a low voice. At last the priest, blessing them with his fingers, again gave Kitty the large ring, and Levin the small one, and again they got confused, and twice passed the rings from hand to hand, failing to interchange them as they should have done.

Dolly Chirikof and Stepan Arkadyevitch stepped out to assist them in their difficulty. The people around them smiled and whispered; but the tenderly solemn

expression on the faces of the young couple did not change. On the contrary, even when they were blundering with the rings, they looked more serious and solemn than before; and the smile on Stepan Arkadyevitch's face died away, as he whispered to them that they were to put on their own rings. It seemed to him that a smile might be offensive to them.

"O Thou who, from the beginning of the world, hast created man, male and female," continued the priest, after the ceremony of the rings, "and hast given to man the woman to be his aid and delight, therefore, O Thou, our Lord God, who hast given Thy blessing to Thy chosen, to Thy servants, our fathers, to Thine inheritance, do Thou bless Thy servants Konstantin and Yekaterina, and confirm their nuptials in faith and concord and truth and love!"

Levin's breast heaved; disobedient tears filled his eyes. He kept feeling more and more that all his thoughts on marriage, his visions of how he should dispose his life, had hitherto been infantile, and that there was something that had never been comprehensible to him; and now he understood its meaning less than ever, although he was now wholly in its power.

## CHAPTER V

All Moscow, all the relatives and acquaintances, were at the church. And during the time of the marriage service, in the brilliant light that flooded the church, in that throng of handsomely dressed women and girls, and of men in white neckties, in swallow-tails, or in uniform, there was a decorously subdued conversation, especially among the men, for the women were absorbed in observing all the details of a ceremony which is always so full of interest for them.

A little group of friends surrounded the bride, and among them were her two sisters, Dolly, and the beautiful Madame Lvova just returned from abroad.

"Why is Mary in lilac at a wedding? It is almost mourning," said Madame Korsunsky.

"With her complexion it's her only salvation," replied Madame Drubetsky. "But I wonder why they had the ceremony in the evening? That savors of the merchant."

"It is pleasanter. I, too, was married in the evening," said Madame Korsunsky, sighing, and recalling how beautiful she had been on that day, and how ridiculously in love with her her husband had been, and how it was all so different now!

"They say that those who have been best men more than ten times never marry. I tried to make myself proof against marriage, in this way, but the place was taken," said Count Siniavin to the handsome young Princess Charskaya, who had designs on him.

A smile was her only reply. She was looking at Kitty, and thinking how and when she would stand with Count Siniavin in Kitty's place; and how she would then remind him of the joke that he had made.

Shcherbatsky confided to the old Frerlina Nikolayeva his intention to place the crown on Kitty's head-dress to bring her good luck.

"There is no need of wearing a head-dress," replied Frerlina Nikolayeva, who had long ago decided that if the old widower whom she was setting her cap for should offer himself, she would be married very simply. "I don't like this display."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch was talking with Darya Dmitrievna, jestingly declaring that the fashion of wedding tours was becoming widespread because young couples were always rather bashful.

"Your brother may well be proud of his choice. She is charming. You must envy him."

"The time has gone by for that, Darya Dmitrievna," he replied, and an unexpected expression of sadness overspread his face.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was telling his sister-in-law his pun on divorce.

"Somebody ought to arrange her wreath," replied the latter, without listening.

"What a pity that she has grown so ugly!" said the Countess Nordstone to Madame Lvova. "After all, he is n't worth her little finger, is he?"

"I don't agree with you; I am very much pleased with him, and not only because he is going to be my *beau-frère*," replied Madame Lvova. "How well he appears! It is so difficult to appear well at such a time and not to be absurd. He is neither ridiculous nor stiff; one feels that he is touched."

"Did you expect this marriage?"

"Almost. He has always been in love with her."

"Well, we shall see which will be the first to step on the carpet. I have advised Kitty to look out for that."

"That makes no difference," replied Madame Lvova; "in our family we are all submissive wives."

"But I have taken pains to keep mine under the thumb. — How is it with you, Dolly?"

Dolly was standing near them, and heard them, but she did not reply. She was affected; tears filled her eyes, and she could not have uttered a word without crying. She was glad for Kitty and Levin; she was thinking of her own wedding; and as she glanced at the brilliant Stepan Arkadyevitch, she forgot the real state of things, and only remembered his first, innocent love. She was thinking, too, of other women, — her relatives and acquaintances, — whom she remembered at this important and solemn hour of their lives; how they, like Kitty, stood under the crown; how they renounced the past with joy, and began a mysterious future, with hope and fear in their hearts. Among the number she recalled her dear Anna, the details of whose approaching divorce she had just heard; she had seen her enveloped in a white veil, as pure as Kitty, with her wreath of orange-blossoms. And now? "It is terribly strange!" she whispered.

The sisters and friends were not the only ones to follow with interest the minutest details of the ceremony; there were women among the strangers looking

on, who held their breath, for fear of losing a single movement of bride or bridegroom, and who replied absent-mindedly to the jokes or idle remarks of the men, often not even hearing them.

"Why is she so troubled? Are they marrying her against her will?"

"Against her will? to such a handsome man? Is he a prince?"

"Is that her sister in white satin? There! Just hear the deacon howl, 'Let her fear her husband'!"

"Are the singers from Chudof?"[1]

"No; from the synod."

"I have asked the servant about it. He says that her husband is going to take her away to his estate. Awfully rich, they say. That is why she is marrying him."

"They make a handsome pair."

"And you pretend to say, Marya Vasilievna, that they don't wear crinolines[2] any longer. Just look at that one in a puce-colored dress! You would say she was an ambassador's wife by the way she is dressed. Do you see now?"

"What a sweet little creature the bride is! — like a lamb for the slaughter. You may say what you please, I can't help pitying her."

Such were the remarks of the spectators who had succeeded in getting past the door of the church.

## CHAPTER VI

As the service of espousal was coming to an end, one of the officiating priests spread a piece of rose-colored silk in front of the lectern, in the center of the church, the choir chanted an artistic and complicated psalm, in which the tenor and bass sang responsively, and the priest, turning to the young couple, attracted their attention to the piece of rose-colored fabric.

[1] A monastery, famous for its singers.

[2] The speaker calls it *karnalin* instead of *krinolin*.

They were both familiar with the superstition that whichever one of a bridal couple first sets foot on the carpet becomes the real head of the family, but neither Kitty nor Levin remembered anything about it after they had gone a few steps. And they did not hear the remarks exchanged about them, or the discussions between those who thought that he was the first and those who were sure that they touched it simultaneously.

After the customary questions as to their willingness to enter into the bonds of matrimony, and would they plight their mutual troth, and their answers, which sounded strangely loud to their own ears, a new office began. Kitty listened to the words of the prayers and tried to understand them, but she could not. The farther the ceremony proceeded, the more her heart overflowed with triumphant joy, which prevented her from fixing her attention.

They prayed to God that "the pair might have the gift of chastity, and might rejoice in the sight of many sons and daughters;" they recalled how God had made "the first woman from Adam's side," that "the woman must leave father and mother and cling to her husband, and they twain shall be one flesh," and that this is a great miracle; they prayed God "to give them fecundity and prosperity, as he had blessed Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph, Moses, and Sephora, and to let them see their children to the third and fourth generation."

"All this is lovely," thought Kitty, as she heard these words; "all this is just as it should be." And a smile of happiness, which was reflected on the faces of all who saw her, shone on her fair, lovely face.

"Put it entirely on," were the words heard in every part of the church, as the priest brought forward the crowns, and Shcherbatsky, in his three-button gloves, tremblingly held the wreath high above Kitty's head.

"Put it on," whispered the latter, smiling.

Levin turned round, and was struck by the radiant joy which filled her face, and the same feeling, in spite of himself, took possession of him; he felt, like her, happy and serene.

They listened with joy in their hearts to the reading of the Epistle, and the archdeacon's voice echoing the last verse, fully appreciated by the strangers, who were impatiently waiting for it. Joyfully they drank the warm red wine and water from the flat cup, and they felt still more joyful when the priest, throwing back his chasuble, led them around the lectern, holding both their hands in his, while the bass sang, at the top of his voice, *Isaïye likuï.* Shcherbatsky and Chirikof, carrying the crowns, smiling and constantly treading on the bride's train, now straggled behind, now bumped into the crowned couple, as the priest paused in front of the relics. The gleam of joy on Kitty's face seemed to be communicated to all present. Levin was sure that the deacon and the priest fell under its influence as well as himself.

When the crowns had been taken from their heads, the priest read the last prayers and congratulated the young couple. Levin looked at Kitty and thought he had never seen her so beautiful; it was the beauty of that new radiance of happiness which transformed her; he wanted to say something to her, but did not know whether the ceremony was yet over or not. The priest relieved him from his uncertainty, and said gently to him, with a kindly smile: —

"Kiss your wife, and you, kiss your husband," and he took their candles.

Levin, with circumspection, kissed his wife's smiling lips, gave her his arm, and went out of the church with a new and strange feeling of being suddenly very near to her. He had not believed, he could not believe, that all this was reality. Nor until their astonished and timid eyes met did he believe it, because he felt that they were indeed one.

That same evening, after the supper, the young couple started for the country.

## CHAPTER VII

Vronsky and Anna had been traveling together in Europe for three months. They had visited Venice, Rome, Naples; and now they were just arrived at a small Italian city, where they intended to make a considerable stay.

At the hotel the head butler, a regular Adonis of a man, who wore his thick pomaded hair parted behind from the neck, and a dress-coat with a wide expanse of white shirt-front and watch-charms over his rotund belly, was standing with his hands thrust into his pockets, scornfully blinking his eyes, and giving curt answers to a gentleman who had entered the hotel. Hearing steps on the other side of the entrance, the head butler turned around, and, seeing the Russian count, who rented his most expensive apartments, he respectfully drew his hands out of his pockets, and, with a low bow, informed the count that a messenger had come to say that the *palazzo* was at his service. The agent was ready to sign the agreement.

"Ah! I am very glad," said Vronsky. "Is madame at home?"

"She has been out, but she has returned," replied the butler.

Vronsky took off his wide-brimmed soft hat, and wiped his heated forehead with his handkerchief, and smoothed his hair, which was so arranged as to hide his bald spot. Then, casting a hasty glance at the stranger, who had stopped, and was looking at him earnestly, he started to go.

"This gentleman is a Russian, and was inquiring for you," said the head butler.

With a mingled feeling of vexation because he never could get away from acquaintances, and of pleasure at the idea of any distraction from his monotonous existence, Vronsky once more looked at the gentleman, who had started to go and then stopped, and at one and the same time their eyes met.

"Golenishchef!"

"Vronsky!"

It was indeed Golenishchef, one of Vronsky's schoolmates in the Corps of Pages. He had belonged to the liberal party in the Corps, and, after his graduation, he had taken a civil rank, and had not served. The comrades had entirely drifted apart since their graduation, and had met only once. At that meeting Vronsky had perceived that Golenishchef looked down from the lofty heights of his chosen liberal profession on Vronsky's profession and career. Consequently, Vronsky at that meeting with Golenishchef had given him that cold and haughty reception with which it was his fashion to treat people, as much as to say: "You may like or dislike my manner of life, but it is absolutely of no consequence to me; you must respect me if you want to know me." Golenishchef had been scornfully indifferent to Vronsky's manner. That meeting, it would seem, should have driven them still farther apart; yet now, at the sight of each other, they each uttered a cry of delight. Vronsky had never realized how glad he would be to see Golenishchef; but the fact was that he did not know how bored he was. He forgot the unpleasant impression of their previous meeting, and with manifest pleasure extended his hand to his old comrade. And likewise a look of satisfaction succeeded the troubled expression on Golenishchef's face.

"How glad I am to see you!" said Vronsky, with a friendly smile which showed his handsome white teeth.

"I heard the name Vronsky, but which .... I did not know .... I am very, very glad."

"But come in. Well, what are you doing?"

"Oh, I have been living here for more than a year, working."

"Ah!" said Vronsky, with interest. "But come in."

And, according to the habit of Russians, instead of saying in Russian what he did not wish to be understood by servants, he said in French: —

"Do you know Madame Karenin? We have been traveling together. I was just going to her room."

And while he was speaking he studied Golenishchef's face.

"Ah! I did not know," remarked Golenishchef, carelessly; but he did know. "Have you been here long?"

"I? Oh, this is the fourth day," replied Vronsky, continuing to study his companion.

"Yes! He is a gentleman, and looks upon things in the right light," he said to himself, giving a favorable interpretation to Golenishchef's way of turning the conversation; "he can be presented to Anna; his views are all right."

Vronsky, during this three months which he had been spending with Anna abroad, had felt every time that he met with new acquaintances a hesitation as to the manner in which they would look on his relations with Anna, and for the most part the men had looked on them "in the right light." If he or they had been asked what they meant by the expression "in the right light," they would have found it hard to tell. In reality, those that according to Vronsky looked on it "in the right light" had never looked on it at all, but as a general thing contented themselves with a wise discretion, not asking questions or making allusions, and behaved altogether as well-bred people behave when presented with delicate and complex questions such as surround life on all sides. They pretended that they fully appreciated the meaning and significance of the situation, recognized and even approved of it, but considered it ill-judged and superfluous to explain it.

Vronsky instantly saw that Golenishchef was one of these discreet people, and was therefore glad to meet him.

In fact Golenishchef behaved toward Madame Karenin when he was introduced to her in exactly the manner that Vronsky demanded; it evidently cost him no effort to avoid all words that would lead to any awkwardness.

He had never seen Anna before, and was delighted with her beauty, and still more with the perfect simplicity with which she accepted the situation. She flushed when she saw Vronsky come in with Goleni-

shchef, and this infantile color which spread over her frank and lovely face pleased him immensely. But he was delighted because from the very first, as if purposely, even in the presence of a stranger, which might have caused restraint, she called Vronsky Alekseï, and told how they had just rented a house which the people called a *palazzo*, and how she was going to occupy it with him. The simple and straightforward facing of their situation was delightful to Golenishchef. Perceiving Anna's happy and vivacious manner, knowing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and Vronsky, it seemed to him that he thoroughly understood her. It seemed to him that he understood what she herself did not understand: how she could desert her unhappy husband and her son, and lose her good repute, and still feel animated, gay, and happy.

"It is in the guide-book," said Golenishchef, speaking of the *palazzo* which Vronsky called by name. "There is a superb Tintoretto there. In his latest manner."

"Do you know that? It is splendid weather; let's go over and look at it again," said Vronsky, addressing Anna.

"I should like to very much. I will go and put on my hat. Did you say it was hot?" said she, pausing at the door and looking back to Vronsky. And again the bright color came into her face.

Vronsky saw by her look that she was uncertain how he wished to treat Golenishchef, and that she was afraid that her behavior might not be what he desired.

He looked at her long and tenderly. Then he replied: —

"No, not very."

And it seemed to her that she comprehended him perfectly, and especially that he was satisfied with her, and, replying with a smile, she went out with a quick and graceful motion.

The friends looked at each other, and there came into the faces of both an expression of embarrassment, as if Golenishchef, admiring her, wished to make some

complimentary remark, and had not the courage, while Vronsky both wished and feared to hear it.

"Well, then," Vronsky began, so that some conversation might be started, "so you are settled here? Are you still interested in the same pursuits?" he asked, remembering that he had been told that Golenishchef was writing something.

"Yes; I have been writing the second part of the 'Two Origins,'" replied Golenishchef, kindling with delight at this question; "that is, to be more exact, I am not writing yet, but have been collecting and preparing my materials. It will be far more extended, and will touch on almost all questions. At home, in Russia, they can't understand that we are successors of Byzantium," and he began a long and vehement explanation.

Vronsky at first felt awkward because he did not know about the first part of the "Two Origins," about which the author spoke as if it were something well known. But afterward, as Golenishchef began to develop his thought, and Vronsky saw what he meant, then, even though he did not know about the "Two Origins," he listened not without interest, for Golenishchef spoke well.

But Vronsky was surprised and annoyed at the irritable excitement under which Golenishchef labored while talking about the object that absorbed him. The longer he spoke, the brighter grew his eyes, the more animated were his arguments in refutation of imaginary opponents, and the more angry and excited the expression of his face.

Vronsky remembered Golenishchef at the School of Pages, — a lad of small stature, thin, nervous, agile, a good-hearted and gentlemanly lad, always at the head of his class, and he could not understand the reasons for such irascibility and he did not approve of it. And it especially displeased him that Golenishchef, a man of good social standing, should put himself down on the level of these common scribblers, and get angry with them because they criticized him. Was it worth while? It displeased him; but, nevertheless, he felt that Golenishchef

was making himself miserable and he was sorry for him.

This unhappiness, almost amounting to insanity, was particularly noticeable on his mobile and rather handsome face, while he went on so hurriedly and heatedly expressing his thoughts that he did not notice Anna's return.

As Anna came in, wearing her hat and with a mantle thrown over her shoulders, and stood near them, twirling her sunshade in her lovely, slender hand, Vronsky felt a sense of relief in turning away from Golenishchef's feverish eyes fixed keenly on him, and looked with an ever new love at his charming companion, radiant with life and gayety.

It was hard for Golenishchef to come to himself, and at first he was surly and cross; but Anna, who was flatteringly amiable toward every one, for such at this time was her disposition, quickly brought him into sympathy with her gay and natural manner. After essaying various topics of conversation, she brought him round to painting, about which he spoke very well, and she listened to him attentively. They walked over to the *palazzo* and made a thorough inspection of it.

"I am very glad of one thing," said Anna to Golenishchef; "Alekseï will have a nice *atelier*. Of course you'll take this room?" she added, turning to Vronsky and speaking to him in Russian, using the familiar *tui* (thou) as if she already looked on Golenishchef as an intimate, before whom it was not necessary to be reserved.

"Do you paint?" asked Golenishchef, turning vivaciously to Vronsky.

"Yes, I used to paint long ago, and now I am going to take it up again," replied Vronsky, with color.

"He has great talent," cried Anna, with a radiant smile. "Of course I am not a judge. But good judges say so."

## CHAPTER VIII

Anna, during this first period of freedom and rapid convalescence, felt herself inexcusably happy and full of joyous life. The memory of her husband's unhappiness did not poison her pleasure. This memory in one way was too horrible to think of. In another, her husband's unhappiness was the cause of a happiness for her too great to allow regret. The memory of everything that had followed since her sickness, the reconciliation with her husband, the quarrel, Vronsky's wound, his sudden appearance, the preparations for the divorce, the flight from her husband's home, the separation from her son, — all this seemed like a delirious dream, from which she awoke and found herself abroad alone with Vronsky. The recollection of the injury which she had done her husband aroused in her a feeling akin to disgust, and like that which a drowning man might experience after having pushed away a person clinging to him. The other person was drowned. Of course, what had been done was evil, but it was the only possible salvation, and it was better not to return to those horrible memories.

One consoling argument in regard to her conduct occurred to her at the first moment of the rupture, and now, whenever she thought of all that had passed, she went over this argument.

"I have done my husband an irrevocable injury," she said to herself, "but at least I get no advantage from his misfortune. I also suffer and shall suffer. I give up all that was dearest to me; I give up my good name and my son. I have sinned, and therefore I do not desire happiness, do not desire a divorce, and I accept my shame and the separation from my son."

But, however sincere Anna was when she reasoned thus, she had not suffered. She had felt no shame. With that tact which both she and Vronsky possessed to perfection, they had avoided, while abroad, any meeting with Russian ladies, and they had never put them-

selves into any false position, but had associated only with those who pretended to understand their situation much better than they themselves did. Nor even the separation from her son, whom she loved, caused her any pain at this time. Her baby, her daughter, was so lovely and had so filled her heart since only the daughter was left to her, that she rarely thought of the son.

The joy of living caused by her convalescence was so keen, the conditions of her existence were so new and delightful, that Anna felt inexcusably happy. The more she came to know Vronsky, the more she loved him. She loved him for his own sake and for his love for her. The complete surrender to him was a delight. His presence was always a joy to her. All the traits of his character as she came to know them better and better became to her inexpressibly dear. His appearance, now that he dressed in civil attire instead of uniform, was as entrancing to her as for a young girl desperately in love. In all he said, thought, or did, she saw something noble and elevated. She herself often felt frightened at this excessive worship of him. She tried in vain to find any imperfection in him. She did not dare to confess to him her own inferiority, lest he, knowing it, should love her less. And now there was nothing that she feared so much, although there was not the slightest occasion for it, as to lose his love. But she could not fail to be grateful to him for the way he treated her or to show him how much she prized it.

Although in her opinion he had shown such a decided vocation for statesmanship, in which he would certainly have played an important part, and had sacrificed his ambition for her, still he had never expressed the slightest regret. He was more than ever affectionately respectful, and careful that she should never feel in the slightest degree the compromising character of her position. This man, so masculine, not only never opposed her, but moreover it might be said that he had no will besides hers, and his only aim seemed to be to anticipate her desires. And she could not but appreciate this, though this very assiduity in his attentions, this

atmosphere of solicitude which he threw around her, was sometimes oppressive to her.

Vronsky, meantime, notwithstanding the complete realization of all that he had desired so long, was not entirely happy. He soon began to feel that the accomplishment of his desires was only a small portion of the mountain of pleasure which he had anticipated. This realization now proved to him the eternal error made by men who imagine their happiness lies in the accomplishment of their desires. During the first of the time after he had begun to live with her, and had put on his citizen's clothes, he experienced all the charm of a freedom such as he had never known before and the freedom of love, and he was satisfied with that; but not for long. He soon began to feel rising in his soul the desire of desires — *toska*, melancholy, homesickness, *ennui*. Involuntarily, he began to follow every light caprice as if they were serious aspirations and ends.

It was necessary to fill sixteen hours each day with some occupation, living, as they did, abroad, in perfect freedom, away from the social and military duties that took Vronsky's time at Petersburg. He could not think of indulging in the pleasures such as he had enjoyed as a bachelor during his previous trips abroad, for one experiment of that kind — a scheme of a late supper with some acquaintances — reduced Anna to a most unexpected and uncomfortable state of dejection. The enjoyment with foreign or Russian society was impossible on account of the peculiarity of their relation. And to amuse himself with the curiosities of the country was not to be spoken of, not only because he had already seen them, but because as a Russian and a man of sense, he could not find in them that immense importance that the English are pleased to attach to them.

And as a hungry animal throws itself on everything that presents itself, hoping to find in it something to eat, so Vronsky, with perfect spontaneity, attacked, now politics, now new books, now painting.

As, when he was young, he had shown some inclination toward art, and, not knowing what to do with his money,

had begun to collect engravings, he had tried his hand at painting. And now he took it up again, and employed in it that unexpended superfluity of energy which demanded employment. He had the capacity for appreciating art, and he thought that this was all that an artist needed. After having for some time hung doubtful which he would choose, — the religious, the historical, *genre*, or the realistic, — he actually began to paint. He understood all kinds, and could get inspiration from each; but he could not imagine that it was possible to be entirely ignorant of the various styles of art and to draw inspiration directly from what is in the soul itself, not caring what may be the result or to what famous school it may belong. As he did not know this, and drew his inspiration, not directly from life, but from life as expressed in art, so he became easily and speedily inspired, and with equal ease and rapidity succeeded in making what he undertook to paint a very good resemblance to that style which he was trying to imitate.

More than all others, the graceful and effective French school appealed to him, and in this style he began a portrait of Anna in an Italian costume; and this portrait seemed to him and to all that saw it very successful.

## CHAPTER IX

The old, dilapidated *palazzo* into which they moved supplied Vronsky with the agreeable illusion that he was not so much a Russian proprietor, a shtalmeïster in retirement, as he was an enlightened amateur and protector of art, in his own modest way an artist, who had sacrificed society, his ties, his ambition, for a woman's love. This ancient palace, with its lofty stuccoed ceilings, its frescoed walls, its mosaic floors, its yellow tapestries, its thick, yellow curtains at the high windows, its vases on mantelpiece and consoles, its carved doors, and its melancholy halls hung with paintings, lent itself readily to his illusion.

This new *rôle* which Vronsky had chosen, together with their removal to the *palazzo* and acquaintance with

several interesting persons, which came about through Golenishchef, made the first part of this period very enjoyable. Under the instruction of an Italian professor of painting, he made some studies from nature, and he took up the study of Italian life during the Middle Ages. Medieval Italian life became so fascinating to him that he began to wear his hat and throw his plaid over his shoulders in the medieval style, which was very becoming to him.

"Here we are alive, and yet we know nothing," said Vronsky one morning to Golenishchef, who came in to see him. "Have you seen Mikhaïlof's[1] painting?" he asked, and at the same time handed him a Russian paper just received, and indicated an article on this artist, who was living in that very city, and had just completed a picture about which many reports had long been in circulation, and which had been sold on the easel. The article severely criticized the government and the academy that an artist of such genius was left without any encouragement and aid.

"I have seen it," replied Golenishchef. "Of course he is not without talent, but his tendencies are absolutely false. He always shows the Ivanof-Strauss-Renan conception of Christ and religious art."

"What is the subject of his painting?" asked Anna.

"'Christ before Pilate.' The Christ is a Jew with all the realism of the new school."

And as this subject was a favorite one with him, he began to develop his ideas.

"I cannot understand how they can fall into such a gross mistake. The type of the Christ in art was clearly represented by the old masters. Accordingly, if they want to paint, not God, but a sage or a revolutionist, let them take Franklin or Socrates, or Charlotte Corday,— but not Christ. They take the very person whom art should not attempt to portray, and then...."

"Is it true that this Mikhaïlof is in such poverty?" asked Vronsky, who felt that in his quality of Russian

[1] Count Tolstoï may possibly refer to the great artist Gay, one of whose pictures was exhibited in this country a number of years ago. — Ed.

Mæcenas he ought to find some way of aiding the artist, whether his painting was good or not.

"It is doubtful. He is a famous portrait painter. Have you not seen his portrait of Madame Vasilchikof? But it seems he does n't care to paint portraits any longer, and perhaps that is the reason he is in need. I say that...."

"Could n't we ask him to paint Anna Arkadyevna's portrait?"

"Why mine?" she demanded. "After your portrait of me, I want no other. It would be better to let him paint Ani [so she called her daughter], or her," she added, looking out of the window at the pretty Italian nurse, who was just taking the baby into the garden. And at the same time she gave Vronsky a furtive glance. This pretty Italian woman, whose face Vronsky had taken as a model for a picture, was the only secret woe in Anna's life. Vronsky painted her picture, admired her beauty and her medieval quaintness, and Anna did not dare to confess to herself that she feared she was going to be jealous, and was accordingly all the more kind to her and her little boy.

Vronsky also looked out of the window, and at Anna's eyes, and, instantly turning to Golenishchef, said: —

"And so you know this Mikharlof?"

"I have met him. But he is an original — a *chudak* — without any education, you know, one of these new-fashioned savages such as you meet with nowadays — you know them — these free-thinkers, who rush headlong into atheism, materialism, universal negation. Once," Golenishchef went on to say, either not noticing or not wishing to notice that both Vronsky and Anna were ready to speak, "once the free-thinker was a man educated in the conceptions of religion, law, and morality, who did not ignore the laws by which society is regulated, and who reached freedom of thought only after long struggles. But now we have a new type of them, — free-thinkers who grow up without even knowing that there are such things as laws in morality and religion, who will not admit that sure authorities exist,

and who possess only the sentiment of negation; in a word, savages. Mikhaïlof is one of these. He is the son of a major-domo, or *ober-lakeï*, at Moscow, and never had any education. When he entered the academy, and had made a reputation, he was willing to be taught, for he is not a fool; and, with this end in view, he turned to that source of all learning, — the magazines and reviews. Now you know in the good old times, if a man — let us say a Frenchman — wanted to get an education, he would study the classics, — the preachers, the tragic poets, the historians, the philosophers; and you can see all the intellectual labor that involved. But nowadays he turns to negative literature, and succeeds very speedily in getting a smattering of such a science. And, again, twenty years ago, he would have found in this same literature traces of the struggle against the authorities and secular traditions of the past; he would have understood from this dispute that there was something else. But now he turns directly to a literature where the old traditions are of no avail at all, but men say up and down there is nothing — natural selection, *évolution*, struggle for existence, negation, and all. In my article .... "

"Do you know," said Anna, after exchanging several glances with Vronsky, and noticing that he was not interested in the artist's education, but was occupied only with the thought of helping him and getting him to paint the portrait. "What do you say?" said she, resolutely cutting short Golenishchef's verbiage, "let us go and see him."

Golenishchef, after deliberating, readily consented; and, as the artist lived in a remote quarter, they had a carriage called. An hour later, Anna, occupying the same seat in the calash with Golenishchef and Vronsky, drove up to an ugly new house in a distant part of the city. When they learned from the concierge's wife, who came to receive them, that Mikhaïlof permitted visitors to his studio, but that he was now at his lodgings a few steps distant, they sent her to him with their cards, and begged to be admitted to see his paintings.

## CHAPTER X

The painter Mikhaïlof was at work as usual, when the cards of Count Vronsky and Golenishchef were brought him. He had been painting all the morning in his studio on his great picture, but, when he reached his house, he became enraged with his wife because of her failure to make terms with their landlady, who demanded money.

"I have told you twenty times not to go into explanations with her. You are a fool anyway; but when you try to argue in Italian, you are three times as much of a fool," said he, at the end of a long dispute.

"Why do you get behindhand so? It is not my fault. If I had any money...."

"For heaven's sake, give me some peace!" cried Mikhaïlof, his voice thick with tears; and, putting his hands over his ears, he hastily rushed to the workroom, separated from the sitting-room by a partition, and bolted the door. "She has n't any common sense," he said to himself, as he sat down at his table, and, opening a portfolio, addressed himself with feverish ardor to a sketch which he had already begun.

He never worked with such zeal and success as when his life went hard, and especially when he had been quarreling with his wife. "Akh! it must be somewhere!" he said to himself, as he went on with his work. He had begun a study of a man seized with a fit of anger. He had made the sketch some time before; but he was dissatisfied with it. "No," said he, "that one was better.... but where is it?".... He went back to his wife with an air of vexation, and, without looking at her, asked his eldest daughter for the piece of paper which he had given her. The paper with the sketch on it was found, but it was soiled and covered with drops of tallow. Nevertheless, he took it as it was, laid it on the table, examined it from a distance, squinting his eyes; then suddenly he smiled, with a satisfied gesture.

"So! so!" he cried, taking a pencil, and drawing

some rapid lines. One of the tallow spots gave his sketch a new aspect.

He sketched in this new pose, and suddenly remembered the prominent chin and energetic face of the man of whom he bought his cigars, and instantly he gave his design the same kind of a face and prominent chin. He laughed with delight. The figure ceased to be something vague and dead, but became animated, and took a form which could not be bettered. This figure was alive, and was clearly and indubitably delineated. It was possible to correct the sketch in conformity with the demands of this figure; it was possible and even requisite to set the legs in a different way, to make an absolute change in the position of the left arm, to rearrange the hair; but after he had finished these corrections he made no changes in the figure but only cleared away what concealed it. He, as it were, took from it the veils behind which it was not wholly visible. Each new stroke only the more exposed the entire figure in all its energetic power, just as it had suddenly appeared to him in the spot made by the wax. He laughed with delight. He was carefully finishing his design when the two cards were brought him.

"I will come instantly," he replied.

He went to his wife.

"There, come, Sasha, don't be vexed," he said, with a smile tender and timid. "You were wrong; so was I. I will settle matters."

And, having made his peace with her, he put on an olive-green overcoat with velvet collar, took his hat, and went to his studio. His successfully completed sketch was already quite forgotten, now he was delighted and surprised by the visit of these stylish Russians who had come to see him in a carriage.

In the depth of his soul his opinion on the painting which was on his easel at that time was as follows: —

"No one has ever painted another like it." He did not believe that his painting was better than all the Raphaels; but he knew that no one had ever put into a picture what he had tried to put into this one. This

he knew assuredly, and had known it ever since he had begun to paint it. Nevertheless, the criticisms of others, whatever they were, possessed for him an enormous weight and stirred him to the depths of his soul. Any remark, however insignificant, which showed that the critic saw even the smallest part of what he himself saw in this picture, stirred him to the depths of his soul. He felt that his critics had a depth of insight superior even to his own, and he expected to have them discover in his picture new features that had escaped his own observation.

And often in the judgments of visitors who came to look at it, it seemed to him, he discovered this. He hurried to the door of his studio, and, in spite of his emotion, was struck by the soft radiance of Anna, who was standing in the shadow of the portico and listening to something which Golenishchef was saying to her, and at the same time eagerly watching the artist's approach. The artist, without definite consciousness of it, instantly stowed away in the pigeonholes of his brain the impression she made on him, to make use of it some day, just as he had used the tobacconist's chin.

The visitors, whose ideas of Mikhaïlof had been greatly modified by Golenishchef's description of him, were still more disenchanted when they saw him. Mikhaïlof was a thick-set man, of medium height, and with a nimble gait, and in his cinnamon-colored hat, his olive-green coat, and his trousers worn tight when the style was to wear them loose, produced an unfavorable impression, increased by the vulgarity of his broad face and the mixture of timidity and pretentious dignity which it expressed.

"Do me the honor to enter," he said, trying to assume an air of indifference, and, going to the vestibule, he took a key out of his pocket and opened the door.

## CHAPTER XI

As they entered the studio, Mikhaïlof again glanced at his guests, and stored away in his memory the expression of Vronsky's face, especially its cheek-bones. Notwithstanding the fact that this man's artistic sense was always at work storing up new materials, notwithstanding the fact that his emotion grew greater and greater as the crucial moment for their criticism of his work approached, still he quickly and shrewdly gathered from almost imperceptible indications his conclusions regarding his three visitors.

"That one [meaning Golenishchef] must be a Russian resident in Italy." Mikhaïlof did not remember either his name or the place where he had met him, or whether he had ever spoken to him; he remembered only his face, as he remembered all the faces that he had ever seen, but he also remembered that he had once before classed him in the immense category of pretentiously important but really expressionless faces. An abundance of hair and a very high forehead would make the casual observer take him to be a man of importance, but his face had an insignificant expression of puerile agitation concentrated in the narrow space between his eyes.

Vronsky and Anna were, according to Mikhaïlof's intuition, rich and distinguished Russians, ignorant of art, like all rich Russians who play the amateur and the connoisseur.

"They have undoubtedly seen all the old galleries," he thought, "and now are visiting the studios of the German charlatans and the imbecile English pre-Raphaelites, and have come to me in order to complete their survey."

He knew very well the fashion in which the dilettanti — the more intellectual they were, the worse they were — visited the studios of modern painters, with the single aim of having the right to say that art was declining, and that, the more you study the moderns, the better you see how inimitable the great masters of old were.

He expected all this, he saw it in their faces, and he read it in the indifference with which his visitors conversed together as they walked up and down the studio, leisurely examining the manikins and busts, while waiting for him to take the covering off his painting.

But, in spite of this, all the time that he was turning over his studies, raising his window-blinds, and uncovering his paintings, he experienced a powerful emotion, and all the more so because, though he considered that all distinguished and wealthy Russians must necessarily be "cattle" and fools, yet Vronsky, and particularly Anna, pleased him.

"Here," he said, stepping back from the easel and pointing to the painting, "is the 'Christ before Pilate.' Matthew, chapter xxvii."

He felt his lips tremble with emotion, and he took his place behind his guests. During the few seconds, during which the visitors looked silently at the painting, Mikhaïlof also looked at it and looked at it with the indifference of a stranger. In those few seconds he anticipated a superior and infallible criticism from these three persons, whom but a moment before he had despised. He forgot all that he had thought about his painting during the three years while he had been painting it; he forgot all those merits which had been so indubitable to him; he looked at it now with the cold and critical look of a stranger, and found nothing good in it. He saw in the foreground the irate face of Pilate and the Christ's serene countenance, and in the middle distance the figures of Pilate's servants, and among them John, looking on at the proceedings. Each face, with its attempted expression, with its faults, with its rectifications, each face which, with its own peculiar character, had, as it were, been a growth from himself, and had cost him so much travail and delight, — and all these faces, which he had changed so many times so as to unify them, — all the shades of color, all the nuances, obtained with such extraordinary pains, — all this, taken together and looked at in such a way, now seemed to him commonplace, a thousand fold commonplace! The face which he had

regarded with the most complacency — the face of the Christ in the very center of the picture, which had roused his enthusiasm as he had developed it — was wholly spoilt for him when he looked at his painting with their eyes.

He saw a well-painted picture, — nay, not even well-painted, — for now he clearly detected hosts of faults in it — a repetition of all those interminable Christs of Titian, Raphael, Rubens — and the same soldiers and Pilate! All about it was trivial, poor, and antiquated, and even badly painted, — spotty and feeble! They would be justified in repeating politely hypocritical remarks in his presence, pitying him and ridiculing him after they were gone!

The silence, which in reality did not last more than a minute, seemed to him intolerably long, and to abridge it and show that he was not agitated, he made an effort, and addressed Golenishchef: —

"I think that I have had the honor of meeting you before," said he, glancing anxiously first at Anna, then at Vronsky, so that he might not lose for an instant the changing expression of their faces.

"Certainly; we met at Rossi's the evening when that Italian girl, the new Rachel, made a recitation; don't you remember?" replied Golenishchef, turning away his face from the picture without the least show of regret, and addressing the artist.

Seeing, however, that Mikhaïlof was expecting him to say something about the picture, he added: —

"Your work has made great progress since the last time I saw it; and I am now, just as I was then, greatly impressed with your Pilate. You have represented a good but feeble man, — a chinovnik to the bottom of his soul, — who is absolutely blind to what he is doing. But it seems to me...."

Mikhaïlof's mobile face suddenly lighted up, his eyes gleamed, he wanted to reply; but his emotion prevented him, and he pretended to have a fit of coughing. In spite of his low estimation of Golenishchef's artistic instinct, in spite of the insignificance of the remark, true though it was, about the expression of Pilate's face

represented as the face of a functionary, in spite of the humiliation which such a remark spontaneously elicited at the first sight of the painting implicitly subjected him to, — since the more important features of the painting were left unnoticed, Mikhaïlof was in raptures over this criticism. Golenishchef had expressed his own conception of Pilate! The fact that this observation was one out of a million possible observations, all of which, as Mikhaïlof knew perfectly well, would be true, did not diminish for him the significance of Golenishchef's remark. He suddenly conceived a liking for his guest, and suddenly flew from dejection to enthusiasm. Instantly his whole painting became vital once more with a life inexpressibly complex and profound. He again tried to say that he himself had that conception of Pilate, but his lips trembled so that he had no control over them, and he could not say a word.

Vronsky and Anna were talking in that low tone of voice peculiar to picture exhibitions, and caused by the desire not to say anything that might give offense to the artist, and, more than all, not to let any one hear those absurd remarks which are so easily made in regard to art. Mikhaïlof thought that his picture was making an impression on them also, and he approached them.

"What an admirable expression the Christ has," said Anna. This expression pleased her more than anything else in the painting, and she felt that the Christ was the principal figure in it, and therefore that this eulogy would be agreeable to the artist. She added, "One can see that he pities Pilate."

This, again, was one of those million accurate but idle observations which his picture, and especially the figure of the Christ, might have elicited. She said that Christ pitied Pilate. In the expression of the Christ there was bound to be an expression of pity, because there was in it the expression of love, a supernal color, a readiness for death, and a realization of the idleness of words. Of course, Pilate should stand for the functionary, the chinovnik, and the Christ should show pity

for him, — since one is the incarnation of the fleshly life, the other of the spiritual life. All this and much besides flashed through Mikhaïlof's mind. And once more his face was radiant with joy.

"Yes! And how that figure is painted! how much atmosphere! One could go round it," said Golenishchef, evidently showing by this observation that he did not approve of the design and scope[1] of the figure.

"Yes; it is a wonderful masterpiece," said Vronsky. "How alive those figures in the background are! There is technique for you!" he added, turning to Golenishchef, and alluding to a discussion in which he had avowed his discouragement in the technique of the art.

"Yes, yes; very remarkable," said Golenishchef and Anna, simultaneously. Notwithstanding the condition of enthusiasm to which he had risen, the remark about technique nettled Mikhaïlof; he scowled and looked at Vronsky with an angry expression. He had often heard this word technique, and he really did not know what was meant by it. He knew that this word signified the mechanical ability to paint and sketch, and had nothing to do with the thing painted. He had often noticed, as in the present case, that technical skill was opposed to the intrinsic merit of a work, as if it were possible to paint a bad picture with talent. He knew that it required great attention and care in removing the cloth not to injure the work, and in removing all the covers; but the technique of painting was not in that. If in the same way to a little child or to his cook were revealed what he saw, then the cook or the child would not hesitate to express what they saw. But the most experienced and skilful of technicians could not paint anything by mechanical ability only; it requires that the realm of inspiration[2] should be opened before him. Moreover, he saw that the very fact of talking about technique made it impossible to praise him for it. In everything that he had painted and was painting he

[1] *Soderzhaniye i muisl*, literally, "tenor and thought."

[2] *Granitsui soderzhaniya*, literally "the limits or boundaries of the subject, contents, or tenor."

saw the glaring faults resulting from the carelessness with which he had removed the covers — faults impossible now to rectify without ruining the whole production. And in almost all the figures and faces he saw the remains of veils that had not been perfectly removed, and spoiled the painting.

"The only criticism that I should dare to make, if you will allow me...." said Golenishchef.

"Oh! I should be very glad.... beg you to favor me," replied Mikhaïlof, pretending to smile.

"It is that you have painted a man made God, and not God made man. However, I know that that was your intention."

"I cannot paint any Christ that is not in my heart," replied Mikhaïlof, gloomily.

"Yes, but in that case, excuse me, if you will allow me to express my thought.... Your painting is so beautiful, that this observation can do it no harm; and, besides, it is my own individual opinion. You look on this in one way. Your very motive is peculiar. Take Ivanof, for example, — I imagine that if the Christ is to be reduced to the proportions of an historical figure, then it would be better for him to choose a new historical theme, — one less hackneyed."

"But suppose this theme is the grandest of all for art?"

"By searching, others may be found just as grand. But the fact is, art, in my estimation, cannot suffer discussion; now this question is raised in the minds of believers or non-believers by Ivanof's painting: Is that God, or not God? and thus the unity of the impression is destroyed."

"Why so? It seems to me that this question can no longer exist for enlightened men," replied Mikhaïlof.

Golenishchef was not of this opinion; and, dwelling on his first thought about the unity of the impression required by art, he made an onslaught on Mikhaïlof.

Mikhaïlof grew excited, but could not say anything in defense of his ideas.

## CHAPTER XII

Anna and Vronsky, wearying of their friend's learned loquacity, exchanged glances. Finally Vronsky, without saying anything to his host, went over to a small painting.

"Oh! How charming! What a gem — wonderful! How fascinating!" said both of them at once.

"What pleases them so?" thought Mikhaïlof. He had completely forgotten this picture, painted three years before. He had forgotten all the anguish and joy which that painting had caused him while he had been working at it day and night for days at a time — he had forgotten about it as he always forgot about his pictures when once they were finished. He did not even like to look at it, and he had brought it out only because he was expecting an Englishman who had thought of purchasing it.

"That is nothing," he said — "only an old study."

"But it is capital," replied Golenishchef, very honestly, falling under the charm of the painting.

Two children were fishing under the shade of a laburnum. The elder, all absorbed in his work, was cautiously disentangling his float from a bush. The younger one was lying in the grass, leaning his blond, frowzy head on his hand, and gazing at the water with great, pensive blue eyes. What was he thinking about?

The enthusiasm caused by this study brought back somewhat of Mikhaïlof's first emotion; but he did not love the vain memories of the past, and, therefore, pleasant as such praise was to him, he preferred to take his guests to a third painting.

But Vronsky asked him if the painting was for sale; but to Mikhaïlof, who was excited by the presence of visitors, the question of money was very distasteful.

"It was put up for sale," said he, darkly frowning.

After his visitors had gone, Mikhaïlof sat down before his painting of Christ and Pilate, and mentally reviewed all that had been said, and if not said had

been understood by them. And how strange! the observations which seemed so weighty when they were present, and when he put himself on their plane of observation, now lost all significance. He began to examine his work with his artist's eye, and soon regained his full conviction of its perfection and significance, so that he could shut out all other interests and make the effort necessary for his best work.

The foreshortening in the leg of the Christ was not quite correct. He seized his palette and set himself to work, and, while he was correcting it, looked long at the figure of John, which seemed to him to show the highest degree of perfection — and yet his visitors had not even noticed it! Having corrected the leg of the Christ, he tried to give this also a few touches, but he felt too excited to do it. However, he could not work when he was cool any better than he could when he was too near the melting point or when he was too clairvoyant. It was only one step of transition from indifference to inspiration, and only when he reached this was work possible. But to-day he was too excited. He started to cover the canvas. Then he stopped, and, lifting the drapery with one hand, he smiled ecstatically, and looked for a long time at his St. John. At last, tearing himself from his contemplation, he let the curtain fall, and went home, weary but happy.

Vronsky, Anna, and Golenishchef, returning to the *palazzo*, were very lively and gay. They talked about Mikhaïlof and his paintings. The word *talent* was often heard as they talked; they meant by it an innate gift, almost physical, independent of intellect and heart, and they tried to express by it all that had been experienced by the artist. It seemed as if they needed to have a term which should express something of which they had not the slightest comprehension, but yet wanted to talk about.

"There is no denying his talent," they said, "but his talent is not sufficiently developed, because he lacks intellectual culture, a fault common to all Russian artists."

But the painting of the two boys appealed to their tastes, and again and again they recurred to it. "How charming! How natural and how simple! And he did not realize how good it was. Certainly, I must not fail to buy it," said Vronsky.

## CHAPTER XIII

Mikhaïlof sold Vronsky the little picture, and also agreed to paint Anna's portrait. He came on the appointed day and began his work.

Even on the fifth sitting the portrait struck every one, and especially Vronsky, by its resemblance, and by its peculiar beauty. It was remarkable how Mikhaïlof was able to hit upon her peculiar beauty.

"One must know her and love her as I love her to get her gentle and spiritual expression," thought Vronsky; and yet he found in Mikhaïlof's portrait exactly that very expression. But this expression was so faithful that it seemed to him and to others that they had always known it.

"I have spent so much time, and never get ahead," said Vronsky, referring to his own portrait of Anna, "and he has only to look at her to paint her. That is what I call technique."

"That will come," said Golenishchef, to console him; for in his eyes Vronsky had talent, and, moreover, had a training which ought to give him a lofty view of art. But Golenishchef's belief in Vronsky's talent was sustained by the fact that he needed Vronsky's praise and sympathy with him in his own work, and he felt that the praise and support ought to be reciprocal; it was a fair exchange.

In a stranger's house, and especially in Vronsky's *palazzo*, Mikhaïlof was an entirely different man from what he was in his own studio. He showed himself almost venomously respectful, as if he were anxious to avoid all intimacy with people whom at heart he did not respect. He always called Vronsky "your excel-

lency";[1] and, in spite of Vronsky's and Anna's repeated invitations, he never would stay to dinner, or come except at the hours for the sitting. Anna was even more genial to him than to the others, and grateful for her portrait; Vronsky was more than polite to him, and was anxious for his criticism on his paintings; Golenishchef never lost an opportunity of inculcating sound theories of art: still Mikhaïlof remained just as cool as ever to them all. But Anna felt that he liked to look at her, even though he avoided all conversation with her. When Vronsky wanted to talk about his own work he remained obstinately silent, and he was just as obstinately silent when he was shown Vronsky's painting and pictures, and he took no pains to conceal the weariness which Golenishchef's sermons caused him.

On the whole Mikhaïlof, by his distant and disagreeable, as it were hostile, behavior, was very unpopular with them, even after they came to see him closer; and they were glad when the sittings were over, and the painter, having completed an admirable portrait, ceased to come. Golenishchef was the first to express a thought which all had been thinking: that Mikhaïlof was envious of Vronsky.

"We will agree that he is not envious because he has talent; but he is vexed to see a wealthy man, of high position, a count, — and apparently they are all vexed at that, — reaching without especial trouble the skill to paint as well, if not better, than he, though he has devoted his life to painting; but, above all, at your mental culture, which he has not."

Vronsky took Mikhaïlof's part, but he felt at heart that his friend was right; for it seemed to him extremely natural that a man in an inferior position should envy him.

The two portraits of Anna, painted from the life by him and Mikhaïlof, might have shown Vronsky the difference between him and Mikhaïlof, but he did not see it. Only after Mikhaïlof had finished his portrait he ceased to work at his, having decided that it was a

[1] *Vashe siyatelstvo.*

superfluity; but he still devoted himself to his painting of medieval life. He himself, and Golenishchef, and Anna especially, felt that it was very good, because it resembled the works of the old masters far more than Mikhaïlof's painting did.

Mikhaïlof, meantime, in spite of the pleasure which he took in doing Anna's portrait, was even more glad than the others were when the sittings came to an end, and he no longer had to hear Golenishchef's discourses about art, and was allowed to forget Vronsky's paintings. He knew that it was impossible to prevent Vronsky from amusing himself with painting; he knew that he, and all other dilettanti, had the right to paint as much as they pleased; but it was disagreeable to him. No one can prevent a man from making for himself a big wax doll, and kissing it; but if this man takes his doll and sits in the presence of a lover, and begins to caress his doll as the lover caresses the woman he loves, then it becomes unpleasant to the lover. Vronsky's painting produced on him a similar feeling; it was ridiculous and vexatious, pitiable and disgusting.

Vronsky's enthusiasm for painting and the Middle Ages was, however, of short duration; his art instinct was strong enough to prevent him from finishing his painting. His work came to a standstill. He had a dim consciousness that his faults, at first apparently trifling, would grow more and more grievous if he went on. The same thing happened to him that happened to Golenishchef, who was conscious that he had nothing to say, and kept deceiving himself with the notion that his thought was not yet ripe, that he was training it, and collecting materials. But this made Golenishchef bitter and irritable, while Vronsky could not deceive himself, or torture himself, and, least of all, grow irritable. With his habitual decision of character, without seeking to justify himself or to offer explanations, he simply gave up his painting.

But, without this occupation, his life in this little Italian city quickly became intolerable; the *palazzo* suddenly appeared old and filthy; the spots on the curtains

assumed a sordid aspect; the cracks in the mosaics, the broken stucco of the cornices, the eternal Golenishchef, the Italian professor, and the German tourist, all became so unspeakably wearisome that it was necessary to make a change. Accordingly he and Anna, who was surprised by this abrupt disenchantment, decided to return to Russia to live in the country. Vronsky wanted to pass through Petersburg to make business arrangements with his brother, and Anna was anxious to see her son. They decided to spend the summer on Vronsky's large patrimonial estate.

## CHAPTER XIV

Levin had been married three months. He was happy, but in a different way from what he had anticipated. At every step he had found that his former expectations were illusory, and that his joy lay in what he had not anticipated. He was happy, but as he went on in his married existence he discovered at each step that it was utterly different from what he had imagined it would be. At each step he experienced what a man would experience who had been charmed with the graceful and joyful motion of a boat on the sea, and afterwards should find himself in the boat. He saw that it was not enough to sit still and not rock; it was necessary to be on the lookout, never for a moment forgetful of the course, to think of the water under his feet, to row, — and rowing for unaccustomed arms is hard; easy enough it is to look on, but it is hard, very hard, to work, even though it be very agreeable.

When still a bachelor, looking at the conjugal life of others, at their little miseries, quarrels, jealousies, he had often laughed scornfully in his heart of hearts. In his future married life never should any such thing happen; even all the external forms of his private life should be in every respect absolutely different from that of others. And lo, and behold, instead of that, his life with his wife not only refused to arrange itself peculiarly, but, on the

contrary, was wholly made up of those very same insignificant trifles which he had formerly so despised, but which now, in spite of him, assumed an extraordinary and irrefutable importance. And Levin saw that the regulation of all these trifles was not nearly so easy as he had supposed it would be. Notwithstanding the fact that Levin supposed he had the most delicate comprehension of family life, he, like all men, had imagined that it was only meant as the gratification of his love, and that nothing should prevent it and that no petty details ought to interfere with it. According to his idea, he was to do his work, and rest from it in the delights of love. His wife was to be his love, and that was all.

But, like all men, he forgot that she, too, had to work. His surprise was great to find how this charming and poetic Kitty, in the first weeks, even in the first days, of their married life, could be thinking, planning, taking charge of the table-cloths, the furniture, the mattresses, the table service, the kitchen. Even during their engagement he was dumfounded at the decided way in which she refused to travel abroad and at her determination to go immediately to their country home, as if she knew what was needful, and could think of other things besides her love. It vexed him then, and now many times he still felt vexed, to find that she took upon herself these petty cares and labors.

But he saw that it was unavoidable; and, as he loved her, although he could not see why she did such things, and although he laughed at her for doing them, he could not help admiring. He laughed to see how she disposed the new furniture which came from Moscow, how she rearranged everything in her room and his, how she hung the curtains, provided for the guest-rooms and the rooms that Dolly would have, directed her new chambermaid, how she ordered the old cook to provide for dinner, how she discussed with Agafya Mikhaïlovna, whom she removed from the charge of the provisions.

He saw how the old cook smiled gently as he received fantastic orders, impossible to execute; he saw how Agafya Mikhaïlovna shook her head pensively at the

new measures introduced by her young mistress into the larder, he saw how wonderfully charming she was when she came to him, half laughing, half crying, to complain because her maid, Masha, insisted on treating her like a child, and no one would heed her orders. It all seemed to him charming, but strange, and he thought it would be better if it were otherwise.

He could not comprehend the sense of metamorphosis which she felt at finding herself the mistress, permitted to see to the preparation of cauliflower and *kvas*, or confections, to spend all the money she wanted, and to command whatever pastry she pleased, after having always had her parents to restrain her fancies.

She was now making joyful preparations for the arrival of Dolly and the children, and was thinking of the pies which she would have made for them, and how she would surprise Dolly with all her new arrangements. She herself could not have given any reasons for it, but it was a fact that the details of housekeeping had an irresistible attraction for her. She foresaw evil days to come, instinctively feeling the approach of spring; and knowing that unhappy days would also surely come, she prepared her little nest as well as she could, and made haste both to build it and to learn how to build it.

This zeal for trifles, so entirely opposed to Levin's lofty ideal of happiness, seemed to him one thing that disillusioned him; while this same activity, the meaning of which escaped him, but which he could not help loving, was one of the things that gave him new delight.

The quarrels were also a disenchantment and a charm! Never had it entered into Levin's head that between him and his wife there could be any relations other than those of gentleness, respect, tenderness; and here, even in their honeymoon, they were disputing, so that Kitty declared that he did not love her, that he was selfish, and burst into tears and wrung her hands.

The first of these little differences arose in consequence of a ride which Levin took to see a new farm; he stayed half an hour longer than he had said, having missed his way in trying to come home by a shorter

road. He rode homeward, thinking only of her, of her love, of her happiness; and the nearer he came to the house the more his heart glowed with affection for his wife. He hurried to her room with the same feeling, only much intensified, as he had experienced on the day when he went to the Shcherbatskys' to offer himself. An angry expression, such as he had never seen in her face, received him. He was going to kiss her; she pushed him away.

"What is the matter?"

"You've been enjoying...." she began, wishing to show herself cold and bitter.

But hardly had she opened her mouth when the ridiculous jealousy, which had been tormenting her for half an hour while she had been waiting for him, sitting on the window-seat, broke out in a torrent of angry words.

He then began for the first time to understand clearly what before he had seen only confusedly, when after the crowning they went out of the church. He saw that she was not only near to him, but that he did not know at all where his own personality began or her personality ended. He felt this by the painful sensation of internal division which he experienced at that instant. At first he was offended, but at the same moment he realized that he had no right to be offended, because she and he were one and the same! At that first instant he experienced a feeling such as a man might have when, having suddenly received a sharp blow from behind, turns around with an angry desire to revenge himself on the culprit, and discovers that he has accidentally inflicted the blow on himself, that there is no one to be angry with, and that he must bear the pain and appease it.

Never again did he experience this feeling with such force, but this first time it was long before he could give an account of it. A natural impulse impelled him to exonerate himself, and show Kitty how wrong she was; but that would have irritated her still more and increased the rupture which was the cause of all their unhappiness. A natural impulse tempted him to disavow the blame and cast it at her; but a second and stronger impulse

came to close the breach as quickly as possible and not let it grow wider. For him to remain under the shadow of an injustice was cruel; but, under the pretext of a justification, to cause her pain was still worse. Like a man half asleep, wearied with pain, he wished to free himself from it, to throw off the painful place; but, on fully waking, he found that the painful place was himself. Patience only was necessary to give relief to the pain, and he tried to apply this remedy.

Reconciliation followed. Kitty felt herself in the wrong, and, though she did not confess it, was more than ever tender to him, and they felt a new and doubled happiness of love. But this did not prevent these differences from coming up, and coming up very frequently, from the most unexpected and insignificant causes. These collisions often arose from the fact that they were still ignorant of what was indispensable for each, and from the fact that during all this first period they both were often in a bad frame of mind. When one was happy and the other depressed, then peace was disturbed, but when they both happened to be in low spirits, then such childish things were sufficient to provoke misunderstandings, that they could not even remember afterward what they were quarreling about. It is true, when they were both in good spirits, their joy of life was doubled. But nevertheless this first period was a trying time for them both. All those early days, they felt with especial vividness the strain, just as if both of them were pulling in contrary ways on the chain that bound them. Especially the honeymoon, from which Levin expected so much, was far from honey-sweet, but remained in the memories of them both the most trying and humiliating period of their lives. Both of them afterwards tried to blot from their memories all the ugly, shameful incidents of this unhealthy period, during which they so rarely found themselves in a normal state of mind, were so rarely themselves.

Life became better regulated only after their return from Moscow, where they made a short visit in the third month after the wedding.

## CHAPTER XV

They were just back from Moscow, and enjoying their solitude. Levin was sitting at his library table, writing; Kitty, dressed in a dark violet dress, which she had worn in the first days of their marriage, and which Levin had always liked, was making *broderie anglaise*, as she sat on the divan, — on the great leather divan which ever since the days of Levin's father and grandfather had stood in the library.

Levin enjoyed her presence while he was writing and thinking. He had not abandoned his occupations, — his farming, and the treatise in which the principles of his new method of conducting his estate were to be evolved. But, as before, these occupations and thoughts seemed to him small and useless in comparison with the gloom that overshadowed his life; so now they seemed just as petty and unimportant in comparison with the life before him, irradiated as it was with the full light of joy. He kept up his occupations, but felt now that the center of gravity of his interests had shifted, and that consequently he looked otherwise and more clearly than formerly at the matter.

In former days this occupation seemed like the salvation of his life; in former days he felt that without it life would be altogether gloomy; now these occupations were necessary in order that his life might not be too monotonously bright. As he took up his manuscript again, reading over what he had written, he felt with satisfaction that the work was worth his attention. Many of his former thoughts seemed to him exaggerated and extravagant, but many of the gaps became clearly evident to him as he reviewed the whole subject. He was now writing a new chapter, in which he treated of the causes for the unfavorable condition of Russian agriculture. He argued that the poverty of the country was caused not entirely by the unequal distribution of the land property and false economical tendencies, but that this coöperated with the abnormal introduction of a veneer

of civilization, especially the means of communication, the railways, which produced an exaggerated centralization in the cities, the development of luxury, and consequently the creation of new industries at the expense of agriculture, an extraordinary extension of the credit system and its concomitant — stock speculation. It seemed to him that with a normal development of riches in the empire all these signs of exterior civilization would appear only when the cultivation of the land should have attained a proportional development, when it should have at least been established on correct, determining conditions; that the wealth of a country ought to increase at a regular ratio, and in such a way that agriculture should not be outstripped by other branches of wealth; that the means of intercommunication ought to be developed in conformity with the natural development of agriculture, and that in view of our improper use of the land, the railways, constructed not by reason of actual necessity, but from political motives, were premature, and instead of the coöperation which they were expected to give to agriculture, they arrested it by encouraging the spread of manufacturing and the credit system; and that, therefore, just as a one-sided and premature development of one organ in the body would prevent its general development, so for the general development of wealth in Russia, the credit system, the means of intercommunication, the recrudescence of manufacturing industries, however indispensable they may have been in Europe, where they are opportune, have in Russia done nothing but harm by keeping from sight the most important question as to the organization of agriculture.

While Levin was writing, Kitty was thinking how her husband, on the evening before they left Moscow, had watched unnaturally the young Prince Charsky, who, with remarkable lack of tact, had made love to her. "He is jealous," she said to herself. "Bozhe moï! how good and stupid he is! To be jealous of me! If he only knew that for me they are all like Piotr the cook!" And she glanced with a strange feeling of proprietorship at the back of her husband's head and his sunburnt neck.

"It is a shame to interrupt him, but he has plenty of time. I must see his face; will he feel how I am looking at him? I will *will* for him to turn round. There, I will make him."

And she opened her eyes as wide as she could, as if to concentrate more strength into her gaze.

"Yes, they attract all the best sap and give a false appearance of wealth," murmured Levin, ceasing to write, and conscious that she was looking at him and smiling. He turned around.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling, and getting up.

"He *did* turn round," she thought. "Nothing; I only willed to make you turn around," and she looked at him as if to fathom whether he was vexed or not because she had disturbed him.

"Well, how good it is to be alone together! For me, at least," said he, radiant with joy, going to where she sat.

"I am so happy here! I never, never, want to go away again, especially not to Moscow."

"But what were you thinking about?"

"I? I was thinking.... no, no; go on with your writing! don't let your mind be distracted," she replied, pouting. "I must cut all these eyelet-holes now; do you see?"

And she took her scissors and began to snip.

"No; tell me what you were thinking about!" he insisted, sitting down near her, and following all the movements of her little scissors.

"Oh! What was I thinking about? About Moscow and — the nape of your neck!"

"What have I done to deserve this great happiness? It is supernatural. It is too good," said he, kissing her hand.

"To me, on the contrary, the happier I am the more natural I find it!"

"You have a little stray curl," he said, turning her head around carefully.

"A stray curl? let it be. We must think about serious things."

But their conference was interrupted; and, when

Kuzma came to announce tea, they separated as if they were guilty.

"Are they returned from town?" asked Levin of Kuzma.

"They 're just back, — they 're unpacking the things now."

"Come as quickly as you can," said Kitty, going from the library.

Levin, left alone, shut up his books and papers in a new portfolio, bought by his wife, washed his hands in a new wash-basin supplied with elegant new appurtenances, also bought by her, and, smiling at his thoughts, nodded his head disapprovingly; he was tormented by a feeling which resembled remorse. His life had become too indolent, too spoiled. It was a life of a Capuan, and he felt ashamed of it. "To live so is not good," he thought. "Here, for three months, I have scarcely done a thing! To-day, almost for the first time, I have set about anything seriously, and what was the result? I have hardly begun before I give it up. I even neglect my ordinary occupations. I don't watch the men. I don't go anywhere. Sometimes I am sorry to leave her; sometimes I see that she is out of spirits; I who believed that existence before marriage counted for nothing, and that life only began after marriage! And here, for three months, I have been spending my time in absolute idleness. This must not go on. I must do something. Of course, she is not to blame, and one could not lay the least blame on her. But I ought to have shown more firmness, and have preserved my manly independence; otherwise, I shall get into confirmed bad habits .... of course, she is not to blame .... "

A discontented man finds it hard not to blame some one or other for his discontent, and generally the very person who is nearest. And so Levin felt vaguely that while the fault was not his wife's — and he could not lay it to her charge — it was owing to her bringing up; it was too superficial and frivolous. "That fool of a Charsky, for example, .... I know she wanted to get rid of him; but she did not know how."

Then he went on again: —

"Yes! Besides the petty interests of housekeeping .... she looks out for those and enjoys them; besides her toilet and her *broderie anglaise*, she has no serious interests, no sympathy in my labors, in my schemes, or for the muzhiks, no taste for reading or music; and yet she is a good musician. She does absolutely nothing, and yet she is perfectly content."

Levin in his heart judged her thus, and did not comprehend that his wife was making ready for the time of activity which was ere long to come to her, when she would be at once wife, mistress of the house,[1] mother, nurse, teacher. He did not understand that she knew this by intuition, and in preparing for this terrible task could not blame herself for these indolent moments, and the enjoyment of love, which made her so happy, while she was cheerily building her nest for the future.

## CHAPTER XVI

When Levin came up-stairs again his wife was sitting in front of the new silver samovar, behind the new tea-set, reading a letter from Dolly, with whom she kept up a brisk correspondence. Old Agafya Mikhaïlovna, with a cup of tea, was cozily sitting at a small table beside her.

"You see your lady has asked me to sit here," said the old woman, looking affectionately at Kitty.

These last words showed Levin that the domestic drama which had been going on between Kitty and Agafya Mikhaïlovna was at an end. He saw that, notwithstanding the chagrin which Agafya Mikhaïlovna felt at resigning the reins of government to the new mistress, Kitty was victorious, and had just made peace with her.

"Here I have been looking over your letters," said Kitty, handing her husband an illiterate-looking envelop. "I think it is from that woman .... you know ....

[1] *Khozaïka doma.*

of your brother's. .... I have not read it, but this is from Dolly .... imagine it; she has been to take Grisha and Tania to a children's ball at the Sarmatskys'. Tania was dressed like a little marchioness."

But Levin was not listening. With a flushed face he took the letter from Marya Nikolayevna, his brother Nikolaï's discarded mistress, and began to read it. This was already the second time that she had written him. In her first letter she told him that Nikolaï had sent her away without reason, and she added, with touching simplicity, that she asked no assistance and wanted nothing, though she was reduced to penury, but that the thought of what Nikolaï Dmitritch would do without her in his feeble condition was killing her. She begged his brother to look out for him.

Her second letter was in a different tone. She said that she had found Nikolaï Dmitrievitch and was living with him again in Moscow, that she had gone with him to a provincial city, where he had received an appointment. There he had quarreled with the chief, and immediately started for Moscow; but on the way he had been taken so violently ill that he would probably never leave his bed again. "He constantly calls for you, and, besides, we have no money," she wrote.

"Read what Dolly writes about you," Kitty began; but, when she saw her husband's dejected face, she suddenly stopped speaking. Then she said: —

"What is it — what has happened?"

"She writes me that Nikolaï, my brother, is dying. I must go to him."

Kitty's face suddenly changed. The thought of Tania as a little marchioness, of Dolly, and all, vanished.

"When shall you go?"

"To-morrow."

"May I go with you?" she asked.

"Kitty! what an idea!" he replied, reproachfully.

"Why *what an idea?*" she exclaimed, vexed to see her proposal received with such bad grace. "Why,

pray, should I not go with you? I should not hinder you in any way. I...."

"I am going because my brother is dying," said Levin. "Why should you go?"

"For the same reason that you do." ....

"At a time so solemn for me, she thinks only of the discomfort of being left alone," said Levin to himself, and this excuse for taking part in such a solemn duty angered him.

"It is impossible," he replied sternly.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna, seeing that a quarrel was imminent, quietly put down her cup and went out. Kitty did not even notice it. Her husband's tone wounded her all the more deeply because he evidently did not believe what she said.

"I tell you, if you go, I am going too. I shall certainly go with you. I certainly am going," said she, with angry determination. "Why is it impossible? Why did you say that?"

"Because God knows when or in what place I shall find him, or by what means I shall reach him. You would only hinder me," said he, doing his best to retain his self-control.

"Not at all. I don't need anything. Where you can go, I can go too, and...."

"Well! If it were for nothing else, it would be because of that woman, with whom you cannot come in contact." ....

"Why not? I know nothing about all that, and don't want to know. I know that my husband's brother is dying; that my husband is going to see him; and I am going too, because...."

"Kitty! don't be angry! and remember that in such a serious time it is painful for me to have you add to my grief by showing such weakness, — the fear of being alone. There, now, if it would bore you to be alone, go to Moscow." ....

"You *always* ascribe to me such miserable sentiments," she cried, choking with tears of vexation and anger. "I am not so weak.... I know that it is my

duty to be with my husband when he is in sorrow, and you want to wound me on purpose. You don't want to take me." ....

"No! this is frightful! to be such a slave!" cried Levin, rising from the table, no longer able to hide his anger; at the same instant he perceived that he was doing himself harm.

"Why, then, did you get married? You might have been free. Why — if you repent already?" — and Kitty fled into the drawing-room.

When he went to find her, she was sobbing.

He began to speak, striving to find words not to persuade her, but to calm her. She would not listen, and did not allow one of his arguments. He bent over her, took one of her recalcitrant hands, kissed it, kissed her hair, and then her hands again; but still she refused to speak. But when, at length, he took her head between his two hands and called her "Kitty," she softly wept, and the reconciliation was complete.

It was decided that they should go together on the next day. Levin told his wife he was satisfied that she wished nothing but to be useful, and agreed that Marya Nikolayevna's presence with his brother would not be an impropriety; but at the bottom of his heart he was dissatisfied with himself and with her. He was dissatisfied with her because she would not let him go alone when it was necessary. And how strange it was for him to think that he who such a short time before had not dared to believe in the possibility of such a joy as her loving him, now felt unhappy because she loved him too well. And he was dissatisfied with himself because he had yielded in such a weak way. In the depths of his heart he was even more dissatisfied to think of the inevitable acquaintance between his wife and his brother's mistress. The thought of seeing his wife, his Kitty, in the same room with this woman, filled him with horror and repulsion.

## CHAPTER XVII

The inn where Nikolaï Levin was dying was one of those establishments which are found in governmental cities, built on a new and improved model, with the very best regard for neatness, comfort, and even elegance, but which the public frequenting them cause to degenerate with extraordinary rapidity into filthy grog-shops with pretensions to modern improvements and by reason of this very pretentiousness become far worse than old-fashioned inns which are simply filthy. This inn had already reached this condition. The soldier in dirty uniform, who served as Swiss, and was smoking a cigarette in the vestibule; the perforated cast-iron staircase, gloomy and unpleasant; the impertinent waiter in a dirty black coat; the common "hall" with its table decorated with a dusty bouquet of wax flowers; the dirt, dust, and slovenliness everywhere and at the same time a certain new restlessness and self-sufficiency characteristic of these railway days — everything about this inn produced a feeling of deep depression in the Levins after their recent happiness and especially from the fact that the wretched condition of the inn was wholly irreconcilable with what was waiting for them.

As usual, after they had been asked what priced rooms they wanted, it proved that the best rooms were taken, — one by the supervisor of the railroad, another by a lawyer from Moscow, the third by Princess Astavyeva from the country. One disorderly bedroom was left for them, with the promise that they should have the one next to it, when evening came. Levin took his wife to it, vexed to find his prognostications so speedily realized, and impatient because when his heart was overwhelmed with emotion at the thought of how he should find his brother, he was obliged to get settled instead of hurrying to his brother.

"Go, go!" said Kitty, with a melancholy look of contrition.

He left her without saying a word, and just outside

the door he ran against Marya Nikolayevna, who had just heard of his arrival but had not ventured to knock at his room. She had not changed since he last saw her in Moscow. She wore the same woolen dress, without collar or cuffs, and her pock-marked face expressed the same unfailing good nature.

"Well! How is he? tell me!"

"Very bad. He does n't sit up, and he is all the time asking for you. You .... she .... Is your wife with you?"

Levin at first did not see why she seemed confused; but she immediately explained herself.

"I am going to the kitchen," she went on to say; "he will be glad; he remembers seeing her abroad."

Levin perceived [1] that she meant his wife, and did not know what to say.

"Come," said he, "let us go to him."

But they had not gone a step before the chamber door opened and Kitty appeared. Levin grew red with vexation and mortification to see his wife in such a predicament; but Marya Nikolayevna was still more confused, and crouching back against the wall ready to cry, she caught the ends of her apron and wound it around her red hands, not knowing what to say or to do.

For an instant Levin saw an expression of lively curiosity in the look with which Kitty regarded this terrible creature, so incomprehensible to her; it lasted but a moment.

"Tell me! what is it? how is he?" she asked, turning to her husband, and then to the woman.

"We cannot talk in the corridor," replied Levin, looking with an expression of annoyance at a gentleman who, with leisurely steps, as if on his own business bent, was coming along the corridor just at this time.

"Well, come into the room, then," said Kitty, addressing the apologetic Marya Nikolayevna; then seeing the look of alarm on her husband's face, she added, "Or

[1] Marya Nikolayevna in speaking of Nikolaï Levin as well as of Kitty uses the third person plural, a form of exaggerated obsequiousness common with persons addressing their superiors.

rather go — go, and send for me," and she turned back to the room.

Levin hastened to his brother.

He had never expected to see and experience what now he saw and experienced. He expected to find him in that state of illusion so common to consumptives, and which had so struck him during his visit the preceding autumn. He expected to find him with the physical indications of approaching death more distinct than before — greater feebleness, greater emaciation, but practically about the same state of things. He expected that he should have the same feeling of pity for this well-beloved brother, and of horror at the presence of death, — only intensified. He was quite prepared for this. But what he saw was absolutely different.

In a little, close, dirty, ill-smelling room, the paneled walls of which were covered with red stains of expectoration, separated by a thin partition from another room, where conversation was going on, he saw lying on a wretched bed moved out from the wall a body covered with a counterpane. One hand huge as a rake, and holding in a strange way by the end a sort of long and slender bobbin, was on the outside of the counterpane. The head, resting on the pillow, showed the thin hair glued to his temples, and a strained, almost transparent brow.

"Can it be that this horrible body is my brother Nikolaï?" thought Levin; but as he came near, he saw his face and the doubt ceased. In spite of the terrible change that had taken place, it was enough to glance at the lively eyes turned toward him as he entered, or the motions of his mouth under the long mustache, to recognize the frightful truth that this dead body was indeed his living brother.

Nikolaï's gleaming eyes gazed at his brother with a stern and reproachful look. His look seemed to bring living relations between living beings. Konstantin instantly felt the reproach in the eyes fixed on him and regret for his own happiness.

When Konstantin took his brother's hand, Nikolaï smiled; but the smile was slight, almost imperceptible,

and in spite of it the stern expression of his eyes did not change.

"You did not expect to find me so," said he, with effort.

"Yes .... no," replied Levin, with confusion. "Why didn't you let me know sooner, before my marriage? I had inquiries made for you everywhere."

He wanted to keep on speaking, so as to avoid a painful silence; but he did not know what to say, the more as his brother looked at him without replying, and seemed to be weighing each one of his words. Finally he told him that his wife had come with him, and Nikolaï appeared delighted, adding, however, that he was afraid he should frighten her by his condition. A silence followed; suddenly Nikolaï began to speak, and Levin felt by the expression of his face that he had something of importance to tell him, but he spoke only of his health. He blamed his doctor, and regretted that he could not have consulted a celebrity in Moscow, and Levin perceived that he was still hopeful.

Taking advantage of the first moment of silence, Levin got up, wishing to escape for a little while at least from these cruel impressions, and said he would go and fetch his wife.

"Good! I will have things put in order here. It is dirty here and smells bad, I imagine. Masha, you attend to this," said the sick man, with effort. "Yes! and when you have put things to rights, go away," he added, looking at his brother questioningly.

Levin made no reply, but as soon as he had reached the corridor he paused. He had promised to bring his wife, but now as he recalled what he himself had suffered, he made up his mind to persuade her that she had best not make this visit. "Why torment her as I am tormented?" he asked himself.

"Well, how is it?" asked Kitty, with frightened face.

"Oh, it is horrible, horrible! Why did you come?"

Kitty looked timidly, compassionately, at her husband for a few seconds without speaking; then going to him, she put both hands on his arm.

"Kostia, take me to him; it will be easier for both of us. Take me and leave me with him, please. Can't you see that it is far harder for me to see you and not to see him? Perhaps I shall be useful to him, and to you also. I beg of you, let me go."

She besought him as if the happiness of her life depended on it.

Levin was obliged to let her go with him, but in his haste he completely forgot all about Marya Nikolayevna.

Kitty, walking lightly and showing her husband a courageous and sympathetic face, stepped quietly into the sick man's room and shut the door noiselessly. She went with light, quick steps up to the bed, and sat down so that the sick man would not have to turn his head, and with her cool, soft hand she took the dying man's enormous bony hand, pressed it, and employing that tact peculiar to women, of showing sympathy without wounding, she began to speak to him with a gentle cheerfulness.

"We saw each other at Soden without becoming acquainted; you did not think then that I should ever become your sister."

"You would not have known me, would you?" he said; his face was lighted up with a smile when he saw her come in.

"Oh, yes, indeed. How good it was of you to send for us! Not a day has passed without Kostia speaking of you. He has been very anxious about you."

But the sick man's animation lasted only a short time.

Kitty had not finished speaking before his face again assumed that expression of stern, reproachful envy which the dying feel for the living.

"I am afraid that you are not very comfortable here," said she, avoiding the look which he gave her, and examining the room.

"We must ask for another room, and be nearer to him," she said to her husband.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Levin could not bear to look at his brother, could not even be himself and feel at ease in his presence. When he came into the sick man's room, his eyes and his motions entirely absorbed him, and he did not see and did not realize the details of his frightful situation.

He perceived the horrid odor, he saw the uncleanliness and disorder, he heard the sick man's groans, and it seemed to him that there was no way of helping it. It did not occur to him to investigate how the body lay under the coverlid; how the lean long legs, the thighs, the back, were doubled up and accommodated; nor did he ask whether he might not help him to lie more easily and do something to improve his condition, at least to make a bad situation less trying.

The mere thought of these details made a cold chill run down his back; he was undoubtedly persuaded in his own mind that it was impossible to do anything either to prolong his life or to lighten his sufferings, and the sick man, feeling instinctively that his brother was powerless to help him, was irritated. And this made it all the harder for Levin. To be in the sick-room was painful to him; to be away from it was still worse. And he kept leaving the room under various pretexts, and coming back again, for he was unable to stay alone by himself.

Kitty thought, felt, and acted in an entirely different way: as soon as she saw the sick man, she was filled with pity for him, and this pity in her womanly heart, instead of arousing a sense of fear or repulsion as it did in her husband's case, moved her to act, moved her to find out all the details of his condition and to ameliorate them. And as she had not the slightest doubt that it was her duty to help him, neither did she doubt the possibility of it, and she set herself to work without delay.

The details the mere thought of which repelled her husband were the very ones that attracted her attention.

She sent for a doctor; she sent to the drug-store; she set her own maid and Marya Nikolayevna to sweeping, washing, and dusting, and she even helped them herself. She had all needless articles carried away, and she had them replaced by things that were needed. She went several times to her room, paying no heed to those whom she met on the way, and she unpacked and carried with her sheets, pillow-cases, towels, shirts.

The waiter who served the *table d'hôte* dinner to the engineers several times came with surly face when she rang; but she gave her orders with such gentle authority that he never failed to execute them. Levin did not approve of all this. He did not believe that any advantage would result from it for the sick man. More than all, he was afraid that it would worry his brother. But Nikolaï, although he seemed to be indifferent, did not lose his temper and only felt a little ashamed and watched with a certain interest everything she did for him.

When Levin came back from the doctor's, whither Kitty had sent him, he saw, on opening the door, that, under Kitty's directions, they were changing the sick man's linen. His long white back and his stooping shoulders, his prominent ribs and vertebræ, were all uncovered, while Marya Nikolayevna and the lackey were in great perplexity over the sleeves of Nikolaï's night-shirt, into which they were vainly striving to get his long, thin arms. Kitty, quickly closing the door behind Levin, did not look at him; but the sick man groaned and she hastened to him.

"Be quick," she said.

"There! don't come near me," muttered the sick man, angrily. "I myself...."

"What do you say?" asked Marya.

But Kitty had heard and understood that he was ashamed of being stripped in her presence.

"I am not looking, I am not looking," said she, trying to get his arm into the night-shirt. "Marya Nikolayevna, you go to the other side of the bed and help us.— Please go and get a little flask out of my bag, and bring it to

me," she said to her husband. "You know, in the side pocket; please bring it, and in the meantime we will finish arranging him."

When Levin came back with the flask, he found the invalid lying down in bed, and everything about him had assumed a different appearance. The oppressive odor had been exchanged for that of aromatic vinegar which Kitty, pursing up her lips and puffing out her rosy cheeks, was scattering about from a glass tube. The dust was all gone; a rug was spread under the bed; on the table were arranged the medicine vials, a *carafe*, the necessary linen, and Kitty's English embroidery. On another table, near the bed, stood a candle, his medicine, and powders. The sick man, bathed, with smoothly brushed hair, was lying between clean sheets, and propped up by several pillows, was dressed in a clean night-shirt, the white collar of which came around his unnaturally thin neck. A new expression of hope shone in his eyes as he looked at Kitty.

The doctor whom Levin went for and found at the club was not the one who had been treating Nikolaï and had aroused his indignation. The new doctor brought his stethoscope and carefully sounded the sick man's lungs, shook his head, wrote a prescription, and gave explicit directions first about the application of his remedies and then about the diet which he wished him to observe. He ordered fresh eggs, raw, or at least scarcely cooked, and Seltzer water with milk heated to a certain temperature. After he was gone, the sick man said a few words to his brother, but Levin heard only the last words: ".... your Katya." But by the way he looked at Kitty, Levin knew that he said something in her praise. Then he called Katya, as he had named her: —

"I feel much better already," he said to her. "With you I should have got well long ago! how good everything is."

He took her hand and lifted it to his lips; but as if he feared that it might be unpleasant to her, he hesitated, put it down again and only caressed it. Kitty pressed his hand affectionately between her own.

"Now turn me over on the left side, and all of you go to bed."

No one heard what he said; Kitty alone understood. She understood because she was ceaselessly on the watch for what he needed.

"Turn him on the other side," said she to her husband. "He always sleeps on that side. It is not pleasant to call the man. I cannot do it. Can you?" she asked of Marya Nikolayevna.

"I am afraid not," she replied.

Levin, terrible as it was to him to put his arms around this frightful body, to feel what he did not wish to feel under the coverlid, submitted to his wife's influence, and assuming that resolute air which she knew so well, and putting in his arms, took hold of him; but in spite of all his strength he was amazed at the strange weight of these emaciated limbs. While he was, with difficulty, changing his brother's position, Nikolaï threw his arms around his neck, and Kitty quickly turned the pillows so as to make the bed more comfortable, and carefully arranged his head and his thin hair, which was again sticking to his temples.

Nikolaï kept one of his brother's hands in his. Levin felt that the sick man was going to do something with his hand and was drawing it toward him. His heart sank within him! Yes, Nikolaï put it to his lips and kissed it! Then, shaken with sobs, Levin hurried from the room, without being able to utter a word.

## CHAPTER XIX

"He has hidden it from the wise, and revealed it unto children and fools;" thus thought Levin about his wife as he was talking with her a little while later.

He did not mean to compare himself to a wise man in thus quoting the Gospel. He did not call himself wise; but he could not help feeling that he was more intellectual than his wife and Agafya Mikhaïlovna, that he employed all the powers of his soul, when he thought about

death. He knew also that many great and manly minds whose thoughts on this subject he had read had tried to fathom this mystery, but they had not seemed to know one hundredth part as much as his wife and his old nurse. Agafya Mikhaïlovna and Katya — as his brother called her, and he also now began to take pleasure in doing — had, in this respect, a perfect sympathy, though otherwise they were entirely opposite.

Both unquestionably knew what life meant and what death meant, and though they were of course incapable of answering or understanding the questions that presented themselves to Levin's mind, they not only had their own way of explaining these great facts of human existence, but they also shared their belief in this regard with millions of human beings. As a proof of their well-grounded knowledge of what death was, they without a second of doubt knew what to do for those who were dying, and felt no fear of them. While Levin and others, who could talk much about death, evidently knew nothing about it because they were afraid of it and actually had no notion what to do when men were dying. If Konstantin Levin had been alone now with his brother Nikolaï, he would have gazed with terror into his face, and with growing terror awaited his end with fear, and been able to think of nothing to do for him.

What was more, he did not know what to say, how to look, how to walk. To speak of indifferent things seemed unworthy, impossible; to speak of melancholy things, of death, was likewise impossible; to be silent was even worse.

"If I look at him, he will think that I am studying him, I fear; if I do not look at him, he will believe that my thoughts are elsewhere. To walk on tiptoe irritates him; to walk as usual seems brutal."

Kitty apparently did not think about herself, and she had not the time. Occupied only with the invalid, she seemed to have a clear idea of what to do; and she succeeded in her endeavor.

She related the circumstances of their marriage; she told about herself; she smiled on him; she caressed

him; she cited cases of extraordinary cures; and it was all delightful: she understood how to do it. The proof that her activity — and Agafya Mikhaïlovna's — was not instinctive, was animal, was above reason, lay in the fact that neither of them was satisfied with offering physical solace or performing purely material acts; both of them demanded for the dying man something more important than physical care, and something above and beyond merely physical conditions.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna, speaking of the old servant who had lately passed away, said, "Thank God, he had confession and extreme unction; God grant us all to die likewise."

Katya, though she was busy with her care of the linen, the medicines, and the bed-sores, even on the first day succeeded in persuading her brother-in-law to receive the sacrament.

When Levin at the end of the day returned from the sick-room to their own two rooms, he sat down with bowed head, confused, not knowing what to do, unable to think of eating his supper, of arranging for the night, of doing anything at all; he could not even talk with his wife: he felt ashamed of himself.

But Kitty showed extraordinary activity. She had supper brought; she herself unpacked the trunks, helped arrange the beds, and even remembered to scatter Persian powder upon them. She felt the same excitement and quickness of thought which men of genius show on the eve of battle, or at those serious and critical moments in their lives, those moments when, if ever, a man shows his value, and all the preceding days of his life are only the preparation for these moments.

The whole work made such rapid progress that before twelve o'clock all their things were neatly and carefully arranged: their two hotel rooms presented a thoroughly homelike appearance; the beds were remade; the brushes, the combs, the hand-mirrors, were taken out; the towels were in order.

Levin found it unpardonable in himself to eat, to sleep, even to speak; and he felt that every motion he

made was inappropriate. But she took out her toilet articles and did everything in such a way that there was nothing in the least disturbing or unsuitable in it.

Neither of them could eat, however, and they sat long before they could make up their minds to go to bed.

"I am very glad that I persuaded him to receive extreme unction to-morrow," said Kitty, as she combed her soft perfumed hair, before her mirror, sitting in her dressing-sack. "I never saw it given; but mamma told me that they repeat prayers for restoration to health."

"Do you believe that he can get well?" asked Levin, as he watched the narrow parting at the back of her little round head disappear as she moved the comb forward.

"I asked the doctor; he says that he cannot live more than three days. But what does he know about it? I am glad that I persuaded him," she said, looking at her husband from behind her hair. "All things are possible," she added, with that peculiar, almost crafty, expression which came over her face when she spoke about religion.

Never, since the conversation that they had while they were engaged, had they spoken about religion; but Kitty still continued to go to church and to say her prayers with the calm conviction that she was fulfilling a duty. Notwithstanding the confession, which her husband had felt impelled to make, she firmly believed that he was a good Christian, perhaps better even than herself, and that all he had said about it was only one of his absurd masculine freaks such as he liked to indulge in, just as he did when he jested about her *broderie anglaise* — as if good people mended holes, but she purposely created them.

"There! This woman, Marya Nikolayevna, would never have been able to persuade him," said Levin; "and .... I must confess that I am very, very glad that you came. You made everything look so neat and comfortable!" ....

He took her hand, but did not kiss it; it seemed to him a profanation even to kiss her hand in the presence

of death, but he pressed it, as he looked with contrition into her shining eyes.

"You would have suffered too terribly all alone," she said, as she raised her arms, which covered the glow of satisfaction that made her cheeks red, and began to coil up her hair and fasten it to the top of her head. "No, she would not have known how .... but fortunately I learned many things at Soden."

"Were there people there as ill as he is?"

"Yes, more so."

"It is terrible to me not to see him as he used to be when he was young. .... You can't imagine what a handsome fellow he was; but I did not understand him then."

"Indeed, indeed, I believe you. I feel that we *should have been* friends," said she, and she turned toward her husband, frightened at what she had said, and the tears shone in her eyes.

"Yes, *would have been*," he said mournfully. "He is one of those men of whom one can say with reason that he was not meant for this world."

"Meanwhile, we must not forget that we have many days ahead of us; it is time to go to bed," said Kitty, consulting her tiny watch.

## CHAPTER XX

### DEATH

On the next morning communion was administered to the sick man. Nikolaï prayed fervently during the ceremony. There was such an expression of passionate entreaty and prayer in his great eyes gazing at the sacred image placed on a card-table covered with a colored towel that it was terrible for Levin to look at him so; for he knew that this passionate entreaty and hope made it all the harder for him to part from life, to which he clung so desperately. He knew his brother and the trend of his thoughts; he knew that his skepti-

cism did not arise from the fact that it was easier for him to live without a religion, but from the fact that gradually his religious beliefs had been supplanted by the theories of modern science; and therefore he knew that his return to faith was not logical or normal, but was ephemeral and due simply to his unreasonable hope for recovery. He knew likewise that Kitty had strengthened this hope by her stories of extraordinary cures.

Levin knew all this and was tormented by these thoughts as he looked at his brother's beseeching, hopeful eyes, as he saw his difficulty in lifting his emaciated hand to touch his yellow forehead to make the sign of the cross, and saw his fleshless shoulders, and his hollow, rattling chest, unable longer to contain the life which he was begging to have restored. During the sacrament Levin did what he had done a thousand times, skeptic that he was:—

"Heal this man if Thou dost exist," he said, addressing God, "and Thou wilt save me also."

The invalid felt suddenly much better after the anointing with the holy oil; for more than an hour he did not cough once. He assured Kitty, as he kissed her hand with smiles and tears of thanksgiving, that he felt well, that he was not suffering, and that he felt a return of strength and appetite. When his broth was brought, he got up by himself and asked for a cutlet. Hopeless as his case was, impossible as his recovery was, as any one might see by a glance, Levin and Kitty spent this hour in a kind of timid joy.

"Is he not better?"

"Much better."

"It is astonishing."

"Why should it be astonishing?"

"He is certainly better," they whispered, smiling at each other.

The illusion did not last. The sick man went serenely to sleep, but after half an hour his cough wakened him and instantly those who were with him and the sick man himself lost all hope. The actuality of suffering unquestioned made them forget their late hopes. Nikolai,

giving no thought to what he had believed a half-hour previously, and apparently ashamed even to remember it, asked for a bottle of iodin to inhale.

Levin gave him the bottle, which was covered with a piece of perforated paper, and his brother looked at him with the same imploring, passionate look which he had given the image, as if asking him to confirm the words of the doctor, who attributed miraculous virtues to the inhaling of iodin.

"Kitty is n't here?" he asked in his hoarse whisper, when Levin had unwillingly repeated the doctor's words.

"No? then I may speak!.... I played the comedy for her sake..... She is so sweet! But you and I cannot deceive ourselves! This is what I put my faith in," said he, pressing the bottle in his bony hands as he smelt the iodin.

About eight o'clock in the evening Levin and his wife were taking tea in their room, when Marya Nikolayevna came running toward them all out of breath. She was pale, and her lips trembled.

"He is dying!" she whispered, "I am afraid that he is dying!"

Both of them hurried to Nikolaï. He had lifted himself, and was sitting up in bed leaning on his elbow, his head bowed, his long back bent.

"How do you feel?" asked Levin, tenderly, after a moment of silence.

"I feel that I am going," whispered Nikolaï, struggling painfully to speak, but as yet pronouncing the words distinctly. He did not raise his head, but only turned his eyes up, without seeing his brother's face.

"Katya, go away!" he whispered once again.

Levin sprang up and in an imperative whisper bade her leave the room.

"I am going," the dying man whispered once again.

"Why do you think so?" asked Levin, for the sake of saying something.

"Because I am going," he repeated, as if he had an affection for the phrase. "It is the end."

Marya Nikolayevna came to him.

"If you would lie down, it would be easier for you," said she.

"Soon I shall be lying down," he remarked softly, — "dead," he added, with angry irony. "Well, lay me back, if you will."

Levin laid his brother down on his back, took a seat near him, and, hardly able to breathe, gazed into his face. The dying man lay with his eyes shut, but the muscles of his forehead twitched from time to time as if he were in deep thought. Levin involuntarily tried to comprehend what was taking place in him, but in spite of all the efforts of his mind to accompany his brother's thoughts, he saw by the expression of his calm stern face, and the play of the muscles above his eyebrows, that his brother perceived mysteries hidden from him.

"Yes .... yes .... so," the dying man murmured slowly, with long pauses; "lay me down!" Then long silence followed. "So!" said he suddenly, with an expression of content as if all had been explained for him. "O Lord!" he exclaimed, and he sighed heavily.

Marya Nikolayevna felt of his feet. "They are growing cold," she said in a low voice.

Long, very long, as it seemed to Levin, the sick man remained motionless; but he was still alive, and sighed from time to time.

Weary from the mental strain, Levin felt that in spite of all his efforts he could not understand what his brother meant to express by the exclamation "So." He seemed to be far away from the dying man; he could no longer think of the mystery of death; the most incongruous ideas came into his mind. He asked himself what he was going to do; — to close his eyes, dress him, order the coffin? Strange! he felt perfectly cold and indifferent; he did not experience any sense of grief or loss, or even the least pity for his brother; the principal feeling that he had was one almost of envy for the knowledge which the dying man would soon have and which he himself could not have.

Long he waited by his bedside, expecting the end;

it did not come. The door opened, and Kitty came in. He got up to stop her, but instantly heard the dying man move.

"Don't go away!" said Nikolaï, stretching out his hand. Levin took it, and angrily motioned his wife away.

Still holding the dying man's hand, he waited a half-hour — an hour — and still another hour. He ceased to think of death; he thought what Kitty was doing. Who was occupying the next room? Had the doctor a house of his own? Then he became hungry and sleepy. He gently let go the dying man's hand and felt of his feet. His feet and legs were cold; but still Nikolaï was breathing. Levin started to go away on his tiptoes; but again the invalid stirred, and said, "Don't go away!"

* * * * * *

It began to grow light; the situation was unchanged. Levin gently rose, and without looking at his brother went to his room, and fell asleep. When he awoke, instead of hearing of his brother's death as he expected, he was told that he had come to his senses again. He was sitting up in bed, was coughing, and wanted something to eat. He became talkative, but ceased to talk about death, and once more began to express the hope of getting well again, and was more irritable and restless than before. No one, not even his brother or Kitty, could calm him. He was angry with them all, and said disagreeable things, and blamed every one for his sufferings, demanding that the famous doctor from Moscow should be sent for; and whenever they asked him how he was, he replied with expressions of anger and reproach, "I am suffering terrible, unendurable agony."

He suffered more and more, especially from his bed-sores, which they were wholly unable to heal, and his irritability kept increasing, and he reproached them all bitterly, especially because they did not fetch the doctor from Moscow. Kitty tried every means in her power to help him, to calm him; but it was all in vain, and

Levin saw that she was suffering physically as well as morally, although she would not confess it.

The sentiment of death which had been aroused in all by his farewell to life that night when he had summoned his brother was mightily weakened. All knew that he would inevitably and speedily reach the end, that he was already half dead. They all felt that the sooner he died the better it would be; yet, concealing this, they still gave him medicines from vials, sent for new medicines and doctors, and they deceived him and themselves and one another; all this was falsehood, vile, humiliating, blasphemous falsehood. And this falsehood was more painful to Konstantin than to the others, because he loved his brother more deeply, and because nothing was more contrary to his nature than lack of sincerity.

Levin, who had long felt the desire to reconcile his two brothers before Nikolaï should die, wrote to Sergyeï Ivanovitch. He replied, and Konstantin read the letter to the sick man: Sergyeï Ivanovitch could not come but he asked his brother's pardon in touching terms.

Nikolaï said nothing.

"What shall I write him?" asked Konstantin. "I hope you are not angry with him."

"No, not at all," replied Nikolaï, in a tone of vexation. "Write him to send me the doctor."

Three cruel days passed in this manner, the invalid remaining in the same condition. All those who saw him — the hotel waiter and the landlord and all the lodgers and the doctor and Marya Nikolayevna and Levin and Kitty — now wished only one thing, and that was his death. The invalid only did not express any such wish, but, on the contrary, continually grumbled because they did not send for the doctor; and he took his remedies and he spoke of life. Only at rare moments, when opium caused him for a little to be oblivious of his incessant agony, he would in a sort of doze confess what weighed on his mind even more heavily than on the others': "Akh! If this could only end!" or "When this is over."

His sufferings, growing ever more and more severe, did their work and prepared him to die. There was no position in which he could find relief; there was not a moment in which he could forget himself; there was not a place or a single member of his body that did not cause him pain, agony. Even the memories, the impressions, and the thoughts about his body now awakened in him the same feeling of repulsion as his body itself; the sight of other people and their talk, their individual recollections, were a torment to him. Those who surrounded him felt it and instinctively refrained in his presence from using any freedom of motion, from conversation or from expressing their wishes. All his life was concentrated in one feeling, suffering, and in an ardent desire to be freed from it.

Evidently there was accomplishing in him that revolution whereby he would be induced to look on death as a consummation of his desires, even as a joy. Hitherto, every individual desire called forth by suffering or privation, as by hunger, weariness, thirst, was satisfied by some bodily exercise producing pleasure; but now privation and suffering got no relief and any attempt at relieving them caused new suffering. And so all his desires were concentrated on one thing, — the wish to be delivered from all his woes and the very source of his woes, from his body. But he had no words to express this thought, and he continued out of habit to ask for what once gave him comfort, but could no longer satisfy him. "Turn me on the other side," he would say, and then immediately wish to return to his former position. "Give me *bouillon!* Take it away! Speak, and don't stay so still!" and as soon as any one began to speak, he would shut his eyes and show fatigue, indifference, and disgust.

On the tenth day after their arrival Kitty was taken ill; she had a headache and nausea and all the morning felt unable to get up.

The doctor declared that it was caused by her emotions and weariness. He advised quiet and rest.

Yet, after dinner, she got up and went as usual with

her work to Nikolaï's room. He looked at her sternly, and smiled scornfully when she told him that she had been ill. All day long he never ceased to cough and to groan piteously.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Worse," he replied with difficulty. "I am in pain."

"Where do you feel the pain?"

"All over."

"You will see the end will come to-day," said Marya Nikolayevna, in an undertone.

Levin hushed her, thinking that his brother, whose ear was very acute, might hear; he turned and looked at him. Nikolaï had heard, but the words made no impression; his look remained as before, reproachful and intense.

"What makes you think so?" asked Levin, when she followed him into the corridor.

"He has begun to pick with his fingers."

"What do you mean?"

"This way," she said, plucking at the folds of her woolen dress. Levin himself noticed that all that day the invalid had been plucking at his bed-clothes as if to pick off something.

Marya Nikolayevna's prediction came true. Toward evening Nikolaï had not strength enough left to lift his arms, and his motionless eyes assumed an expression of concentrated attention. Even when his brother and Kitty bent over him in order that he might see them, this look remained unchanged. Kitty had the priest summoned to say the prayers for the dying.

While the priest was reading the prayer, the dying man gave no sign of life. His eyes were closed. Levin, Kitty, and Marya Nikolayevna were standing by his bedside. Before the prayers were ended, Nikolaï stretched himself a little, sighed, and opened his eyes. The priest, having finished the prayer, placed the crucifix on his icy brow, then put it under his stole, and after he had stood for a moment or two longer, silently he touched the huge bloodless hand.

"It is all over," he said at last, and started to go away;

but suddenly Nikolaï's lips trembled slightly, and from the depths of his breast came these words, which sounded distinctly in the silent room: —

"Not yet.... soon."

A moment later his face brightened, a smile came to his lips, and the women who had been summoned hastened to lay out the body.

The sight of his brother and the propinquity of death awakened in Levin's mind that feeling of horror at the inexplicability and the unavoidableness of death, just as he had felt on that autumn night when his brother came to see him. This feeling was now more intense than ever. More than ever he felt his inability to fathom this mystery, and even more terrible seemed to him its proximity. But now, thanks to his wife's presence, this feeling did not lead him to despair; for in spite of his terrors he felt the need of living, and loving. He felt that love saved him from despair, and that this love became all the stronger and purer because it was threatened.

And scarcely had this mystery of death taken place before his eyes ere he found himself face to face with another miracle of love and of life equally unfathomable.

The doctor confirmed his surmise in regard to Kitty. Her discomfort was the beginning of pregnancy.

END OF VOL. II.

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